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BOOK NOTES

FOR THE WEEK,

CONSISTING OF

LITERARY GOSSIP, CRITICISMS OF BOOKS AND
LOCAL HISTORICAL MATTERS CONNECTED
WITH RHODE ISLAND.

1801-2

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1884, TO APRIL, 1885.

CHICAGO

PROVIDENCE:
SIDNEY S. RIDER.
1885.

AN INDEX OF LOCAL HISTORICAL MATTERS.

ABRAHAM, The Book of.....	52	ENTABLED Hut, (The).....	5, 16, 23, 28
ALCOTT'S Spinning Wheel Stories	71	EUPHONION, the result of the "Journal"	
ALEXANDER, L. The Case of, at Newport,		notice, compared with the Book Notes	
1838.....	30	notice.....	52, 86
ANTHOLOGY, What it means.....	83	FARMING Conveniences.....	103
ANTHONY, Hezekiah, Memorial.....	46	FARNELL'S Folly, by Trowbridge.....	81
APPROACH of the Millennium.....	10	FATHER Gander's Chimes.....	3
ART of Reading History.....	28	FIELD and Garden Crops, Diseases of.....	103
ASTRONOMY, Half Hours with Stars.....	90	FISKE'S American Political Ideas.....	107
ATTACHMENT of Workmen's Wages	96	FLY Rods and Fly Tackle.....	115
ATTLEBOROUGH Gore, now Cumberland.....	108	FOLK Lore, Lang's Custom and Myth.....	73
BACON, Lord. Mr. Church's Book.....	8	FORRESTER. Mr. Fuller's Book.....	31
BACTERIA and Bacillus and other Micro-		FRY, Elizabeth. A New Memoir.....	26
Organisms	107	GERMAN Bread Tax	113
BANCROFT'S English Composition.....	27	GIANT of the Local Dailies on Musical Criti-	
BARRABA Thayer, by Mrs. Miller.....	14	cism.....	76
BARTLETT, J. R., Commander. Map of the		GIANT of the Local Dailies on the Shannons-	
Arctic Regions.....	112	vile Extinction.....	87
BIRD'S-EYE View of Science and Religion... 11		GOOD, (The) Die Young. Reid's Art Follies... 44	
BISHOP'S Choy Susan.....	90	GORDON, John, Trial for Murder.....	13, 64
BLAISDELL, Dr. A. F. Our Bodies.....	102	GOURAUD, J. B. G. Fauvel. Vice Consul of	
BLENDEES in the Use of Language.....	79	France.....	59
BOHEMIA, Where Fairy Stories come from... 81		GOWER, Lord, His Reminiscences.....	7
BRYATON, Jonathan, and the Book of Abra-		GREENE, Albert G. Letter on Authorship of	
ham.....	32	Old Grimes.....	66
BREWER'S Dictionary of Miracles with Speci-		GRIMES on Creation of Continents.....	100
mens.....	55	HADDEN'S, Lieut., Journal in Burgoyne's	
BROWN, Hugh H. His Providence Directory. 33		Campaign.....	9
BULL Run. Evening Service of the Rhode		HAMERTON'S Human Intercourse.....	56
Islanders before the Battle.....	43	HAMERTON'S Landscape.....	78, 109
BU a Philistine, by Miss V. Townsend.....	15	HAMERTON'S Paris, Old and New.....	71
BUTTERLY Factory. The Old Bell.....	23	HARPER'S Young People.....	68
CARLYLE'S Life, The Second Portion.....	69	HARRIS, Rebellion Collection sold to Provi-	
CATHOLIC Dictionary.....	91	dence Public Library	45
CHATTERBOX Decision.....	59, 62	HE Don't Know Beans.....	39
CHACE, Senator, Review of his Tariff		HE Takes it all for Corn.....	39
Speeches.....	106	HEDGE'S Atheism in Philosophy.....	67
CHANEY'S Every Day Life and Every Day		HOLLAND, Hare's Sketches of Travel.....	111
Morals.....	80	HOLLAND, Sketching Rambles in, by Abbey	
CRASPELLX, The Marquis in Rhode Island,		and Boughton.....	82, 59
1780.....	85, 89	HOPKINS, Stephen, Influence of on Rhode	
CLARK'S Anti-Slavery Days.....	11, 32	Island Sentiment.....	35, 19
COLERIDGE, Mr. Traill's Book about.....	57	HOWE, Miss, San Rosario.....	18
CONGDON, Trial for Murder.....	12	HUTCHINSON, Thomas, His Diary.....	3
COPYRIGHT case, Reid vs. Frazier.....	37	IGDRASYL, Leaves from the Tree.....	91
COUNTRESS of Albany, by Vernon Lee.....	51	INDIAN Handiwork, Relics of.....	31
DALE, T. N. Outskirts of Physical Science... 8		INGERSOLL'S Country Cousins.....	49, 54
DAVIDSON'S New Book of Kings.....	67	INSECT Injurious to Fruit.....	70
DENISON Family Gathering.....	46	INSECT-Catching Plants.....	115
DEVELOPMENT Theory. Mr. Bergens' Book 39		JAPP'S Industrial Curiosities.....	65
DICKENS, Charles, in Providence.....	101	JEVONS, W. S., Investigations on Currency	
DISK, (The), by Robinson and Wall.....	29, 75	and Finance.....	36
DUFFEE, Chief Justice, Thoughts on the R. I.		JOB, the Book of, by Davidson.....	88
Constitution.....	69	JOHN Thorn's Folks.....	40
ELASTICITY of Humbug, Memorial History		JOHNSTON'S American Politics.....	35
of Providence.....	5	KATHARINE, A Novel.....	86
ELECTRICAL Experiments at Newport, 1752. 21		KENTISH Guards, Trial of.....	190
ENGLISH History, A Dictionary of.....	108	KING, Philip, Mr. Miller's Book.....	68
ENGLISH Literature, by Miss Phillips.....	98	LABOULAYE'S Last Fairy Tales.....	68
ENGLISH Paupers and Free Trade.....	96	LANG'S Custom and Myth.....	73

LAW Factories	113	RHODE Island Historical Magazine.....	12
LAW Makers, The Danger from.....	1	RHODE Island Subscription Histories—Char- acteristic Humbugs	47
LITERALLY Disguises, a Dictionary of.....	109	RHODE Island, Visit to, and Description of, by the Marquis Chastellux.....	85, 89
Mc CARTHY'S History of the Four Georges.....	59	RICHARDSON, Harriette P. Rhymes from Fairleigh Cottage.....	83
MALLOCK'S Property and Progress.....	16	ROGERS, Gen. Horatio, Editor of Hadden's Journal.....	9
MAN <i>versus</i> the State	37	SCHOOL Officers, Their Powers as Defined by the Courts	115
MARCUS Aurelius, Life, by Watson.....	6	SHAW, Joseph A.....	22
MARTINEAU, Harriet, Mrs. Miller's New Life.....	99	SHAW, Oliver, Memorial.....	24
MARTINEAU, James, Types of Ethical Theory	114	SHERWOOD'S Manners and Social Usages.....	9
MASON, George, Reminiscences of Newport..	39	SIMMONSVILLE, Strike at.....	95
MESSER, Asa, The Portrait of.....	88	SIMMONSVILLE Wiped out	87
MIANTONOMI, The Murder of.....	2	SLAVE Kidnappers of the Eastern Shore.....	5
MIND Reading and Beyond, by W. A. Hovey	111	SMITH, Capt. John, and Pocahontas.....	48
MONROE Doctrine, Mr. Tucker's Book.....	110	SMITH, Hezekiah, Life and Times of, by R. A. Guild.....	91
MOONBEAM Fairy, by Mrs. Corbett.....	87	SMITH, Richard. Block House at Wickford..	2
MOTHERS in Council.....	13	SMITH, Sydney, Mr. Reid's New Memoir.....	65
MUGWUMP, Meaning of the Word.....	61	SPIDERS, How they Catch Flies.....	62
MILLHALL'S Dictionary of Statistics, with examples.....	55	STACKPOLE'S The Incomprehensible God....	45
MULOCK'S Unsentimental Journey.....	70	STOCKWELL'S Almanac for 1885.....	95
NARRAGANSETT Historical Register.....	99	SUBJECTS for School Essays	2
NATURE'S Serial Story	68, 82	SUMMER in the Country, books for.....	17
NEW England By-Gones.....	89	SWAMP Fight at Narragansett.....	2
NEWPORT, Electrical Experiments, 1752.....	21	TALBOT, Eleanor W. My Lady's Casket....	73
NEWPORT Historical Magazine, change of name	21	TARENTELLA, by Mathilde Blind.....	104
NEWTON'S Book of the Beginnings.....	12	TARIFFS, How Americans Protect Foreign- ers.....	109
NIGHTLET Monument at Charlestown, R. I..	102	TARIFF. See Simmonsville. Protection....	87
OLD Grimes. The Authorship of.....	67	Tariff, the Vital Question.....	34
OLD Stone Mill, Newport.....	2	TARIFF, Senator Chace's Speeches Reviewed.	109
OLNEYVILLE Operatives return to Bradford, England.....	95	TERMINAL Facilities. Surrender of the Cove Lands.....	85
ORATORY, the Art of.....	63	THAYER, Amédée, a descendant of Roger Williams, a French Senator.....	17
ORCHIDS, The Book of.....	75	THAYER, J. B. On R. I. Supreme Court, Opinion.....	104
OSSOLI, Margaret Fuller, a Multiplicity of Memoirs.....	7	THOMSON'S, The Great Argument, or Jesus Christ in the Old Testament.....	14
PALATINE Light, at Block Island.....	93	VON Ranke's Universal History.....	41
PARKMAN'S Montcalm and Wolfe.....	57	WARREN, a Curious Epitaph from.....	40
PARKMAN'S Montcalm and Wolfe, (by H. R.)	57	WARREN, a Rhode Island Town.....	93
PATRIARCHAL Theory of Nations.....	91	WATSON, Joseph. Father Gaudier.....	3
PATTERSON, Samuel, His Voyages.....	94	WATSON'S Marcus Aurelius.....	6
PATHISON, Mark, Memoirs.....	116	WHIST for Winter Nights.....	58
PEOPLE <i>versus</i> Privilege.....	67	WHYMPER'S Scrambles Among the Alps....	62
PERSEVERANCE Island, by Frazer.....	63	WILLIAMS, Joseph, Son of Roger, Family History.....	25
PETLAND Revisited, by Mr. Wood. The story of Pets.....	51	WILLIAMS, Roger, Picture in the New Court House.....	53
PHILLIPS' History of English Literature....	98	WOLLSTONECRAFT, Mary, Memoir of.....	74
PLANT Lore, Legends and Lyrics.....	91	WOODBRURY, Augustus, Address on Governor Anthony.....	43
POE, Edgar A. The Collected Writings.....	59	WORDSWORTH, Mr. Hudson's Studies in the Poetry of.....	58
POLITICS, for Young Americans.....	49	WORDSWORTH'S Dictionaries	12
PORTER'S Protection and Free Trade—Political Nonsense.....	14	YATES, Edward, Fifty Years of London Life.	67
PROCTOR'S Half Hours with stars.....	59	YOUR Luck's in your hand.....	54
PROTECTION for Home Manufactures. See Tariff.....	92		
PROVIDENCE Directory, 1821 to 1839.....	33		
RAMONA, by Mrs. Helen Jackson.....	71		
RHODE Island Almanac	95		
RHODE Island Constitutional Question.....	104		
RHODE Island Constitution. The question between Chief Justice Duffee and Ex-Chief Justice Bradley.....	96		

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. (Price 50 cts. per annum.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884.

(VOL. II. No. 1.
12000 COPIES.)

The Second Year of the Book Notes:

WITH the present number the BOOK NOTES begins its second year. It will continue to appear fortnightly, as it has during the past year, with an occasional weekly issue. Its reception has been most flattering, many letters from distant parts of the country attest the good will of their writers, and much honeyed commendation has been bestowed upon it. It has endeavored to present the salient points of good books in a favorable light, and it has not hesitated to expose what it conceives to be errors in bad ones. It has endeavored to give its own opinions independently, without fear or favor. It cannot be expected that such a course, if fairly acted, will not sometimes give offence to individuals. But the individual excepted, the remainder of the public will learn to have confidence (if the criticisms are just) in the BOOK NOTES. A published book is a fair subject for criticism. If it makes false statements, or unfair deductions, it is not our privilege, but it is our bounden duty to expose, and correct it, if we can. The question, and the only question for the public is,—Is it the truth, and fairly told? It has been the policy of the BOOK NOTES to mingle with its gossip about books, little matters of local history, which are always interesting to a large class of readers, trusting thus to beguile its readers into a knowledge of, and a love for good books. There is, indeed, a pleasure in books which few people ever realize. It is certainly a pleasure purer than many of the phantoms which men pursue thinking they are pleasures. Whether it is a greater pleasure we know not—of one thing, however, we are sure, it has no recoil. Of the exquisite sense of pleasure in gratified revenge—or the insatiate listlessness of the satiated gourmand we cannot from experience speak, nor would we accept the evidence of those who could from experience testify. To read, to understand, and thus extract the wisdom from a page of Montaigne is worth more to any man than mere gold. A man with wisdom may get gold, a man with gold may not get wisdom however much he may desire it.

Seek ye then, first wisdom; in this search

good books will help you, and the BOOK NOTES will endeavor to help you to find good books. With the present number is given an index to all local historical matters which have appeared during the past year, in which have been included a few other articles. Hereafter the numbers will be paged continuously so that easy reference can be made to the numbers during the coming year, and at the end they can be bound for preservation if any so desire.

Work and Wages, by Thorold Rogers:

THE admirable work by Thorold Rogers, on *Work and Wages during Six Centuries*, in England, of which some account was given in these BOOK NOTES, (No. 28), has been reprinted by the Putnams, apparently from a set of the English plates. The interests discussed in this book are of immense importance to men both in England and throughout the world. It will attract the profoundest attention of thoughtful men. The greatest danger to a people appears first, to come from the men who make the laws, rather than from those who break the laws, and second, from those who administer the laws. In other words from the legislature and the government. If we are to be thoroughly imbued with the idea of obedience to the law, it becomes of considerable consequence who makes the law, and who appoints our law makers. This book ought to be studied by many men.

THE BOOK NOTES, in gazing into an apothecary's window on Broadway in Providence, the other day, discovered a funny typographical error, on the label of a bottle of liniment or something of the sort. The proprietor says: "This admirable preparation is not offered to the public as an ever failing remedy, etc." Thus he says, in effect, it will generally fail, but there are exceptions. What he meant to say was, "This admirable preparation is not offered to the public as a never failing remedy, etc." The mis-placing of a quod taking the n from never and adding it to the preceding a, completely reverses the meaning of the sentence.

THE publisher will still buy old numbers of *St. Nicholas*.

Subjects for Essays in the Public Schools:

THE BOOK NOTES comes with a few more subjects for *Compositions or Essays* for the scholars in the public schools. These subjects, like those formerly suggested, (BOOK NOTES, No. 21), are connected with Rhode Island History. References to authorities are given in each case. These authorities are easy of access in the city libraries, and in the Historical Society, in all of which places the BOOK NOTES is certain that the scholars will meet with a hearty welcome.

The Old Stone Mill at Newport.—see Controversy touching the Old Stone Mill, (written by Charles T. Brooks), Newport, 1851; Scribner's Magazine, March, 1879; Magazine of American History, Vol. 3, p. 541; Longfellow's poem, the Skeleton in Armor; Manufacturers and Farmers Journal, August 30, 1841, also same paper September 7, 1842. These papers can be consulted at the Historical Society library.

The Block House of Richard Smith.—The BOOK NOTES suggests the following questions concerning this subject: Their answers can all be found in some of the references below: Who was Richard Smith? Where was his Block House? By what tenure did Smith hold the land? Was it near the trading house of Roger Williams? Who marked out the land for Williams? What was the Indian name of this locality? What became of Williams' trading house? By what name did Smith's Block house become known? Did Smith keep a strictly temperance house in the modern sense of the term? These and a hundred other questions will at once suggest themselves as the scholar becomes familiar with the story, which can be gathered from the following places: Potter's Early History of Narragansett, pp. 22, 23, 166; Letters of Roger Williams, in Publications Narragansett Club, vol. 6, p. 326; Updike's History Narragansett Church, pp. 15, 119, 182; Knowles' Life of Williams, p. 147; Works of Job Durfee, p. 245; R. I. Historical Tract, No. 14, p. 57.

The Great Swamp Fight.—For accounts of this affair see Potter's Narragansett, p. 85, *et seq*; Denison's Westerly and its Witnesses, p. 53; Hubbard's Indian Wars, edition of 1865, Vol. 1, pp. 146, 7; Arnold's Hist. R. I., Vol. 1, p. 466; Works of Job Durfee, p. 245; Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay, edition of 1795, Vol. 1, pp. 271-272.

The Murder of Miantonomi, see Hubbard's Indian Wars, edition of 1865, Vol. 1, p. 41, 2; W. L. Stone's Uncas and Miantonomi, p. 117; Potter's French Settlements, R. I. Hist. Tract, No. 5, p. 68; Arnold's History of R. I., Vol. 1, p. 115; Knowles' Life of Roger Williams, p. 192;

Drake's Book of the Indians, 1841, p. 64; Works of Job Durfee, p. 231; Peterson's History of R. I., p. 45; Winthrop's History of New England, edition of 1826, Vol. 2, p. 132.

An interesting essay might be written concerning the poetry relating to the Rhode Island Indians, into which specimens of the verse might be introduced. Among the books which might be consulted are *What Cheer*, by the late Chief Justice Durfee; *Mount Hope*, by William E. Richmond; *Yanogden*, a tale of the wars of King Philip, by James W. Eastburn; *Canonchet*, by Albert G. Greene. This poem can be found in Updike's History of the Narragansett Church, p. 224; *Nanuntenuo*, by Frances H. Whipple, portions of which are in Griswold's Female Poets, pp. 124, 5. Nanuntenuo and Canonchet are different names of the same chief, who was the youngest son of Miantonomi. *Speech of Caanonicus*, an Indian Tradition, by John Lathrop, Boston, 1803; *Mount Hope*, by W. A. Croftat, in the Evening Bulletin, Sept. 26, 1878, and last, but not least, the verses with which Roger Williams closed each chapter of his *Key to the Indian Language*, which book forms the first volume of the Historical Society's Publications.

The Medical Students' Aids Series:

This excellent series, so cheap, so compact, is brim full of good ideas. Here is one by Dr. J. M. Fothergill, (who stands in the very front rank of English Physicians,) on *Rational Therapeutics*. The term Therapeutics means, not only the detecting the disease, but also the application of the remedy. Hence Dr. Fothergill goes into the mystery of preparing a prescription—selecting a certain disease, and giving his reasons why certain articles are included in a prescription for it, and why certain other articles are omitted. Another of this same writer's books is *Aids to Diagnosis*. This means what questions the doctor must ask, and why he asks them. These books are exceedingly instructive and amusing, even to the lay mind. Dr. Fothergill is very humorous. Besides these there are *Aids to Surgery*, *Aids to Anatomy*, and not the least valuable, *Aids to Pharmacy*. This last one is by Armand Semple, a very distinguished English Medical writer and practitioner. Every young apothecary in Providence ought first to put this book into his pocket, and subsequently into his head.

THE publisher of these BOOK NOTES announced as in the hands of the printer a new edition of the trial of Gordon for the murder of Sprague. It is nearly forty years since the original publication was issued, and copies have become so scarce that eight dollars has been given for one. A limited edition will be printed.

Father Gander's Chimes:

To write a good book suited to the mental requirements of children, and at the same time pleasurable to them, must be a more exacting task for a man, than to address those of his own years and understanding. To no one is this proposition clearer than to a bookseller, who, year by year sees the births and deaths of so many such efforts. There is one child's book, however, which never dies. It is among the books for children, as Shakespeare is among the English Poets. The easy first, to which there is no second. Of course, we mean no other than *Mother Goose*. This classic has been practically unchanged for upwards of sixty years. Many imitators have attempted improvements, but in vain. The O. P. edition is still the favorite. Quite recently a Rhode Island author, Mr. Joseph Watson, of Newport, has made a counterpart for *Mother Goose*. Its name is very properly *Father Gander*. Now Father Gander, although he attempts many parodies on the popular rhymes of his predecessor, has yet many original things quite his own. Among them is the ballad of Sir Roger Tichbourne, and the Jolly Members of Hilarity Hall. There are many rhymes intended to impress upon the mind of the child the names of figures, and letters, and the uses of each—even punctuation has not been omitted. The BOOK NOTES wishes every success to Mr. Watson's modest venture.

Mrs. Barbauld's Tales:

Charles Lamb detested Mrs. Barbauld, and he said so. He would not have been Charles Lamb had he not said so, and for it he has our admiration. Considering the vast range of his letters, covering the literature, and the *littérature* of his time, he could not, of course, ignore Mrs. Barbauld. He must speak of her, and speaking of her we must respect him for speaking his convictions. It will do no harm to Mrs. Barbauld, she had her excellencies, as did Lamb. But they were directly opposite. All her efforts were in the direction of education. Her tales were always to point a moral, or to illustrate a truth. Mr. Lamb never had any such purpose, and he had no patience with any one who had. A new collection of Mrs. Barbauld's Tales has just been published by Roberts Brothers. Upwards of forty of her best tales are included in the book. Being so well known to the parents of the present day, they will need no characterization by the BOOK NOTES. Who will not remember the Hymns in Prose, The Fable of the Young Mouse, Things by Their Right Names, or the Vision of the Hill of Science, and who believes that their children will be otherwise than benefited by the reading of such tales? The BOOK NOTES must heartily commend them.

A Diary of a Great English Player:

Mr. Macready's Reminiscences, covering a period from 1808 to 1852, presents at once a most vivid, and authentic account of the actors upon the English stage during that period. The anecdotes of celebrated players are not the least attractive parts of the book. The Astor Place Riot is clearly and carefully described. Four beautifully engraved portraits are inserted. Mr. Macready records his going to see Mrs. Kemble in Norma, which he declares to be "a very, very clever performance. But, oh, heavens! an opera! That human beings can be found to disregard Shakespeare, and run after such nonsense." Mr. Macready made three professional tours to America, first in 1826, second in 1843, and last in 1848. It was during the last of these visits that the riot took place. Mr. Macready fled from New York. A generation has passed the stage since those days, but the interest in the actors, and their adventures still remain. This interesting Diary which was published for \$2.50 can now be bought for 50 cents.

THE Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson may, or may not, be a contribution to literature of some value. On that question the BOOK NOTES does not now attempt an opinion. But there is one thing in the Preface by Mr. Peter Orlando Hutchinson, (who lives in the supreme felicity of being one of the Great Grandsons) on which the BOOK NOTES does not hesitate to give an opinion. It is this: P. O. H. the editor having expressed himself as being extremely desirous of making very close copies from the original papers, so close, in fact, as to retain all abbreviations, all errors of grammar, and all bad spelling, and having deviated from this rigid rule only far enough to allow himself to write *and* where his old Governor used *&*, for which he asks forgiveness, goes on to *strike out whole paragraphs*, and says, "There is one thing, however, that common sense dictates and necessity requires, and that is to leave out in quoting what is irrelevant," and he further informs us that where blanks in transcribing occur, it is because the matter was "useless, or foreign to the subject." Just think of an editor whose fine sense of accuracy will not allow him to correct bad spelling, yet who has discernment enough to discover what future generations will consider irrelevant or valueless. There's little common sense in such editing, it is simply absurd. It is clearly characterized in Matthew xxiii: 24.

THE second series of the Franklin Square Song Book, which went out of print as quickly as it was published, is just again ready. It is really deserving the attention of every one who sings. A great deal of music, of the best character, for a very small sum.

Stratford-by-the-Sea:

Messrs. Henry Holt and Co. have recently begun the publication of a series of copyright American novels. The fourth in the series, *Stratford-by-the-Sea*, is just ready. The neatness of the book is characteristic of the work of these publishers. The reader will not have to go far into it before he finds at least amusement. In fact, no farther than on the inside of the first cover, where the publishers have arranged a few criticisms of the first novel of the series, the name of which was *A Latter Day Saint*. The critics presented are *The Critic*, *The Nation*, and *The Tribune*. The different ways which this book struck the different writers, doubtless honest and conscientious in their calling, furnishes food for reflection. As to the present story, there are things in which a bookseller would find it difficult to agree with; to wit, where Oswald Craig declares he is tired of books, and that he believes their best purpose is to force a man into finding out how to do without them; or that books of science are bad, because they increase our desire for appliances for economizing time and labor. The BOOK NOTES commends Oswald to go forth beneath the blue heavens and air his morning reflections, and try to think better thoughts. There is another matter wherein Oswald betrays his youthfulness, and that is in the characterization of a woman for a wife. Her mind must be like a white page, without much decision of character and with few wishes of her own, nor any temptation to hamper one's freedom. What kind of a creation it would be, whose mind (if it had a mind) was a perfect blank, whereon man could impress whatever character he chose. A woman (if it was a woman) without a character, the BOOK NOTES wishes not to imagine. Nor does the BOOK NOTES think a woman who has no wishes of her own, or one who does not in many ways hamper the freedom of a man, is worth the trouble of respecting, much less of loving. This writer is anonymous, but whom-ever he, or she, may be, (the BOOK NOTES thinks) she ought to be more careful in the use of terms. Just think what must be the feeling of a gentleman so profoundly in love with a woman that he thought the heavens were pink, addressed by her with—what are you *dogging* me for? or what kind of a gentleman could he be who could say—I want you to marry a *little rat* of a fellow like me—goodness! what a misfortune for an author to be bereft of a proof reader.

Zola's Latest, the Joys of Life:

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have published their seventeenth translation of the novels of Emile Zola, uniform in size and style with those which have preceded it. It is called the *Joys of Life*. The story is

the growth and development from a child to a woman of Pauline Quenise, an orphan. Pauline on the death of her father, her mother being already dead, was placed under the guardianship of a cousin of her father. By this gouty old man, in his family, she was reared, to marry in the end his son Lazare. She experienced, like everybody else, much sorrow and suffering, but these were mingled with happiness occasionally. She is really a finely drawn character, as is also Dr. Cazenove, the family physician. To those who are fond of reading Zola, this new book will be a fresh treat.

MR. ARTHUR E. MOULE, an English Missionary at Mingpo, in China, recently translated a collection of *Chinese Tales for Children*, which have considerable interest. It is curious as showing the styles of illustrations which the Chinese use for children's books. Notwithstanding the original contains upwards of a hundred stories, they all, without an exception, are written to set forth the excellence of filial and fraternal virtues. Specimens of the nick names, or pet-names, or baby-names are given, as are the book names, which are given in the schools. Boys only, are sent to school, girls are never sent. The domestic life is more or less set forth, what they eat, what they drink, or what they wear, (or fail to wear). In the matter of eating, after setting forth the excellencies of the young, and succulent bamboo, he remarks, a suggestive sign in Canton, to wit, *Black Cat always ready*. There's an hour of first-rate enjoyment in this little book.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE's story of the Waldenses in *His Name*, is now published by Roberts Brothers, for 30 cents, with the same types which were used in their edition for \$1.25. Notwithstanding it has now been fifteen years before the public, it is probably more read than ever before.

THE same firm have issued their edition of *Hamerton's Intellectual Life*, for 50 cents, formerly it was \$2.00. It is degrading to urge people to buy books simply because they are low in price. It is far better to urge them to buy because the book is good, and will do them good. Yet rather than not induce them to buy, one is justified in urging the lower argument, since no evil is done. Therefore the BOOK NOTES urges people to buy now this suggestive and excellent book, and then read it.

THE same house announces for immediate publication the Reminiscences of Lord Ronald Gower, at a price (\$2.00) within the reach of everybody who desires it. Hitherto the only accessible (English) edition has been quite expensive. Lord Gower is so young a man that his Reminiscences are quite within the memory of all of us.

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SIDNEY S. RIDER,

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ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

· SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

{ Vol. II. No. 2.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The Elasticity of Humbug :

About five years ago a firm purporting to come from Philadelphia, but whose habitation could never be found in that city, came here to Providence to write a History of Rhode Island, 1636-1876, and to obtain subscriptions for the same. They accomplished their end, wrote and published the volume, obtained their money, and decamped. Their books remain among us a disgrace to historical literature. The operation took from this State not far from \$20,000. About the same time a very adroit thing in Atlases was perpetrated here in Providence, whereby a sloop load of the precious freight was deposited upon our wharves, and about \$55,000 quietly left the State. Since those recent days, some nine hundred Rhode Islanders have published a volume of biographies, and portraits of themselves, which absorbed some \$20,000 more of the precious metals. The elasticity of humbug seems to be very great, but seriously can this thing be continuously repeated? Will the people never recover their common sense? Even now comes two parties from this same Philadelphia, to write for us a Memorial History of Providence. They confess their unfitness for the work at once by soliciting us to write the chapters for them, and their impudence by asking us to do it without remuneration, but to look for remuneration to that sweet consolation to which literature conduces, and the securing of a fac-simile of our autograph at the end of the chapter. The refreshing coolness of the proposition amuses us; a couple of unknown people come into Rhode Island and ask our people to write chapters enough to make a book, for no remuneration whatever, which those same people propose to sell to the same innocent Rhode Islanders, for twenty-five dollars, more or less, a copy. That is good, very good. Not only are our people asked to do the work, but they are asked a far greater service, to lend to strangers the weight of their names as a guarantee of excellence in historical work which must, after all, be mainly performed by the strangers themselves. Could a more preposterous proposition be presented?

A petition to Congress to repeal the tariff on books, received the signatures of 259 of the solid men of Providence in a short time.

The Slave Kidnappers on the Eastern Shore :

A story written by George Alfred Townsend, alias "Gath," entitled the *Entailed Hat, or Patty Cannon's Times*, is a book of absorbing interest. The scene is the Eastern Shore, that tongue of land partly in Maryland, partly in Virginia, and partly in Delaware, and which lays between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, —the lawless region, *par excellence*, in America. In Princess Anne county, in this isolated district, there once was a gang of slave kidnappers, led by Patty Cannon, a woman, and the chief, or one of the principal characters in this story. For twenty years they lived there, stealing and selling men and women. Murder was a pastime, and every crime known to criminals was daily practiced there. It makes one's blood boil to read the stories of outrages herein related, knowing that they in truth did happen in our own time. It is a tale of the old slave days, which the Rebellion happily ended. John M. Clayton, Henry A. Wise, Governor Hicks, of Maryland, and other well known political characters, figure in it. The Harpers publish it.

The Essays of George Eliot :

George Eliot prepared for the press a few Essays which she had written before she became famous. These essays she left, with the injunction that no fugitive writings of hers prior to 1857 should be republished, other than those thus prepared. They have just now been published by the Harpers as a volume in their edition of the Works of George Eliot. The subjects presented are, *Worldliness and Other-Worldliness*, (the poet Young,) *German Wit*, (Heinrich Heine,) *Evangelical Teaching*, (Dr. Cumming,) *Influence of Rationalism*, (Mr. Lecky's History,) *Natural History of German Life*, (The books of W. H. Riehl,) *Three Months at Weimar*, and an *Address to Working Men*, by Felix Holt. In addition, there are a few short notes from her Note Book, which doubtless it was her intention to introduce into some story when the right occasion was presented for their use; and which wise discretion should have kept out of this volume.

The Life of Marcus Aurelius, by Mr. Watson:

It is only within a very recent period that English readers have become at all acquainted with the personal character of Marcus Aurelius. His character was practically unknown to them until the publication in Bohn's Classical Library of an English translation by Mr. George Long, of his *Golden Book, or Meditations, or Thoughts*, as his book has been variously styled. In this country Lee & Shepard have republished the *Meditations* entire, and Roberts Brothers have included a selection from the same in their Wisdom Series. Thus for a dozen years and more, three different editions have been accessible to the readers of the English language. It is needless to say that the study of this book has created a sentiment of profound esteem in favor of this great Emperor. Before this time our knowledge of him was confined to the general histories of his time. Gibbon and Merrivale have given some account of him, as have many lesser writers, but there has been no special study of his character, or personal biography until now. Mr. Paul B. Watson has written, and the Harpers have published in a handsome octavo, a Life of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. This is not only the first memoir of this individual in our language, but it is likewise the first memoir of any classical character, written by an American. It thus possesses to us an interest in two ways. Marcus Aurelius was born A. D. 121. He became Emperor of the Roman Empire A. D. 161. He died A. D. 180. The Emperor Hadrian died A. D. 138. He selected as his successor Antoninus, but he stipulated that Antoninus should adopt as his sons, Marcus and another named Lucius Verus, and that they should be nominated by him as his successors. When Antoninus ascended the throne, Marcus, who then assumed the name by which we now know him, was seventeen years of age. He was the confidential adviser of his adopted father. They were, in fact, joint Emperors. Antoninus died, as we have stated, in 161, and Marcus Aurelius became sole Emperor, but he at once associated Lucius Verus jointly with him, in accordance with the wish of Hadrian. The chief things occurring in the Empire during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and with which he had to deal, were: The Revolt of Britain, which immediately followed his accession; the overflow of the Tiber, from which resulted a famine which necessitated new systems of distribution of food; the Parthian war, which occupied four years. Scarcely was Volagases, the Parthian king, overthrown, when two of the German tribes revolted. They were the Victuals, and the Marcomanni, both wandering tribes, but temporarily living along the northern banks of the Danube. The entire

remaining years of the reign of Marcus Aurelius was occupied more or less with these wars with the Marcomanni. Among the famous incidents of these wars were the extraordinary battle on the ice with one of the tribes, and the miraculous victory over the Quadi, another of the tribes. The Roman legions overcome by numbers, by heat, by thirst, and by exertion, were in danger of annihilation, when, upon the interposition of Arnuphis, an Egyptian magician, copious showers fell upon the Romans, while the thunder, and the lightning, and the hail, fell upon the Quadi. The tribe thus assailed by the full power of the Roman Empire at the very zenith of its power, reinforced by all the forces of nature, may be easily forgiven for surrendering, and Marcus Aurelius was saluted with the title Imperator VII. The persecution of the early Christians, during which occurred the martyrdom of Polycarp, is the chief charge brought against this Emperor. In mitigation of this charge, Mr. Watson claims that the Emperor executed the laws which his predecessors had made. He would not repeal these laws because he foresaw that either Christianity or the Roman Empire must be destroyed. As a matter of course he must preserve the Empire. Marcus Aurelius has now come to be looked upon as among the wisest and best of the Roman Emperors. In fact he is taking rank with such men as were Aristotle and Socrates, and Plato and Pliny, rather than with the Cæsars. If the poets Virgil and Horace have shed an eternal lustre upon the reign of Augustus, why may it not be claimed that Julian and Gaius and Papinian, the three greatest lawyers of antiquity, have shed an equal lustre upon the reign of the Antonines?

Fresh Notes on Books:

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have just ready the first volume of the *Water Birds of North America*, by Messrs. Baird, Brown & Ridgway. It compares in every respect with the *Land Birds* heretofore published by the same parties. Both are issued with beautifully colored plates. The same firm issue a little Treatise on Horseback Riding as a Hygienic Exercise. It is called *Twelve Days in the Saddle*.—Messrs. Porter & Coates have just published a Manual for the Amateur Photographer, designed expressly for beginners. The same firm have just published the cheapest and best *Interest Tables* we have yet seen.—From Roberts Brothers we have *The New Arcadia*, a volume of poems by A. Mary F. Robinson, the author of the Memoir of *Emily Brontë*, published by the same firm.—Osgood & Co. announce a new book by Uncle Remus, called *Mingo*. It is, like its predecessors, a book of Negro Folk Lore.—Stanley Matthews has written a book on the Law of Partnership, for business men.

A Very Entertaining Book is

Lord Gower's Reminiscences, just republished by Roberts Brothers. The two expensive volumes of the English edition are included in the single duodecimo from Boston. Lord Gower is a younger son of the Duchess of Sutherland. He is not yet forty years of age, but he has travelled extensively in what are called the civilized portions of the world, and has met many people of our own time who were more or less noted. Indeed for this sort of business he has undoubted tact. The Yankees have hitherto been said to be pretty adroit in this interviewing business. But this young Lord hand-icaps them. He attends the races at Jerome Park, and makes a visit to Longfellow at Cambridge, all inside of twenty hours. His chapters are very entertaining, but they are very light. Indeed, reminiscences generally cannot be called heavy reading. His descriptions of the family homes, in various parts of the kingdom, read like fairy stories. There ought to be cheap editions similar to the *Bitter Cry*, which our Representative, Jonathan Chase, talks about in Congress, prepared for circulation among the English poor. It would be some consolation for them to know that if they cannot get a roof over their heads, somebody else can get several of them, even if it is by the accident of birth, and the legislation of his ancestors. He tells us the House of Gower, in three generations, grew from barons to earls, from earls to marquises, from marquises to dukes, and this not by service in the field, or in the senate, but by marrying rich women. Thus he continues: "The first duke was the inheritor of vast estates and immense wealth in Lancashire, besides his already great possessions in Staffordshire and Shropshire, all obtained through heiresses; after which came Lady Sutherland, who added to her husband's domains two-thirds of the county of Sutherland; in fact he says his forefathers were an "heirless loving race." It will doubtless be a great comfort to these same London paupers that the fortunate Gowers, after having secured so large a portion of the soil of the precious little island, have Dunrobin. Lord Gower's book is written in a lively style, and makes very entertaining reading. He went everywhere, saw everybody, and describes them with spirit.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's Novels:

The fact that Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's novels have long been what is technically called "out of print," or in more precise phrase, the editions of the same have been exhausted; and the further fact that the old copies have advanced in price, is doubtless the cause of their republication by Lee & Shephard. Mr. Trowbridge is essentially a writer of the people for the people.

His stories are of the common people, just such men and women as we meet every day. Of these re-issues, there are, three stories connected with the Rebellion, *Cudjoe's Case*, *The Drummer Boy*, and *The Three Scouts*; three novels, thus, *Neighbor Jackwood*, *Martin Merriale* and *Neighbors Wives*, and a collection of short stories which he called *Coupon Bonds*, a title suggestive of the war. These books all attained a high degree of popularity on their first publication, and they present new fields to another generation. Latterly Mr. Trowbridge has given his attention exclusively to books for young people, especially boys, and with such success that whatever he publishes finds a ready sale.

A Multiplicity of Memoirs:

Colonel Higginson is coming with a new Memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. This will be the third memoir of this lady which has been written since her death in 1850. What there was either in the personal character, or literary performances, of this lady, which requires three memoirs in thirty years, it seems a little difficult to understand. A few years ago a business firm was projected here in Providence, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and seven partners. It was finally abandoned on the ground that there was too much talent for the capital. That is about the way it appears to the BOOK NOTES with reference to these memoirs. It is impossible for a bookseller to believe that there are enough people living interested in this person sufficiently to buy her "Life," to make the publication of three different memoirs by as many different persons a paying operation. The prevailing vices of this species of literature are, first, there are too many of them, and second, they are much too verbose. The truth is, it is very easy to write memoirs, for there is profuse material concerning almost everybody.

Mr. Benner's Prophecies:

Here comes a fellow who undertakes to tell you the future ups and downs in prices. The iron manufacturer is informed which will be the lucky years in which he can safely invest in pig. Him concerned for pork, as who is not, is carefully and surely informed when to "go in." Corn and provisions of many kinds are also prophesied as far ahead as 1900. The principal, in fact the only defect, in the book which we have thus far discovered, is that it stops short of books. It is only a step from pigs, and pork, and corn, to books. The remarkable accuracy of the former prophecies of Mr. Samuel Benner, coupled with the fact that he is silent regarding our beloved books, leaves us under the impression that for the poor and benevolent bookseller there is indeed no balm in Gilead.

The Unity of Science and Religion:

In a little book which he calls the *Outskirts of Physical Science*, Mr. T. Nelson Dale, of Newport, has gathered four philosophical essays written by him to illustrate the standing ground of a religious scientist. The first essay is addressed to Christians and Naturalists. Its subject is the Harmony between Christian faith and Physical Science. The second is addressed to Classical and Scientific Teachers. Its subject is the use of Scientific Studies and their place in Education. The third is addressed to Biblical and Geological Students, and relates to the interpretation of the Book of Genesis. The fourth and last essay is addressed to Creationists and Evolutionists, and discusses the vital questions in the conflict between Religion and Physical Science. The difference between these two schools, Mr. Dale says, is practically that one would interpret problems in nature on the supposition of creative intervention; while the other would look to the operation of natural forces under natural laws. These conflicting tendencies are formulated in the following questions: 1st, Is there a personal Mind behind these forces and laws? 2nd, Is there a Providence ruling human life? 3rd, Is Prayer effective? 4th, Is a Miracle possible? and 5th, Is man anything but the highest type of animal life? Examining these questions in the light of science, and with that devout spirit with which a Christian Scholar would always approach such matters, Mr. Dale finds the seal of One Master Mind throughout the Universe of Matter, of Mind, of Spirit. He reaches the conclusion that Physical Science affords rational grounds of belief in the existence of God, and in the immortality of man. That the Law of Nature re-echoes the Law of the Lord. Mr. Dale possesses a style at once concise and clear. He states his propositions in simple language, which everybody can readily understand. No cloudy sophistry shrouds his ideas in obscure sentences, the reasoning of which nobody can be quite sure of comprehending. On the contrary, they stand forth clear, compact, simple and precise. It is a small book, designed to be a great help to many minds. It is from the press of Lee & Shepard.

A lively search among the Providence book-sellers for *Scott's Emulsion*, revealed the fact that only one dealer had a copy, but unfortunately it was in a set which he could not break. This is a trifle worse than the lady who once came to the writer for a commodity. On inquiry, as to what kind of a commodity she wished, she reiterated, a commodity, a commodity, sir. Whereat we with diffidence enquired what it was used for. Why to tell how warm it is, sir. Oh! says we, it's a thermometer. Isn't it, that you want? Of course it is, sir, a thermometer, sir.

Mr. Church's Book about Lord Bacon:

Since the days when Pope wrote his famous couplet,

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,

even to these present, the character of Bacon has been under discussion. It has been like the mercury in the barometer, rising or falling as it was attacked or defended. In 1825, Mr. Basil Montagu began his collected edition of the works of Bacon. In it he entered into a defense of his author. This defense was attacked by Mr. Macaulay in an essay of very great force, written in 1827. It is safe to say that in whatever measure the clouds which had obscured the character of Bacon, were scattered by Mr. Montagu, they were all gathered again by this essay of Mr. Macaulay's. In 1857, Mr. Spedding began his edition of the works of Bacon. He finished it in 1862. While it was in process of publication, Mr. Hepworth Dixon wrote and published his *Personal History of Bacon*, which was a really able defense of Bacon's personal character. After a study greater by far than any man has given to it, covering a period of forty years, Mr. Spedding undertook the dissection of Mr. Macaulay's essay. The result of his labor did not appear until after Mr. Spedding's death, (by being run over during a fog in London streets by a Hansom). It was then issued under the name, *Evenings with a Reviewer*. The English literature contains few specimens of critical analysis at all comparable to this book. It appeared to be simply a case of annihilation. It really seemed that at last a decided gain had been made in the clearing up of the fair fame of Lord Bacon. But now comes Mr. R. W. Church, a scholar not unknown to scholars, with a new life of Bacon, in which he assumes the old positions, and Bacon's character falls again under the shadows which have for nearly three centuries obscured it. The singular part of this most extraordinary case is that these charges of corruption against Bacon never received any judicial investigation. No witness was ever questioned, or cross-questioned. Nor was there a single unjust decision proved against him. Yet he received money, or money's worth, from suitors. Mr. Church's book appears in the series of English Men of Letters, which the Harpers publish.

Solace for the Indian:

The current number of the *Saturday Review* has an article on Hunting in America. It is a review of a book by Mayer on the *Red and Gun*. The reviewer, after remarking the marvellous skill of the Indian scouts, or trappers, or guides, makes this profound suggestion: "It is some comfort to reflect that the extinction of the red man may be arrested by the necessity which his white brother, he under for these services." Curiously enough there is no record of such an idea ever having entered the head of either Captain Church or Miles Standish.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY,

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

{ VOL. II. No. 3.
2000 COPIES. }

Lieut. Hadden's Journal, Edited by Gen. Horatio Rogers:

Mr. Munsell, of Albany, has recently published a volume of great historical interest, edited by Gen. Horatio Rogers of this city. It consists of a *Journal* kept by Lieut. Hadden, of the Royal Artillery in Burgoyne's army, during the campaign of 1776-7. This *Journal*, or diary, Gen. Rogers has annotated in a way perfectly characteristic of the annotator. So much persistent labor, and so much historic research, have not often been exhibited in works of this class. As concerns our Rhode Island writers it is without a parallel, unless, indeed, one can be found in Mr. Foster's Monograph on Stephen Hopkins, (R. I. Hist. Tract, No. 19). Lieut. Hadden's *Journal* is said, by those most competent to give an opinion, to be in itself the most valuable document concerning the Burgoyne campaign yet brought to light. The historical world now sees its value, which for a century they were unable to discover. It was not until Gen. Rogers, who had the wit to see, and the skill to set forth its value, that the historical world discovered it. Thus, had not his *Journal* fallen into the hand of this skillful annotator, Hadden might have slept on for another century. Every name, every place, every thing, which Hadden mentioned has received a most searching examination, and the result embraced in a note at the bottom of the page, or if too long, is placed in an appendix at the close of the volume. Some of these biographical notes are of great historical interest, notably that of Lieut.-Gen. Burgoyne, which occupies about forty pages, being by far the best account of that officer which has yet appeared. That of LaCorne Saint Luc, commander of Burgoyne's Indians, is altogether fresh. Gen. Rogers has in fact created a historical character, by gathering shreds of information here and there, and weaving them into a narrative. So with Gen. Phillips, second in command under Burgoyne, and Gen. Fraser, and Gen. Waterbury, and Governor Skene, and a great many more. All this is true historical work, and of a high order. Let him who thinks it easy try to do it. The citation of authorities, and the reference to the

same, is by a method altogether new. It is, in fact, an invention by Gen. Rogers himself, and is unique. Among its advantages is its precision, but on the other hand, it seems to the BOOK NOTES cumbrous, the seeker, being obliged to refer to two different parts of the volume for the authority, which is, however, when found, precise, as we have stated. Its compilation must, moreover, have cost its compiler an immense deal of work. In a learned preliminary chapter Gen. Rogers has given a concise account of the *personel* of Burgoyne's army officers, and of the composition, and the operations of the army. To be able to write such an essay as is this chapter, requires an amount of preliminary study, of which few, who have never attempted it, have any conception. Fac-similes of the maps drawn by Lieut. Hadden are in the volume, which is altogether sumptuous in form. Gen. Rogers is to be congratulated upon the happy ending of a labor which will make his name known to scholars centuries after his years are ended—a work to which his descendants can look back with a satisfaction unalloyed.

Manners and Social Usages:

Mrs. John Sherwood is at present one of the leaders in New York society—that is of the best society. It is true that no one city in this country is the authority in such matters, as London is to England, or Paris is to France. But New York is the one great eastern centre, it is of immense size, and is immensely rich, and we are willing to admit a certain authority to Mrs. Sherwood in such matters. The Harpers have just published a little manual of *Manners and Social Usages* by her which seems to be well calculated to do some good. She says we must have a code of American manners, which while it combines matters of European etiquette, must yet be accommodated to our American system of things and ideas. It does not, indeed, necessarily follow that because we do certain things in ways different from others, that we are bores, or savages. But who wishes to be eccentric in such things, when it is not derogatory to our self-respect, and is within our means, fashion may be followed, and this little book is the latest of the guides.

The Influence of the Teachings of Stephen Hopkins on Rhode Island Sentiment:

The following extract from the second portion (now nearly ready for publication) of Mr. W. E. Foster's Monograph on Stephen Hopkins will be read with pleasure and with pride by every son of Rhode Island. Mr. Foster has indeed added a new name, as brilliant as the brightest, to the roll of American statesmen. "What Stephen Hopkins had urged upon them during the years in which he was in public life, had seldom failed of adoption. Had he, in 1785-86, and later in 1787-89, been alive, and in possession of the health and vigor which he enjoyed in 1764, there can be but little doubt that his extraordinary influence in creating and moulding public sentiment would have availed with this obstinate element even. Nor would Rhode Island have been left to the ruinous policy of these years. She was the first colony to instruct her delegates against the stamp act; the only one whose governor refused to take the oath to enforce it; the only colony from which came any printed defence of the Albany plan of union in 1754; the colony from which came the first official call for a congress in 1765; the first colony to call for a Continental Congress in 1774, and the earliest to elect her delegates to this first Continental Congress; the colony in which the first overt act of resistance to Great Britain had occurred; the state which had anticipated by two months, the passage of the Declaration of Independence by the congress; the state, moreover, which had anticipated the general government, in adopting a general postal system, and in raising and equipping a naval armament for national defence; and, finally, the state through whose direct motion and agency these latter functions, unquestionably national as they were, had been assumed by the general government. That this state, with so pre-eminently distinguished a record, would not have been the last to recede to the constitution of the United States, had Stephen Hopkins lived, we may well believe."

The Story of "Chinese" Gordon:

There is something in that quality of character we call pluck which at once excites the admiration of everybody. So when Gen. Gordon went alone, and unarmed, amidst barbaric tribes to Khartoum, the whole world looked on amazed. It is possible that this individual who won the soubriquet of *Chinese Gordon*, by his success as commander (under the Emperor of China) of the "Ever Victorious Army," in suppressing the Tai Ping rebellion in 1869, has had a greater experience in the management of barbaric enemies, than any man now living. His

military history begins with the Crimea, goes very largely into Asia and also into Equatorial, and South Africa. He saw much service in the Soudan in 1877, so that on the present occasion he went with a certain knowledge, and vast experience. He is endowed with moral courage, a better defence than gun-powder, possessed of tact, a better defence than intrigue, and he will return from Khartoum in safety, whether the English government sends an army after him or not. But if the Soudanese should harm a hair of his head, woe be unto them, for no existing human power could keep back the English army. Gordon is now fifty-four years old. His character is that of a Christian soldier, and its very simplicity is its greatest charm. Mr. Hakes' Memoir now reprinted by Mr. Worthington gives a most entertaining history of his romantic career.

The Approach of the Millennium:

Indications of the approach of this happy period, during which men are to have a slight period of repose just previous to their entering the abodes of eternal bliss, are just now multiplying. The most significant one which the BOOK NOTES has yet observed appears to be in the publication of *Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book*. If half the pleasant things which are said of it is true, it is plain that man during the short sojourn left to him will need no other guide. To begin with the plan is wise, and corrects the fundamental error of many of the most popular works of this class. They generally pre-suppose the possession of servants, and of an abundant previous experience, and their receipts, are prepared upon a scale and with a lavish disregard of the cost, which are the despair of the young housekeeper, whose family, like her purse, is small. Mrs. Lincoln sensibly resists the temptation to make the book magnify the author's vanity by its implication of luxury. She recognizes the fact that three-fourths of the wives of the country do their own housework, and her receipts require the attention of but one person; many of them are also prepared on a scale of small measurements for families of two, and with a view to the needs of people of moderate means. The directions are admirable in their conciseness and clearness, and the dishes represent a wide variety, and a somewhat careful examination shows them to be of excellent quality. The book is moreover, more than a collection of receipts; it tells why things are done as well as how, and embodies much of the chemistry, physiology and philosophy of food. If that does not indicate happiness for man, in the approach of the Millennium, what does? Roberts Brothers are its publishers.

THE eulogy on Wendell Phillips delivered before the municipal authorities of the city of Boston, by George William Curtis has been elegantly published by the Harpers.

Monte Cristo's Wife:

The wonderful success which attended the publication of Dumas' *Monte Cristo* has led to many continuations, or if not continuations, other stories connected with that famous story, by exhibiting the same favorite characters introduced to other scenes. No greater compliment could be paid to the great powers of Dumas. Just now the Petersons of Philadelphia have issued the *Wife of Monte Cristo*. Edmond Dantes and Haydee, and Mercédès, and Cavalcanti, and all the others figure in most exciting scenes. It seems like meeting old friends. One misses, however, the audacity, so charming, of Monte Cristo. No writer since the days of Dumas has approached him in the delineation of such a character. How he would have revelled in the Wall street blizzard.

A Birds-eye View by "Philomath"

"Philomath" *Anglice*, a Providence lady in a poem recently published, takes what she calls a "Birds-eye View of the Progress of Science, Religion, and Philosophy." In the course of her survey she characterizes the philosophy of Socrates, and Seneca, of Kant; and Fichte and Hegel; of Comte and Spinoza; with much pungent wit, but on any of these systems she fails to find a resting place for the feet of the weary seeker. Certain of these writers, to wit: Mansel, Spencer and Comte, she urges her readers to shun altogether, or if they must read them, to take equal draughts from Wayland's Moral Science, that the bane and antidote may go hand in hand. Not only herein has she surveyed both ancient and modern philosophy, but she has also erected a system of doctrine, or theology, wherein she speaks of the triune God, of baptism in the liquid grave, and of a feeling faith, or faith with love, which compared with thought, is far above, and many other similar thoughts. However one may differ on theological points from this learned lady, one can but admire the adroitness and wit with which she meets the arguments of those to whom she is opposed, and the neatness of phrase with which she turns or refutes them.

The Book Notes to its Aged Friend:

She who in her ninetieth year sends her clever birthday verses to the BOOK NOTES, is to be congratulated upon the spirit and vivacity with which she writes. If there be indeed those wherein

"the spark of Heavenly flame

The Spirit, or what'er the name

Of this our conscious life

Will ne'er be quenched, or blotted out

But live, and have without a doubt

A home with blessings ripe."

Then indeed this aged friend must be of them. That peace and happiness may be the lot of this lady is the earnest wish of the BOOK NOTES.

Clarke's Anti-Slavery Days:

The man of thirty years of to-day was scarcely seven years old when the great war in this country began. All he knows of the great struggle, or the causes which led to it, must be gathered from books, or from conversations with the actors in the great events. James Freeman Clarke, a man long since past the hey-day of youth, and an actor in the scenes which led to the war, has just written a small book called by him *Anti-Slavery Days*, wherein he undertakes to write a sketch of the struggle, which ended in the abolition of human slavery in the United States. Beginning with the origin of the infernal institution in this country, he sketches rapidly its history down to 1839, when he gradually grows more into detail. In their order comes the fearless fight of John Quincy Adams against a whole congress. It was indeed a splendid spectacle to see a single man, sustained alone by moral principle, facing the entire congress. Among all the members he could count no friend. That is bravery. Then comes Judge Hoar's expedition to Charlestown, the town where he should, and Adams would, have stayed. Hoar, however, held the old view that discretion was the part of valor, and took the road to Boston. Then follow the stories of William and Ellen Crafts, of Box Brown, and Mr. May's accounts of his underground railroad. Of Anthony Burns and his return to slavery from Boston, an act worthy of a great people. Of the purchase of Barnes by Marshal Devens, of Boston, for \$1,500 and his gift of freedom, by the very officer who arrested him. These were acts of great principle. But now we have come to look differently at them, from the people of those days. Then follows the terrible days of 1850, the arrogance of the slave power, the Dred Scott decision, the force of which went down, as it ought to have done, before the will of a free people. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Kansas struggle, John Brown, and all the rest down to Sumter and Appomattox. To say that this book is interesting gives but a faint idea of its character. Like everything which Mr. Clarke writes, it is clear and concise, it is calm and dignified, and it tells in an excellent way the story of the grandest epoch in American history. Every man ought to read it, and observe as he reads his own change of sentiment, if he was old enough to have had any sentiment when these events took place. Among the great number of people of whom anecdotes are related is U. S. Marshal Barnes, once of Boston. There is among the many friends of the BOOK NOTES, a man whom Mr. Clarke would have done well to have interviewed with reference to Barnes. His name is Robert Sherman of Pawtucket. Mr. Worthington of New York is the publisher of this excellent book.

Dr. Worcester's Dictionaries:

It is a curious reflection that Roger Williams was the first lexicographer in America (Key to the Indian Language, 1643), and that when he made this little dictionary there was no dictionary of the English language existing worthy of mention. Blount's, 1656, or Phillip's, 1658, were the first dictionaries of the English language, in which it was separated from some other language, such for instance as the Latin, or the French. In the days, therefore, when Williams, and Gorton, and Harris, and Clark, wrote their vigorous English, in such clear and elegant penmanship, not an English dictionary could be found in Rhode Island. To-day there is neither man, nor woman, nor child so poor that he cannot buy, nor so remote that he cannot, in a few hours, obtain a copy of Worcester's Dictionary. This excellent book is now issued in many sizes, from the *Miniature Pocket*, up to the *Grand Quarto* with its 115,000 words. Each size is complete and perfect in itself, and well adapted to supply the want for which it was intended, whether that want be for the youngest scholar in the schools or for the profoundest student of abstract science. Some one or other of these dictionaries have been the constant companion of the BOOK NOTES ever since its birth. No writer can now do business with a single dictionary. Sometimes one, and sometimes another is needed. At this moment the authors of twenty dictionaries are the close and constant companions of the BOOK NOTES. Among them all, *Worcester* is the most frequently consulted and with an ever increasing satisfaction. The very great advantage in literary work possessed by the young men of to-day over their ancestors, is thus apparent at a glance. The Worcester's Quarto of to-day, is the aggregate sum of human knowledge concerning English words, their origin, or etymology, or derivation, their orthography, or correct spelling, their orthoepy, or correct pronunciation, gathered during the two last centuries. All this, and more, to wit, synonyms, and the models for correct use, selected from the best writers of these same two centuries, is at the instant service of him who consults this admirable book.

THE *Newport Historical Magazine*, having closed its fourth volume, announces the following change: Henceforth it will be known as the *Rhode Island Historical Magazine*, it will be issued quarterly as before, but the numbers will be increased in size from 60 to 80 pages. Dr. H. E. Turner, who was practically its founder, retires from active management, and leaves it in the hands of Mr. Tilley, who, having disposed of other matters, now devotes his whole time to its success, which the BOOK NOTES heartily wishes him.

The Book of the Beginnings:

MR. R. Heber Newton, holding an eccentric view that it was not quite the correct thing for a clergyman to preach pious falsehoods, entered into a plan of investigating the integrity of the Pentateuch, in a series of Sunday afternoon talks to his parishioners, in the hope of eliminating its errors. His Bishop, fearing that the truth would not be able to withstand the shock, issued his interdict. Mr. Newton recognized the force of the interdict, so far as preaching was concerned, but not so far as printing was concerned. So he has printed the whole of his *Talks* in a little book, *The Book of the Beginnings*, and thus the catastrophe, which the worthy Bishop sought to avoid, has fallen upon the people. Thus it ever is, the wildest schemes on earth seem to thrive in their opposing. Had Mr. Newton been allowed to preach on in quiet, nobody would ever have heard of these direful things. It is no easy thing to prevent the revolution of a world by the passage of a series of resolutions, while he who desires to dam a cataract had best attempt it only verbally. To such of the people as have read Ewald or Kuenen, or, who in youth, went wild over Colenso, these *Talks* will have no terrors. But he who thinks that in a contest between the truth and falsehood, truth will be "knocked out" in the first round is advised to give the book a wide birth.

THE trial of Congdon for the murder of Wilcox, on the 31st of July, 1883, has just been published by the publisher of these BOOK NOTES. The arguments of counsel received most careful revision, as indeed did every portion of the report. It may be relied upon as an admirable statement of the law of self-defence, as set forth by the highest authority in Rhode Island. It is beautifully printed, far better than any trial before printed in Rhode Island, and with only a limited edition of 369 copies.

THE demand for the *History of the Fen*, which was written by a Providence lady, as an offering for charitable organizations, has been so great, that the charitable lady has just issued a second edition. It is verily, of itself, a good return for the money expended for it. E. A. H. has gathered from many places, many things of curious interest. Many of these things will be new to many people. The little adventure is deserving of all the success it received, it is a gift wherein talent is alloyed with gold.

BENJAMIN Robertson, of Missouri, recently read a paper before the Historical Society of Missouri, in which he treats in a most interesting way of the acquisition of the valley of the Mississippi by the United States. This is a very interesting subject, and has been much studied of late.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 4.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The Gordon Trial:

For the benefit of a young cousin of a friend of the BOOK NOTES who lives in Franklin, Mass., and who is desirous of knowing something about Gordon, the last man hanged in Rhode Island, the BOOK NOTES tells the following tale: In broad daylight, on Sunday afternoon, December 31, 1844, Mr. Amasa Sprague was found dead in a field in the heart of a populous region, near by a constantly travelled path, and within sight of many windows in the immediate neighborhood, in the town of Johnston, R. I. It was at once apparent that a brutal murder had been done. The prominent character of the victim, together with the fearful brutality exhibited, at once aroused the entire community, and that which no eye had seen, a thousand eyes became at once intent upon discovering. Many circumstances were discovered tending to throw suspicion on a family of Gordons, Irishmen, who lived near. There were three brothers, Nicholas, who lived at Sprague's Print Works, with whom lived John. Besides whom was William, who lived in the city of Providence. Nicholas came to this country in 1834 or 5; John and William came in July, 1845. These men were arrested and indicted, John and William as principals, and Nicholas as an accessory before the fact. At the March term, 1844, of the Supreme Court, John and William were brought to the bar and tried, John was found guilty, William was acquitted. After the various motions for a new trial, for delay, for reprieve, had all failed, John was hanged in the prison yard, February 11, 1845, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Nicholas was tried as accessory in October, 1844. The jury disagreed, standing eight for conviction. Under this result the government again brought Nicholas to trial in April, 1845. The jury again disagreed, and Nicholas was discharged. Such is a brief outline of this terrible crime and its ending. The trial of these men was published soon after the result by William Knowles and Edwin Larned. It has long been out of print and much sought for. A new edition is now being printed by the publisher of the BOOK NOTES.

Mothers in Council:

This book is not exactly a Mother's Lyceum, nor is it a Symposium. It is rather a Mother's Club, in which one member reads an essay and the other members discuss it. The club is supposed to exist in a village, where a number of mothers meet regularly for the purpose of discussing such matters of method or management as would tend to lighten their domestic burthens, and at the same time produce better results in their families. Various questions are discussed, such, for example, as amusements, Sunday occupations, putting things in their right places, deference of children for their parents, the principle of accuracy, the tranquil life, and many others. If there are two reforms more necessary to the American people than are other reforms, they are the acute development of the principle of accuracy, and the growth of tranquillity in domestic, or business life. The insane pursuit of money is the destruction of both principles; it is, in fact, the entire sum of all other evils, disguise it as you will. She was a very sensible woman, who wrote this book; she speaks without fear her opinions, which are well grounded in common sense. It is in no sense a book of petty fault-finding, but it is a discussion of methods. When she comes upon the matter of dress, clothing for children becomes at once an important topic. The folly of putting extra stitches into children's clothing is well set forth. It is unquestionable that very much of the rascality and dishonesty of the present time rests upon this worse than folly. Pretty much everything which enters into the domestic policy is more or less discussed in the little book, which, if well read, will set those a-thinking who never thought before, while those who have thought much will think the more. The Harpers are its publishers.

Laddie and Miss Toosey's Mission are two very pretty English stories, by the same author, reprinted in a single neat volume, uniforma with the *Little Pilgrim*, by Roberts Brothers. These stories are all of a deeply religious character, and are intensely pathetic. Those who like them, are passionately fond of them. Their sale in England is said to have been immense.

The Great Argument:

The Messianic prophecies found, or supposed to be found, in the old Testament are, to many minds, the great proofs of its authenticity. Imbued with this idea, Prof. W. H. Thomson, a physician, and professor of materia medica in the University of New York, has written a book called by him *The Great Argument, or Jesus Christ in the Old Testament*. Holding firmly to the central idea, the learned author proceeds to examine in order the various proofs of the authenticity of the Old Testament, as follows: 1st, its composite authorship, being the work of many different authors, written in different ages, divers places, in different languages, or if in the same language yet in divers ages. Thus the learned doctor would expect to find diversity of style, a certain dependence of the later writers upon the earlier writers, as manifested by quotations, by reference, or by inference; 2d, a registering of changes in the history of peoples, for the time covered by these books being some eleven centuries the changes must have been very many and very great; 3d, incidental and direct references to particular countries in which each book was known, or supposed, to have been written; 4th, the changes of the language of the people, as indicated in its development, maturity and decline. Having passed through these internal indications of authenticity, the author takes up certain external proofs, to wit: the documentary evidence, which he finds in the fact that translations and versions of the whole without the omission of a single one in the Canon were completed and were in all parts of the world in the third century, B. C. Chiefest among these documentary evidences the learned doctor places the Samaritan Pentateuch, over which he grows enthusiastic. The people of Samaria were antagonistic to the Jews, and were excommunicated by them. Their first appearance in history dates about B. C. 720, and there in Samaria they still have a local habitation and a name. In the writings of the early fathers frequent reference to the Samaritan version will be found. But of the version itself no copy was known until 1613, when Pietro del Valle discovered a copy and brought it into western Europe. Since that time other copies have been discovered and brought also into Europe to form subjects of discussion, or matters for controversy among Christian scholars for two and a half centuries. The only other scripture considered by Dr. Thomson is the Talmud, a supplementary but distinctively Jewish bible, to the importance of which he thinks modern scholarship has not yet awakened. Thus having cleared his ground, the author proceeds to consider the foreshadowings of the coming of Christ in the various books, from the prophet like unto Moses, suggested in

the Pentateuch, Gen. i. 15, v. 18-19, even to the coming of Christ, in their order as follows: The Hebrew prophets and the son of David as set forth in the prophecies of Micah, c. 5, v. 2-12. The various prophecies of Isaiah, as seen in chapters 7, 8, 9, 11, 25, 26, 32, 40, 50, and many others. The prophecies in Jeremiah, c. 23, v. 9; c. 31, v. 31-34, and in other places. The prophecies in the book of Daniel, c. 2, v. 7, and c. 7, v. 21-25, and c. 7, v. 7-19-23, and in many other places. The prophecies in the Psalms, especially those in the 2d, the 15th, the 22d, and the 110th. Closing his examination with the prophets after the exile, viz: Haggai, and Zechariah, the author summarizes his case in a conclusion in which he sets forth the impressiveness and strength of the Messianic (or the Great) Argument, and urges its examination in the light of reason, and in the light of history. The book bears evidence of much study, and much thought, and will be alike serviceable to both pastor and parishoner. The Harpers are its publishers.

Barbara Thayer by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, is a novel which deals very plainly with a certain phase of the social problem, as we euphemistically style unlawful relations existing between men and women. The world of novel readers would be quite as well served were this subject less frequently handled by the writers of fiction. If it is as true to-day as when it was written, of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, then indeed must the hearts of these writers be in a most deplorable condition. The BOOK NOTES, cannot enter upon an analysis of this cleverly written story, but it believes that when Barbara gave Gen. Laurens a piece of her mind, it did not contribute largely to his peace of mind. As a matter of fact it was simply terrific, and the mind at once recoils upon the unnatural or the impossible. When we read of a young, simple, artless girl seizing (metaphorical) her accepted lover by the throat, and shaking him (figuratively) over the mouth of the bottomless pit, it does not seem quite natural, nevertheless it was good enough for him. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

THE Reverend Dr. Hurst has written a very *Short History of the Reformation*. It is published by the Harpers. Into a compact little volume, of about a hundred pages, Dr. Hurst has written the story of an event, or series of events, which changed for the better, and which is still changing for the better, the position of every person in the civilized world. Any man can read this little book in an hour, but a lifetime would be required to comprehend all the effects which could be traced to the great cause of which it treats. Here in Rhode Island, in New England, in all America are the most vivid tracings of its action, and to our people it must be an ever increasing study.

But a Philistine:

The time was the sunny summer months of July and August, and the place was the sea coast of Maine, when and where a parcel of young people whose *habitat* was the west end in Boston, went for a season in pursuit of health and happiness. Here in a region remote from the din and confusion of cities there dwelt repose. From the piazzas of a large and comfortable house (the home, of course, of wealth) there lay on one hand the broken and rocky coast, the carving and shelving beaches, and the gleaming waves of the Atlantic; on the other was the pleasant hill country of southern Maine whence came odors fragrant with the piney woods. Here in this charming solitude came young people to love and to be loved, and in her new story, *But a Philistine*, Miss Virginia Townsend undertakes to set forth how they did it. The interest of the story turns upon the attacks made by Mr. Andrew Thorndike, with arms devised by Cupid upon the quietly Miss Natalie Vane. Now Miss Natalie was the daughter of a Puritan old clergyman, who, with the partner of his joys and sorrows, had long been transplanted, for service in other spheres. Thus Natalie was an orphan, as indeed she had long been, and she had set as the gauge of her affection, the love which her mother bore towards her father. So when Andrew popped his question, she popped her question. It was the rock on which they split. Now if that is not one of those incomprehensible Boston notions which one reads about, what in the name of Hyacinth is it? Here was a manly man, in every way, so far as the story shows, a fit companion for a womanly woman, whose suit is rejected by her because she cannot make herself believe that she loves him as her mother loved her father. This strikes the BOOK NOTES as one of those rare cases where fiction is stranger than truth. Would not most young women have reasoned, while revering, that the mother's love was rather an unknown than a fixed quantity, and that possibly 'twas distance which lent enchantment to the view, and that after all they had better "catch on" and try to improve on the old lady, than to "pass," or "go it alone." Some such worldly views that would strike the ordinary mortal as proper. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

THE other day the BOOK NOTES, while loafing among the old bookstands in New York, listened to the following colloquy. A lady customer: Have you the *Lives of Abeland Heloise*? The shop-keeper (not bookseller) reflecting a moment. No; still reflecting. No; I have at this moment the *Lives of neither of them*. That is pretty good, and the joke was on the keeper moreover. Just then the lady customer continued: I wanted, particularly, Dean Milman's edition, and the joke was on both of them.

IN the same volume Mary Howitt has gathered a half dozen, more or less, of the stories written by her many years ago, drawn entirely from her own experience, and describing of English life as it then existed. The titles of these tales must be familiar to many people. Let me enumerate them: There are the *Darwins*, *Alice Franklin*, *My Uncle the Clockmaker*, *Strive and Thrive*. All is not Gold that Clatters, *Love and Money*, and *Middleton and the Middletons*. Now these stories are to-day just as interesting as they were on the day they were written. In fact they are more interesting because as we recede, day by day, from the manners and customs of the time they possess additional charms to us. Moreover these stories are quiet and never loud; they are refreshing and never unduly excite us; they breathe an air of repose from beginning to end; they are admirable for the summer time in the country. Mary Howitt is still living at an age of more than four score years. She was born a Quaker, and her stories are filled with the spirit of the shining ones, about whom Charles Lamb has so beautifully written in one of the *Essays of Elia*.

THOSE of us who cannot go a-shooting but who love to read the stories of those who can, never had a better opportunity than is now given in the excellent volume of Colonel Julius Barras, wherein he relates his adventures with tigers and the like, during a sojourn of nigh upon thirty years in India. Colonel Barras is a blunt, plain soldier. His story shows it. There is no art in the literary make up of his narratives, unless it be truth, the most artless of all literary art, and which is their greatest charm. We have read many a story of Baroda and its sports (a misnomer), but nothing equal to this by Colonel Barras. The interest begins with the title page and ends with the word *finis*.

THE official figures given as the proceeds of Mr. Henry Irving's tour in the United States are \$292,571, certainly a very respectable sum to carry out of the country considering the nature of the real property left within it. Under these circumstances, Mr. Irving could do no less than hold very favorable opinions of America, and of the Americans as a people. He has had these opinions written out for us in a book which makes the clever reading of an hour for those who delight to be praised. Surely those who spent no money on Mr. Irving are getting flattered at the expense of those who did. Osgood & Co. are its publishers.

THE entire edition of *Rhode Island Historical Tract No. 19, Part 2*, (Mr. Foster's Stephen Hopkins), was disposed of previous to the day of publication. A success most gratifying to the author as well as the publisher.

WHEN Mr. W. H. Mallock wrote his book, *Is Life Worth Living?* (a conundrum which, by the way, has not yet been settled), he struck twelve, an elevated number which in none of his subsequent publications he has quite reached. Just now he has a new one entitled *Property and Progress*, a play on Mr. George's title, *Poverty and Progress*. Of course it is an assault upon the theories of Mr. George. Its author cannot be made to see that that policy under which six men will ultimately own the entire soil of England, and everybody else become their tenants at will, their paupers, or be evicted, possibly may not be the best for mankind. Mr. George looks upon all these attacks, on his side, as appeals for justice. Mr. Mallock, on his side, as appeals for sympathy. It is an irrepressible conflict. Mr. Mallock, while he starves the people, writes pathetically of pity. When we write that the mills of the gods grind slowly, we at all events admit that they do grind. So in England this frightful land holding system, must go, just as did human slavery in our country, which in our own day had more defenders (shame be in their faces) than has this horrible English system of to-day. The Mes-srs. Putnam are Mr. Mallock's publishers.

MESSRS. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish this spring a "Dictionary of Miracles," by E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., author of "The Reader's Handbook," "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," etc. This is a work of an entirely new character, one on which Dr. Brewer has long been engaged, and which has required a vast amount of reading. The book will contain about six hundred and fifty pages, in dictionary form, with a very complete index. These astounding marvels will be divided into three parts: *First*. Those parallel to Scripture miracles or historic narratives. *Second*. Those realistic of Scripture texts. *Third*. Those illustrative of church dogmas. The work will be a mass of anecdotes quite new and marvellous beyond credibility; the authorities cited come down to 1880. As the subject is one that has of late excited much interest, this book promises to be as successful as those of the same author that have preceded it.

MR. R. D. Blackmore is unquestionably the most rapidly growing of the living English novelists. *Lorna Doone*, written by him several years since, has now a large and even an increasing sale. That is positive evidence of power, or excellence, or whatever the enduring quality of a novel is. The *Maid of Sker* was another most successful of Mr. Blackmore's stories. Just now the Harpers have published a new one, the *Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore Bart., M. P.*, formerly known as *Tommy Upmore*. It will take rank among his best stories. It is issued in three forms by the same publishers.

MRS. WISTER comes with a new translation from German fiction, *Quicklands*, from Streckfuss. The BOOK NOTES knows the web and the woof of the story, but it has not yet time to write it out. The story is excellent. This lady has never sent forth a bad nor a dull book. If she is not herself an author, she possesses the gift of discerning quality in other authors. As one after another have appeared, each has been praised as better than its predecessor. That immortality which can be fairly charged in the account against modern fiction, cannot be charged against Mrs. Wister's books. They are as chaste as ice, as pure as snow.

THERE has been no novel recently, at all comparable to the *Entailed Hat*. Not the least of its excellencies is its truthfulness, for it is probably all true, and therefore not a novel at all. Nor are its statements to be considered extraordinary when one knows that within twenty-five miles of this city of Providence in our own time, an entire family consisting of a man's wife and three children were taken secretly in open daylight, carried south and sold into slavery. The husband went home at night, after an honest day's labor, to find them gone, leaving not a trace behind.

THE *Usurper*, a novel of Japanese social life and manners a couple of centuries ago, written by M'Ori's-elle Judith Gautier, appears on the slightest examination to possess positive qualities of great excellence. Possibly it is rather too good a book to ever be popular. It came too late for this number of the BOOK NOTES, but it deserves and shall receive attention at our hands. Prince Nagato's story of his wedding is exceedingly clever, as indeed are a cluster of idle tales told by the courtiers in waiting.

BIND your magazines. How many times has the BOOK NOTES written to you that a magazine which was not worth binding was not worth taking. In the hurry and turmoil of life nobody can get out of a magazine the good there is in it, once a month. But bind it, recur often to it, and after many days you will reap your reward. The publisher of these BOOK NOTES binds magazines.

SOMEbody apparently found out sometime since that Miss Maud Howe, a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, was writing a book, so nearly every anonymous story published in Boston has been attributed to that lady. At last she comes, and with no uncertain sound, for on the title page of *San Rosorio Ranch* is printed her proper name. The next BOOK NOTES will tell its story.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD has not undertaken to make men polite, nature alone can do that, but she has undertaken to relate how polite men and women behave. Her little book, *Manners and Social Usages*, published by the Harpers, has received at the hands of reviewers nothing but praise.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884.

{ Vol. II. No. 5.
{ 2000 COPIES.

A Descendant of Roger Williams Becomes a French Senator Under the Second Empire:

There was published at Paris, in 1880, a book with the title *Monsieur Anacleto Thayer Sénateur*. It is a memoir. Its first chapter begins thus: (translation) "Anacleto Gourey Williams-Thayer was born at Orleans, August 12, 1799, of a Protestant family. His mother was an English lady. His father was James Williams-Thayer, of American birth. They came to live in France during the great revolution. They were the first of their family who came to dwell among us. Thus the Williams-Thayers had not for a very long time left either England or America, where they had long been honorably known. It was one of their ancestors who founded the city of Providence, in 1636, and a street in London still bears their family name," etc., etc. Here, then, is a direct descendant of Roger Williams who became a French senator, and a man of great wealth. He married the only daughter of General Bertrand, the friend and companion of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, and thus became allied to the Napoleonic interests. In January, 1832, at the very formation of the senate, he was appointed a senator by the Emperor, Napoleon 3d. The writer of the memoir says this appointment astonished nobody. It was justified by two reasons: First, the eminent ability of M. Thayer; and second, his having married the daughter of General Bertrand. Free from all political attachments, thanks to his American origin, M. Thayer, when he married Madame Belle Bertrand, espoused also the Napoleonic interests. The Emperor knew this, hence his appointment. He stood loyally to their interests during all his service. He became a very active supporter and defender of the Roman Catholic church. The volume contains several of his speeches in the senate. Four of the seven speeches thus preserved are in the interest of the church. The first is a Defense of the Temporal Power of the Pope; the second is a Defense of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society; the third is a report adverse to the abolition of the fees, or perquisites, of the clergy; the fourth

is a report concerning Sunday work by government employés. In the volume are several communications from General Bertrand, or by those connected with him, concerning the Emperor Napoleon, of much interest. M. Thayer died the 6th of July, 1867, but a short time before the fall of the second empire. Although there is no person now living in Providence by the name of Williams Thayer, yet there is still properly faced in that name. There is a Thayer street here as well as in London, and there are persons here connected by close ties of relationship to this excellent family. Touching another branch of the same family, there is in the Brown library a curious little volume printed at Lisbon, 1787, giving an account of the conversion to Roman Catholicism of the Reverend John Thayer, a clergyman born in Boston. It is written in both English and Portuguese.

Books for Summer in the Country:

Now again as you go into the country for rest or recreation, the BOOK NOTES urges you to take with you, as companion, some book of natural history. If you are interested in the shores of Narragansett bay, nothing better can be desired than *Seaside Studies*, by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Agassiz. This book, which is popular in its style, written, in fact, for everybody, excepting scientists, is carefully illustrated, by Prof. Alexander Agassiz, with nearly two hundred wood-cuts. It relates to the marine animals with which the shores of our bay abound. . . . If moths or beetles or other insects interest you, Prof. Packard has amply provided the books for companions for you. In his books you can learn of the insects of the field, of the forest and of the stream; of insects with mental powers and of insects of social life; of insect mimics and insect architects. In one of his books is a chapter descriptive of the population of an apple tree, which is a positive revelation to most people. . . . Are you interested in plants? Prof. Gray has provided you with ample materials in his *How Plants Grow*, or in his *School and Field Botany*. Are you interested in shrubs and trees? Mr. Emerson's elab-

orste books with beautifully-colored plates cannot fail to instruct and amuse you. Birds, to most of us, are a never-failing source of pleasure and happiness. Their beautiful plumage, their graceful movements, their delightful voices are always welcome, whatever our varying moods may be. In the pursuit of this delightful study there are many helps; among them all, the most portable, the newest, and possibly the best, maybe that by Winfrid Stearns. This book is in two volumes, which are separated if so desired. He who travels abroad in the fields or forests of New England will have to look sharply to find a bird whose history is not set forth in one or the other of these excellent books. These, then, are the companions which the BOOK NOTES urges you to take with you as you go into the country—history or biography or fiction can be read as well in the winter evenings at home; but these interesting natural studies cannot be so well pursued in any other way as in the fields.

Mrs. Wister's Latest Novel, "Quicksands:"

Egon Von Ernan and Gottlieb Pigglewitch, two young Germans without each other's knowledge, resolved upon suicide. In fulfillment of this purpose they repaired to a secluded spot near by a lake, the one to drown his miseries and himself in the lake, the other to arouse the attention of the ferryman of the Styx by means of gunpowder. A leap into the lake destroyed the intention of suicide of one, and caused him to save the life of the other. It is, indeed, a curious opening for a story. They exchanged external conditions and started afresh upon their travels. Henceforth Von Ernan was Pigglewitch and Pigglewitch was Von Ernan. Their manœuvres led, in time, to some very curious complications to both parties, but the good sense of Von Ernan, with the skill of the authors, seems to have extricated them, although in the end, Pigglewitch became extinct, as any man with such a name should become. The usual disaster which befalls, when a hard-one young fellow begins giving music lessons to a beautiful young girl, happened when Von Ernan began giving lessons to Elsie. It was a foregone conclusion; but as "the course of true Love never runs," etc., so theirs didn't; but after many trials, tribulations and hair-breadth escapes, all came right in the end, and Elsie became Frau Von Ernan, to the great happiness of herself and everybody else. This is the latest of Mrs. Wister's translations from the German novelists. It is the equal of any which have preceded it. That is praise enough. It is from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., and uniform with the preceding translations by the same lady.

Two First-rate Novels:

AMONG the latest of Mr. William S. Gottsberger's publications are *Trafalgar*, a novel by Perez Galdos, the author of *Gloria*; and *Clytia*, a romance of the sixteenth century, by George Taylor, (a pseudonym) the author of *Anthous*. The latter of these stories relates to the religious affairs which succeeded the Great Reformation. Paul Laureziano, a Jesuit, was sent by his society in the disguise of a Protestant clergyman to correct the damnable heresies which had broken out among the Germans. He became confessor to a convent of sisters who had partially detached themselves from the old religion but had not yet thoroughly accepted the new. His object being to re-convert them to the old faith. Among these sisters was the beautiful Clytia, with whom the young priest became so profoundly in love that he who went forth to convert others, became himself converted. *Trafalgar* is the tale of the great naval battle, the name of which it bears, and to which, and to the naval and military affairs which preceded it, it refers. It is exceedingly well told and is full of graphic incidents; not the least of which was the following: A couple of the finest Spanish ships lay alongside each other. The English, one very dark night, selected a light vessel, extinguished her lights, sailed her between the two Spanish ships, giving each a broadside as she passed. The Spaniards took up the amusement where the Englishmen left off and continued the remainder of the night to batter each other until both were sunk.

Miss Howe's San Rosario:

Millicent Almsford was the daughter of an American gentleman resident in Venice. Her mother died at the birth of the daughter, so the daughter grew up in Venice motherless. At last her father married for the third time. The young Italian woman whom he married was not pleasing to Millicent, who thereupon accepted the invitation of a half brother living in California to pay him an extended visit. His home was the ranch San Rosario. His family then consisted of his deceased wife's mother, Mrs. Deering, and her two children, Barbara and Henry, who were thus the brother-in-law and sister-in-law of Ralph Almsford, who was himself, as we have written, the half-brother of Miss Millicent. Such were the family relations. Now Miss Millicent was an exotic, "a twin opal," an "agnostic," whose face was "strange, white, luminous"; whose figure was tall, whose teeth were white, and whose "body was like a screen through which shone a flame." She was one of those dancers who couldn't sit on a cotton sheet, finding it chafed her skin, and to whom early breakfasts were positively shocking. That landscape which Barbara looked upon as

a perfect "symphony in brown." If anybody knows what that means, Millicent looked upon us raw, and crude, and terrible, which comes a little more within our understanding. Adroitly has Miss Howe told the processes by which this pale exotic, this pure, petulant piece of Venetian glass, became transformed into a woman, who could save the life of a swift swimmer of the sea, who could see with her eyes her most faithful servant murdered in cold blood while defending her, and with her tongue tell the tale in such cadence as carried conviction to the murderer. The character of Millicent is most carefully drawn, as indeed is that of John Graham, he whom she saved from the sea. So is Hal, the brother-in-law of her half-brother, an irrepressible young ranchman, who cared for Ralph's cattle, as they roamed a hundred hills, who talked a wild dialect perfectly, unintelligible to the Venetian damsel, but whose heart beat correctly on all proper occasions. The story is excellent, notwithstanding the absurd terms which we have pointed out. There is many a fine thought expressed in unexceptional English, which will linger long in the memory of the reader. The ending only is unsatisfactory; not that it is not well told, but we, like John Graham, had come to love the beautiful woman, and could feel only sorrow at the end she reached, and which might just as well have been different. It is said Miss Howe was the author of the anonymous story *A Newport Aqueduct*, published during the last summer. It does not seem possible that the same person could have written the two, so much superior is *San Rosario*. If Miss Howe can maintain any such position as a writer of fiction as this book must give her, her future is assured. Roberts Brothers are its publishers.

The Usurper:

The scene of this story is Japan. Its author relates it as an episode in Japanese history happening at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. All its characters are people of the highest rank. Its language is the poetical language of the distant east, with which the author, albeit a French woman, seems to be as familiar as with her native tongue. The story is a mixture of love and politics; beginning with a conspiracy to undermine a bridge from which the king was to witness the feast of the god of the sea. The politics of the story is the destruction of the political power of the Shogunate, and the elevation to their proper position of the Mikado. Iwakura, Prince of Nagato, one of the richest princes of Japan, became a very prominent character, the friend and defender of the Mikado; the soldier whose disasters were only productive of fresh resources. Intermingled with the actions of this prince the author has described the national

customs of the country; the fêtes of the people, among which mention may be made of the exceedingly amusing story of the marriage of the prince. In the execution of *sado*, the friend of Nagato, whom, in fact, he was believed to be, appears the methods of justice among this strange people. The method of ordering the culinary arrangements for the Mikado are peculiar. This official, being averse to devoting so much intellectual activity as was necessary to the ordering of his daily dinner, issued an edict, ordering regularly each day, thirty-three dinners served in as many different apartments. Walking through these apartments, he selected and partook of the one he liked best. The book is excellent. It is full of droll conceits, which will be altogether new to most readers. Although Mademoiselle Gamier has written several novels illustrative of Japanese or Chinese social life, the present is the first which has appeared in an English translation. Roberts Brothers are its publishers.

CONCERNING this most interesting people, the Japanese, there is no book from which so much can be learned as from that by Prof. Stein, which was written under the patronage of the German government. Not only is the ancient and modern history given, but likewise everything which the country produces, or the people use—houses, dress, food, business, religious beliefs, politics, social customs, all in turn become the subjects of the pen of this indefatigable scholar. The current *Spectator*, in noticing for the second time this book, says: "No existing work on Japan can pretend to vie with it, either in fullness or accuracy, and for a long time to come it must rank as the standard authority."

A Wife Hard Won:

This is a love story by Julia McNair Wright. It is a story of the descent of an estate in England. The Herron family, utterly broken up by the wiles of a woman, is reduced at last to two representatives: an old East Indian colonel, a bachelor, and his nephew whom he has never seen and whom he absolutely abhors. All his great landed estate, together with much money, the old colonel willed to his nephew, on condition that he presently married a certain young lady whom the nephew believed he detested. Neither loved the other; but both inherited largely if they married, and the crown took the property if they did not. Many years subsequently, or exactly on the night of his death, the old colonel made another will in which he gave all his estate and property to his nephew, without conditions. This last will was hidden by a servant in the coffin of the old colonel and buried with him. Finally, after years of miserable trouble to all concerned, Harry, the ser-

vant, could no longer keep the secret of the will. It had to be told. Earl Heron and Muriel Hazed at last found that each had been loving the other without a suspicion as to who each of them really was. They had only known each other under assumed names. Now everything was straightened out. Earl Heron got the woman he loved and the estates with her, and the comedy of errors ended happily. Lippincott & Co. publish this capital story.

The Disk: a Marvellous Story:

The *Disk*, a tale of two passions, by two writers, Messrs Robinson and Wall, is suggestive of Jules Verne. The latter of these writers is a citizen of our own city, Mr. George Wall. The story illustrates the marvellous possibilities of electricity in the light of modern science. John Alder invents, or discovers, a disk, which performs for the eye precisely the same office which the telephone performs for the ear. Scenes transpiring in far-distant countries are seen on the disk as they transpire, by means of electrical wires. Thus a graphic picture is given of the explosion, by M. de Lesseps, of the rocky ridge which is supposed to form the back-bone of the Isthmus of Panama. The rushing of many waters and a very respectable convulsion of nature is thus seen by a numerous audience gathered into a hall in Chicago. This extraordinary discovery is placed before the people by means of a stock company of the most approved modern pattern. Many things are suggested as being among the wildest flights of the fancy, but which are really no more wonderful than many things which are already familiar to us, and which would, a few years ago, have been thought as absurd as these herein related. For instance, the hearing and recognition of the human voice for a distance of fifty miles, and perhaps for a much greater distance. The authors of the book, if there be two, betray undoubted talent. It is perfectly clear that American readers will not have to depend upon French writers for marvellous tales. Messrs. Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, are its publishers.

A Family Atlas:

A good, portable atlas, and inexpensive whilst, is a thing very much desired by many people. Such a one has recently been published by Messrs. Letts & Company, of London. This atlas comprises the countries of the world, illustrated in fifty-seven maps. An index follows, consisting of 25,000 names of places, with their latitude and longitude. Ocean depths and ocean currents are laid down on each map. The physical features in different countries is well set forth by means of differences of color. The commercial aspect of countries is managed

in the same manner. Thus in France, Germany, Spain, and other European States, the wine trade is significant at a glance. So with wool in Australia, tea in China, with grain in Russia, with gold and diamonds in South Africa. Notwithstanding the atlas is English in its manufacture, it comprises many maps of the United States which are on a large scale, and are very distinct. Many of the maps are filled in every available but unoccupied space with statistical tables of much value and interest. In fact, in no atlas known to the Book Notice is there anything like the information for the price.

Villiers' Free Trade Speeches:

UNDER the title the *Free Trade Speeches* of the Right Hon. Charles Polham Villiers, M. P., is now published the motions and speeches of this gentleman during the eight years, 1888-1896, advocating the repeal of the Corn Laws. Each year, during this period, a motion was made in Parliament by him and a powerful address sustaining it. In a very small minority at first, and regularly defeated, he always came out of the struggle stronger than he went in. At last he accomplished his end; the obnoxious laws were repealed, and the position of every working Englishman was vastly improved thereby. Something like this was the continuous motion, during ten years, of John Quincy Adams in Congress for the Right of Petition. He, too, succeeded. And now we look back upon the obstinate resistance to redress wrongs in both cases as disgraceful to both nations.

Among the newest books is a novel translated from the German of Henkel, the *Mistress of Ubbetstein*, issued by Messrs. Holt & Co., both in their Leisure Hour and Leisure Moment Series. There is also a new novel by Ouida, *Princess Napraxine*, published by Lippincott, uniform with their editions of the novels of this author. . . . A new novel by the author of *Die Versey*, Mr. Anstey, entitled the *Giant's Robe*, has received very high praise by the English reviewers. . . . The memorial of Oliver Shew, which grew out of the late musical festival given in his memory, is nearly ready for publication. A fine portrait will embellish it.

Mr. George H. Holden, the keeper of the well-known bird-store on North Main street, has prepared a treatise on Canaries and Cage-birds, which is both useful and ornamental. This book informs you not only how to care for your feathered favorites, but it also imparts to you the knowledge by which you will know when you have found a treasure. It is the best, the finest, the cheapest, book upon the subject. It is for sale at 17 Westminster street.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. ()
Price 50 cts. per annum. ()

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

{ VOL. II. No. 6.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The Electrical Experiments at Newport in 1752: A very rare old paper.

The great advances made in electrical science lends interest to every particle of information concerning its first discovery. A very rare hand-bill description of a *Course of Experiments on the newly discovered Electrical Fire*, dated Newport, March 16, 1752, having come recently into the possession of the writer, is considered by him, of sufficient interest to be reproduced in the BOOK NOTES. This course of experiments was given at the court house, in the council chamber, on the afternoon of each day, (saving Sunday) for a short period, by Ebenezer Kinnersley. Mr. Kinnersley was the friend of Franklin. He was a clergyman, and a professor in the college of Philadelphia. He had been engaged in the first experiments jointly with Franklin, and the latter, in his letters descriptive of the discovery, gives full credit both to the talent and the skill of Mr. Kinnersley. These Newport experiments were given in March, 1752. It was not until the June following that Franklin made the famous experiment of drawing electricity from a thunder cloud. As a further exhibition of the confidence reposed in him by Franklin, is the letter of the latter introducing Mr. Kinnersley to a Boston gentleman, as one who "has given great satisfaction in Philadelphia, and" who was "a sensible, worthy man." Mr. Kinnersley gave "not only the most curious experiments of those that have been made and published in Europe, but a considerable number of new ones lately made in Philadelphia." These experiments he accompanied with "methodical lectures on the nature and properties of the wonderful element. Beginning with some account of its discovery, he lays down the following propositions: That the electric fire is a real element, different from those heretofore known, collected out of other matter (not created) by the friction of glass, etc. That it is an extremely subtle fluid. That it doth not take up any perceptible time in passing through large portions of space. That it is intimately mixed with the substance of all the other fluids and solids of our globe. That our

bodies at all times contain enough of it to set a house on fire. That though it will fire inflammable matters, it has no sensible heat. That it differs from common matter, in that its parts do not mutually attract, but mutually repel each other. That it is strongly attracted by all other matters. That common matter in the form of points attracts the fire more strongly than in any other form. That this fire will live in water, a river not being sufficient to quench the smallest spark of it. These properties he illustrated with the following experiments, of several of which he was the discoverer: 1. An artificial spider animated by the electric fire so as to act like a live one. 2. A shower of sand which rises again as fast as it falls. 3. A leaf of the most weighty of metals suspended in the air, as is said of Mahomet's tomb. 4. An appearance like fishes swimming in the air. 5. A representation of the sensitive plant. 6. A representation of the seven planets showing a probable cause of their keeping their due distance from each other and from the sun in the centre. 7. The salute repulsed by the ladies fire; or fire darting from a lady's lip, so that she may defy any person to salute her. 8. Eight musical bells rung by an electrified phial of water. 9. A battery of eleven guns discharged by fire issuing out of a person's finger. 10. A description and explanation of Mr. Muschenbroek's wonderful bottle. 11. The amazing force of the electric fire in passing through a number of bodies at the same instant. 12. An electric mine sprung. 13. Electrified money, which scarce anybody will take when offered to them. 14. A piece of money drawn out of a person's mouth in spite of his teeth, yet without touching it or offering him the least violence. 15. Spirits kindled by fire darting from a lady's eyes. 16. Various representations of lightning, the cause and effects of which will be explained by a more probable hypothesis than has hitherto appeared, and some useful instructions given how to avoid the danger of it. How to secure houses, ships, etc., from being hurt by its destructive violence, (this was nearly three months before Franklin's experiment). 17. Metal melted by it, though without any heat, in less than the thousandth part of a moment. 18. Animals killed by it

instantaneously. 19. Air issuing out of a bladder set on fire by a spark from a person's finger, and burning like a volcano. 20. A few drops of electrified cold water let fall on a person's hand supplying him with fire sufficient to kindle a burning flame with one of the fingers of his other hand. 21. A sulphurous vapor kindled into flame by fire issuing out of a cold apple. 22. A curious machine, acting by means of the electric fire and playing a variety of tunes on eight musical bells. 23. A battery of eleven guns discharged by a spark after it has passed through ten feet of water. Other experiments were performed, but these sufficiently illustrate the extent of knowledge at that time acquired. Mr. Kinnersley came to Newport from Boston whither he went in the fall and winter of 1751 to exhibit, probably, these same experiments.

Charles Reade's "Twenty-one Tales."

A convenient little volume of stories by Charles Reade has just been issued by the Harpers, for summer reading. It comprises the collection recently issued in the Franklin Squares, entitled "*Good Stories of Man and Other Animals*," preceded by nine others, of which the following are a portion: The History of an Acre, The Knightbridge Mystery, Single-heart and Doubleface, Born to Good Luck, What became of Lord Camelford's Body, etc., etc. The first illustrates how cupidity burns to reap where it has never sowed. The second illustrates the convenience, nay the absolute safety, of looking like one's self and not like somebody else. The third illustrates the exquisite sense of those torments prepared by us for others, but which stop with us on the return. The fourth illustrates the happiness of falling in love with one's own husband, after marriage, and being moulded by him into a sort of angelic duck. All these stories are excellent. There is nothing dull in the book. They will keep the reader awake while he reads them, nor will he even have to exert himself to read them.

Mr. Joseph A. Shaw, long and well known in the book and stationery trade in Providence by his connection with the firm of Tibbitts & Shaw, and more recently with the firm of Shaw & Swarts, has taken quarters at the home of the Book Nook, No. 17 Westminster street. Here he will delight his friends with talks upon literature, or with them make new plans for the conveniences of their counting-rooms. Long experience has made him a competent and faithful guide in everything pertaining to lithographic work for commercial uses, or to the complicated account book patterns which conduce so much to the relief of the tired accountant. Give Mr. Shaw a fair chance.

Scenes from the "Hard Heart," a Novel from the German :

Frau Ingeborg has a private *scene* with Frau Georgine wherein she relates how delightful is her domestic situation; how she married a Count, by order of her father, in order to sustain the nobility of the house of Wainmuth, while she was at the same time connected to another man, an actor, by a union not sanctioned by the church, but based only upon purity and sublimity,—how the husband, which the church did sanction, treated her maliciously, persecuting her with furious jealousy, and placing her conduct in a most hateful light, (infamous barbarian,) all the while her mother-in-law killing her with conventionalities. Now what this dear, delightful companion desired was that Frau Georgine would give a ball, which the genuine husband, being absent, could not attend, invite the *unsanctioned*, set apart a room in which the twain could hold sweet converse for one short hour, which was indeed but a poor indemnity for a life time of infelicity, and persuade each other to renounce each other forever, etc., etc. Scene second.—The young girl nestled close to Paul while he related to her this charming bit of family history: My mother informed me that my uncle, my father's elder brother, had arrived uninvited and unexpected, with his daughter, and with strange and alarming vivacity she told me that he, my uncle, was provided with documents which clearly proved that at the time of my mother's marriage, my father had a wife and child in America, and that this American wife died, but not until after the birth of Felix. Paul came before Felix. Hence the German marriage being null and void, both children were illegitimate. Such is the soft tale, the lover whispers in the ear of the girl, as she nestled in his fond embrace. The novel is a translation (unhappily) from the German. Had it remained in the original many young Americans would not have been contaminated by the reading of it. The plot is confusing. The author must have been at times in the situation of Sala, who is alleged to have confessed that he actually forgot the names of his characters as he wrote the different sections of his stories. Unfortunately in the present case the author has not gone quite far enough. Had he informed us a little further concerning a connection not sanctioned by the church, but based on purity and sublimity, it would have been edifying to us; or had we learned further of the force of the persuasive powers of Frau Ingeborg in prevailing upon Lapinsky, the *unsanctioned*, to renounce her, at an interview she had herself concocted, her *genuine* being absent from home, it would have enlarged our knowledge as to the force of true love. The safety of this book consists in the difficulty of reading it. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. are its publishers.

Memorial of the Blind Composer :

WHOLEVER conceived it, it was at all events a happy thought, this making a memorial of Oliver Shaw. Had Mr. Shaw himself made his own memorial he would have done it precisely as these gentlemen, Messrs. Frederic Dunson, Albert A. Stanley and Edward R. Glezen have done. It is a model of simplicity and clearness. The short and simple annals of the man, followed by a record of his works, and a careful and candid analysis of their character, by one who knows whereof he discourses. The whole neatly printed in the small quarto form, which in the R. I. Historical Tracts has given so much pleasure, and illustrated with a portrait marvellous in its method of production and its excellence. Such is the description of this exceedingly appropriate memorial of the Blind Composer. In a bibliography of his works so unusually accurate as is the one in this memorial it may seem of small consequence to add anything, even for the sake of completeness. We have discovered the omission of a Harrison Duet, *The People are Rousing, 1849*, and two compositions in the *Masonic Minstrel*, Dedham, 1816, Perry's Victory, and an Ode for the Anniversary of St. John. Mr. Shaw's music was copyrighted at various periods, so that the dates as given in the Memorial do not always agree with the dates as given on the music. From a collection of programmes of the concerts and oratorios given by the Psallonian Society, a few details can be gathered. Oct. 16, 1815, a concert was given in Aldrich's hall. May 29, 1818, an oratorio at the Rev. Mr. Wilson's Meeting-house. May 12, 1819, an oratorio at the same place. Nov. 30, 1819, an oratorio at the Second Baptist Meeting-house, the house was opened at six o'clock, the performance at half past six. Dec. 25, 1821, an oratorio at the Rev. Mr. Williams' Meeting-house. Dec. 5, 1821, a select oratorio at the First Baptist Meeting-house. Aug. 5, 1823, an oratorio at the First Baptist Meeting-house. No charge for admission was made, but a collection was announced to be taken between the parts. It will be for sale at 17 Westminster street.

A VALUED correspondent of the BOOK NOTES protests against stigmatizing the English system of absorbing and holding land as horrible or frightful. His letter is too long to print. The use of the soil is apparently first for the production of food for man; any system by which one individual can divert the soil from such proper use, and convert it into either a desert, or a shooting ground, for his individual pleasure, works a frightful wrong upon men in general. Concerning these things, read *War and Wages*, by Thorold Rogers. He is a member of Parliament and a professor at Oxford.

The Old Bell on the Butterfly Factory:

The Butterfly Factory is on the banks of the Moshassuck river, which just here flows through one of the most beautiful valleys. It quickly rises abruptly along one side, crowned by the Rock House, and the pond, which once was filled with gold fish. The curious formation of a stone which was apparently split and built into the walls of the building, gave the name of the Butterfly to the factory. The two sections are the counterparts of the insect's wings. On this factory was once a bell which, when the factory was sold, was retained by the owners. The bell bears the following inscription: *Me Pieter Seest, Amsterdam Anne 1263*, which means that this bell was made by Peter Seest of Amsterdam, in the year 1263. It was bought by the late Mr. Stephen H. Smith among some scrap copper, or other metal, from the West Indies, and by him placed on his factory. If the date upon it is the truth, then the bell was 259 years old on the day Columbus first saw the lands of America. It is supposed to have been used in the West Indies as a convent bell, and to have been confiscated by some revolutionists, or marauders, or pirates, such as Bishop Kip described in his *Historical Scenes from the old Jesuit Missions*, wherein some of the former inhabitants of Bristol were the chief actors.

Nobody ever knew a man, possessed of a positive character, without his enemies. It is just so with books; there is the *The Entailed Hat*, an exceedingly powerful story, which discusses, truly, a phase of American life, happily now relegated to the past. There are those who pronounce this story coarse and immoral. As to the first charge the BOOK NOTES cannot understand it. Rugged truth will always appear coarse in comparison with polished fiction,—and as to the latter charge, immorality, precisely the same charge was once given to the writer, against Scott's *Antiquary*, which, by the way, is the novel in the English language. The BOOK NOTES says to you, read the *Entailed Hat*, you will be wiser, and possibly better for doing it.

Our young assistant engineer, U. S. N., goes a-gunning on the BOOK NOTES for a little naval adventure concerning a couple of Spanish frigates, as told in our last number. He says it is a good illustration of the extent of the absurd. That is not the fault of the BOOK NOTES. Our friend, Perez Gublos, the author of *Trafalgar* did it, and he made a first rate story out of it, too. In fact, we have discovered that to make a story interesting the truth is not absolutely necessary.

Fridolin's Mystical Marriage:

The latest of Mr. Gottsberger's translations is *Fridolin's Mystical Marriage*. Fridolin was one of those beings with a beard, and a deep chest, whom the novel writers inform us was every inch a man, whose nature was tender, and whose heart was prone to love. When a charming woman approaches such a man she first impresses him to feel kindly towards her; in the second hour she bewitches him, and in the third hour she transforms him into a lyric poet. That was just what happened when Fraulein Otrillie came nigh unto Fridolin, who forthwith began to confine his literary labor to the acrostical form. It was a severe case, he tells us how

"Oft do I seek the shady grove
To quell the ardor of my love,
The nymph that guards the echo lies
In silence till she hears my sighs;"

and then he began to recover, and in course of time became quite well. But it was not until Fraulein Otrillie became Frau Otrillie, and Fridolin had discovered that before his marriage he had been only a fragment, and that now only had he become a perfect and complete being. The twain were one.

The Novels of Jane Austen:

Jane Austen was the daughter of a clergyman of the English church. She died in 1817, at the age of forty-two years. She had then written five novels, viz.: *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Emma*, and *Northanger Abbey*. These novels have met with the highest commendations from the best English critics. Sir Walter Scott describes Miss Austen as having possessed a talent for describing the feelings and characters, and involvements of ordinary life superior to any writer. Her style of composition is clear, and simple, and beautiful. A careful analyst of human nature, she was likewise its best delineator, and for this gift Archbishop Whately most highly commended her. Never since their publication have her novels been more popular among the best readers than at the present moment, when three different editions are accessible. A set of these novels is inexpensive; buy them for the summer, and they will not be unfit for the library in the winter.

THE masterly oration by Mr. Arnold Green, before the Alumni of Brown University,—practically a plea for the study of the Greek language—of the advantages of which Mr. Green is himself an admirable living example, is now printing by the publishers of these BOOK NOTES.

Dissolving Views, by Mrs. Andrew Lang, is the latest of the summer novels published by the Harpers. The English reviewers speak well of it. It is issued both in cloth and in paper.

Charles Reade's Perilous Secret:

This excellent story, which has been running through Harper's Bazar many months, is now complete, and is issued both in book form and among their Franklin Squares, by the Harpers. The story is of absorbing interest. Mr. Hope possessed both talent and a daughter, but in this world's riches he was deficient. Mr. Bartley possessed a mine, in which there were possibilities, and he also possessed a daughter. He needed somebody with talent sufficient to transmute the contents of his mine into gold. Hope could do it. So, his daughter dying, Bartley adopted Hope's daughter as his own, and gave employment to Hope. This adoption was to be kept secret, but a villain, one Monckton, overheard it, and used it for his private advantage, until in the end it became the cause of his destruction. The fluctuating fortunes of Grace Hope who had contracted a secret marriage with Walter Clifford, wins the readers' attention at the start and holds it until the end.

Piccadilly

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, who made such a happy hit in *Irene Margillicuddy*, and still later in *Alfiora Peto*, is just out with his *Piccadilly*, a well-printed, little twenty-five cent, summer reading book, by the Harpers. As to who the real author of this little story is, there is this little difficulty: Mr. Oliphant informs us that it was published some five years since in a periodical, "under an influence which was irresistible," and that "he was unable by any conscious act of volition to control either the plot or the style." It is clear that he was only the "medium"; he could not possibly have been the author. Its antiquity is, at all events, clear, for its hero begins by reading Buckle's *Civilization*, a thing which has not occurred in any recent period.

A NEW Medical Review has just been established in Boston by Drs. Joseph H. Warren, Charles E. Warren, and Willard L. Smith. It is to be monthly. It is called *International Review of Medical and Surgical Technique*. Its object is to describe carefully every newly devised surgical instrument, or new operation, by illustrations, or description, or both, together with suggestions of makeshifts, or expedients useful in emergencies when proper instruments cannot be procured. Its editors intend to cover the medical literature of the entire world in their search for new devices. An idea thus scattered over the country may be the means of saving the lives, or lessening the sufferings of many people. The field for such a periodical must be ample, and its success assured. The publisher of the BOOK NOTES will take subscriptions.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

{ Vol. II. No. 7.
2000 COPIES.

Some Family History Concern- Joseph Williams:

IN the Roger Williams Park is the ancient William burial ground. In it is the grave and tomb stone of Joseph Williams, the youngest son of Roger Williams; which grave stone, as Savage informs us, is encumbered with more doleful verse than is often seen. Joseph Williams was born, as the tomb stone informs us, in 1644. But Knowles, following Backus, gives Joseph's birth as December, 1643. His death took place August 17, 1724. It was of this son Joseph, that Roger Williams writing to Gov. Winthrop, of Connecticut, says "he was troubled with a spice of epilepsy. We used some remedies, but it hath pleased God by his taking of tobacco, perfectly, we hope, to cure him." All this is preliminary to the description of an old memorandum, or account book, which has recently come to the BOOK NOTES, and which is believed to have been once the property of this same Joseph Williams, and following him, of some of his sons. The ancient brass clasps which once fastened the covers are gone, but otherwise the book is in good preservation. There are in it several genealogical entries which are of interest. From it may be learned for the first time the precise date of Joseph Williams's birth. It is given as December 12, 1643. Then follows the dates of the births of five children. Savage gives as his first child, Joseph, Nov. 10, 1670; no mention of this child appears. But of Thomas, his second child, the date is given as Feb. 16, 1671, a year earlier than Savage gives it, he giving Feb. 16, 1672. Of the other children, the following from the memorandum, Joseph, Nov. 10, 1673; Mary, June —, 1676; James, Sept. 24, 1680; Lydia, April 26, 1683.

These dates must have been copied into the old book from some other place, for the dates through the book which follow with pretty good chronological order extend from 1685 to about 1760. There are the births of a succeeding generation recorded here, thus: James, Feb. —, 1704; Anne, March 17, 1705-6; Sarah, Dec. 4, 1704; Joseph, Oct. 23, 1709; Mary, Oct. 6, 1716; Nathaniel, Sept. 29, 1714; Elizabeth, Oct. 2, year obliterated. The book was evidently the

property first of Joseph Williams, son of Roger, and subsequently of Joseph, son of Joseph, and subsequently of James, the brother of Joseph, Jr., who married Elizabeth Blackmar. Entries are made in the book to Father Blackmar, and these children last recorded were seven of James's ten children, as Mr. George Hart kindly informs the BOOK NOTES.

Under the date, Oct. 31, 1755, occurs the following: "Sum Remark of a bludy fite Between the English and french near Crown pint, A Cording to the Best a Count That wee have, the English Slew of the french 13 hundred, And the french slew of the English 190. The fite was sum small space of time Before this Date." This doubtless refers to the defeat and capture of Baron Dieskau in a defile near Crown Point on the 8th Sept., 1755. The news was some seven weeks in reaching Providence, a distance of perhaps two hundred and fifty miles.

There is a little concerning many things in this interesting book. Here's a couple of Veterinary Recipes: For *Gorgit*, One handfull of Mugwort, one handfull of Docke Ruts, one handfull of Elder Ruts, boyled together, one quart of water with a little pease of butter. For a horse's *Colloake*, one handfull of Mugwort, one handfull of Elloder Ruts and two sprigs of Savon (Saffron?) boyled together & given blond warm with three spanfulls of suts (soot?) and two spuntuls ginger." The man who devised those recipes was not troubled with annoying exactness. Nevertheless, why may we not suppose such an absurd dose to be just as serviceable as any other dose.

Wolves having become troublesome, a bounty on their heads was offered by the Colony. Joseph Williams was one of the two Justices of the Peace. He was to receive the heads and pay the money. He thus records: William Randoll Junior brought a wolves head to me the 5th of April, 1699.

Arthur Fenner, Junior brought a wolves head to me upon the 10th of November, 1699.

Roger Burlingham junior brought a wolves head to me the 16th of December, 1699.

For each of these he paid the ten shillings bounty as he did likewise to Edward Sarles and to Nehemiah Sheldon, each for killing a wolf.

Mr. Williams seems to have been the rate gatherer, or as we now call the officer, the Tax Collector, for this wolf bounty money was deducted from the Colony's money in Mr. Williams's hands, and he records the payment at sundry times of "mony upon the Colony's A count."

The little book contains, besides the things mentioned, the standing accounts, or the buying and selling, with their neighbors, of this Williams Family for many years. The spelling is so changed that special education is necessary sometimes to read it, for instance, "hope neger deter", which means Hope, a negro, debtor, etc. Credit Sarah badkuk (Babeock) for weven and coaming wisted; here-brown dete for A little tub & mendin 3 pails—corcin a calfs steen—makin a windo—take up at ben-jemine tillinghusts a link of buten—paid to doctor boin 1s 6d, and many more such entries. Much may be learned concerning the occupations of these people. Joseph Williams must have been by trade a cooper. He made tubs, and pails, and wheels, and worked generally in wood, but he was not probably a carpenter. His son, who succeeded to this book, probably was a shoe maker, or cobbler. He tanned the skins of animals and made or mended the shoes of his neighbors, with now and then a day's work "a-clevin rails," or "a-huin timber."

From the accounts as recorded we can learn of the purchasing power of a man's labor. Here are a few of the bills. Mr. Williams bought goods from Nathaniel Waterman, who kept goods for sale, and he paid him in work. Here is Mr. Williams's charges:

	s.	d.
For mending A pail & A pegen....	0	7
setting 6 hups on A barrel.....	0	6
making A wheelbrow.....	2	3
A cheir.....	1	4
making bails for 4 pails.....	0	8
Mending 2 cheirs.....	0	5
A forken.....	1	5
A plow.....	5	0
framing a harow.....	1	0

Mr. Williams bought goods from other people, here are two such accounts. From Nickoles Power, who kept a store, they bought goods as follows:

	s.	d.
2 yards Silke	16	0
a pair of shairs.....	1	6
a paper of pins.....	2	0
2 pencworth pins.....	0	2
2 yards riben.....	4	0
half a bushil of salt.....	2	6
Endigo and Mohair buten.....	2	3

From Benjeman tillinghast, another shop-keeper, they bought:

	s.	d.
One yard of Calico.....	4	4
pair shoe buckles.....	0	6

	s.	d.
Skein of thread.....	0	4
a yard of mozelen.....	6	0
a yard of speckled Calico.....	4	0
a yard of blew calico.....	4	4
4 ounces of peper & nutmings....	1	4

These men, as they had a spare day worked for these same neighbors, and there stands charged against them:

	s.	d.
For a days work "a clevin rails....	2	0
" " a hillin.....	2	0
" " cutin wood.....	1	6
" " moim.....	2	3
" " huin timber.....	2	6
" " poundin apples....	2	0
" " of my indian grigory.....	1	0
" " of oxen.....	1	0

They bought or sold:

	s.	d.
a bushil of corn for.....	2	6
a pound of butter....	0	9
a pound of tobako.....	0	5
two bushil of ry.....	3	3
twelve pounde muten.....	3	0
coten clouth for 2 shirts & makin 19	4	
a pound of whail bone.....	2	6
making a pair of stays.....	5	3

Thus we can learn that to buy a yard of muslin, a man had to work three days hewing timber—to buy a paper of pins a man worked one day splitting rails—half a bushel of salt was a day's work mowing. To buy his wife a yard of "blew calico" a man was obliged to work two days, or two and a half days "a hillin corn." Now-a-days a fellow, to buy his wife a calico dress, if these rates prevailed, would be obliged to work a cutin wood, or a-huin timber, or a hillin corn, about thirty days. Probably the wives of those days were not as large as are the wives of these days, and it did not take so much calico to cover them. The BOOK NOTES has far exceeded the limits it can afford to any article, and yet it has not exhausted this interesting book. It must some day return to it.

The New Life of Mrs. Fry:

Within the memories of men, England punished with death the perpetrators of three hundred and upwards of different offences. Among the offences so punished were the robbing of hen-roosts, the writing of threatening letters, and the stealing of five shillings from the person. This same kind of liberty hanged more of its citizens, and hanged them faster, than any despotic kingdom in Europe. Her jails and prisons were a disgrace to any people, civilized or uncivilized. On the day in the year 1813, when Elizabeth Fry made her first visit to Newgate, she tells us more than three hundred women were confined in two apartments, the entire floors comprised one hundred and ninety

square yards, so that each woman had actually less than six square feet, in which to live, to cook her food, to wash (yes wash), and sleep; they slept on the floor without a rug beneath or over them, and with a board for a pillow. All this in Newgate in the heart of London, in merrie England, the richest kingdom in the world. This visit of Elizabeth Fry to Newgate fixed her career. She became a prison philanthropist. The remainder of her days were passed in trying to make more comfortable and better her countrymen cursed by birth. A new life of this eminent Quaker, written by Mrs. E. R. Pitman, has just been published by Roberts Brothers. Elizabeth was the daughter of John Gurney, and the sister of Joseph John Gurney. She was born in 1780, at Earlsbam, an ancestral home near Norwich, England. She married in 1800, Joseph Fry, a Quaker, and became a resident of London. Her family was a wealthy one, as also was the family of her husband. Her work was principally devoted to women in prisons, in convict ships, or in exile; to the establishment of libraries at the Coast Guard stations, in which service more than fifty thousand books are used. She visited many continental prisons, and in general she tried to do some benevolent service wherever she went. She died 1845, beloved by all who knew her.

Professor Bancroft's English Composition:

Professor Bancroft, of Brown University, has prepared a little book on *English Composition*, to be used by students, in connection with other treatises, as supplementary to them. It is divided into two sections. The first treats of the Kinds of Composition. The second treats of the Practice of Composition. The first section the Professor then divides into Explanatory, Argumentative, and Persuasive Composition, each of which he defines, showing for what each is useful and how attained. Under the head Argumentative, are described the two processes of reasoning: the deductive, that is from cause to effect, or from a general law to a particular fact; and the inductive, that is from effect to cause, or from a particular fact to a general law; both of which processes are illustrated with good examples. Among these examples the Professor has placed a resumé of the trial of Congdon for the murder of Wilcox. Under his second general division the Professor gives general subjects, which he also classifies in Themes, and then shows how these Themes are to be used in practice by a few short and simple examples. Thus the student seeing clearly the method of writing, and how easy it is, when once the plan of composition is laid down, to fill it out, will be encouraged to proceed in a work which to many young people is a very great undertaking. Among the

Themes, the Book Notes discovers the *Fallacies of Free Trade*. Since the Free Trader asks nothing for himself, the exposure of his fallacies does not seem to be so vitally necessary. It is a pity the Professor had not included a few essays on the *Fiscal Benefits upon all men of the Tax*, called a Protective Tariff.

The Miz Maze:

THE *Miz Maze*, a story by nine authors, is a novel written in the form of letters to and from various people. There are nineteen of these letter writers. Their positions in life are stated in a preliminary page. These correspondents are supposed to be represented by different ones of the nine authors. But as there are nineteen of them and but nine authors, this plan could not quite be carried out. If any one does not believe there were nine authors, all he has to do is to turn to the verso of the preface and behold their *five-smile* autographs, which is positively convincing. Of course it is all a love story. How Edgar Fanshawe made love to Sophia Winkworth, called Zoe for a nick-name, and how Miles Winkworth fared in his attempts upon the affections of Emily Warborton. Zoe's father, old Sir Walter, "kicked" a little at first, as of course it was very proper he should, but the girls got Aunt Dora (that was his sister Dora-thea) to manage him, a business in which she was possessed of consummate skill, and all came out right in the end.

Soft eyes looked love in eyes which
spoke again
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Folk Tales of Austria:

There was a time when children were the only readers of Fairy Tales. Without any question the Brothers Grimm thought of pleasing no other audience. They wrote only to please children. Now it is discovered that these pleasing tales of the imagination "afford rich material to the scientific student of the history of the human spirit," and many men in many lands have occupied themselves in gathering from the peasant folk, the tales they tell, and writing them in books. The latest collector is Theodor Vernaleken. His collection consists of Folk Tales from Austria and Bohemia. There are no less than sixty of them, and all are entirely fresh. Grimm's Tales were gathered principally in Northwestern Germany. Prof. Vernaleken gathered his collection in Southern Austria. He remarks the influence of the poor man's wishes, in all folk tales. His dreams of gold. His ideal is the stupid boy, despised by his elder brothers. He consoles himself in his miseries by dwelling on a picture of the world as he wishes it might be. There is no end of entertainment in such stories.

Is the Demand for a Book any Indication of its Quality?

It does not indeed necessarily follow that because a book sells, it must be a good book. But if a book sells largely among the best readers, it must necessarily follow that it has some strong redeeming character. An instance of the first kind may be found in *Poe's Bad Boy* and its relatives. The BOOK NOTES looks upon these books as being of the worst morals of any books now before the American people, and yet their sale has been simply immense. How many of the best educated readers have ever read one of them? The case with the *Entailed Hat* is entirely different. Its sale also has been immense, and yet it has been published but a little while. It has been "out of print" repeatedly, and people have been obliged to wait at the libraries for it. But its constituency is only among those who read good books. Therefore, because the *Entailed Hat* has had a very large and yet unsatisfied demand from the very best educated readers, the BOOK NOTES maintains that it is a good book. It is indeed a very powerful story.

The Art of Reading History:

Professor Atkinson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, published a while ago a little treatise on the *Right Use of Books*. He has supplemented it by another on *History and the Study of History*. Both are excellent. Many a man desires to read what is termed History, but he is at a loss how to begin. The field which opens before him seems so vast that he knows not how to begin. He wastes years in learning how to begin. Now here comes a man who has given much thought to the question. He can show you how to go about it so that you can become an accomplished reader without waste of time, get some good out of your reading, and learn to take pleasure in the higher grades of literature. This art cannot be purchased with money. It must be acquired. Buy this little book and learn to look upon life as being worth living. Both of Professor Atkinson's books are published by Roberts Brothers.

The Tales and Poems by Jane and Ann Taylor:

The second volume of the series of classic tales published by Roberts Brothers has just appeared. It consists of *Tales, Essays and Poems*, by Jane and Ann Taylor. A biographical memoir, by Grace Oliver, is prefixed to the volume. Isaac Taylor, the distinguished author of the *History of Enthusiasm*, and many other important books, was a brother of these ladies. They were, as writers, of the school of Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Edgeworth. Their *Hymns for Infant Minds* is to-day a children's classic.

Their object in these essays was to set forth the venial faults and follies of childhood in such a light as would lead children to shun them and seek the better way. And this by reasoning processes. Many of the most popular poems for children, in our language were written by these ladies. Among these are *Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star; My Mother; The Violet; The Notorious Gulton; The Luck; The Little Fish that would not do as it was bid; The Little Ants*. The chief essay in the present collection is on the folly of display.

In the Woods and Lakes of Maine:

Maine is the great camping-out State in New England. It is quickly reached from the seaboard cities, and the tired merchant, or mechanic, or banker wanders with pure delight through the great woods hunting deer, or moose, or caribou; or floats upon the great lakes catching trout, and recuperation, during the hot summer months; or he makes long voyages in canoes, seeking shelter on the banks of the river, at night, in log huts or underneath his overturned canoes. Mr. Hubbard, who has dwelt many years in these solitudes, has written a fine account of his adventures which he thought might be useful as a guide to those who follow. This book is a very entertaining one indeed, as a collection of stories, and one can thus recall his own adventures in these wild lands. A good map is attached to the book. This map can be taken out and carried in the pocket if the camper-out wishes.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S latest book, *A Roman Singer*, is, by general agreement, a far better book than his previous one, *To Leicester*. The *Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*, by Mr. Richard Grant White, has been reprinted with additional chapters from the *Atlantic*. Miss Sarah Jewett, a physician's daughter, writes a novel called *A Country Doctor*, the object being to consider the vexed question of woman's place in the medical profession. Mr. Charles Craddock's stories of Eastern Tennessee life, are exceedingly clever. In the *Tennessee Mountains*, he calls the book in which he has gathered them. When you have a little time for which you know no use, try *Drifting Down Lost Creek*, one of the tales here told. If you get nothing else, you will get an impression that Mr. Charles Craddock knows how to write a story. Mr. Joel Harris, whose *Nights With Uncle Remus* have made him famous, has just published *Mingo*, a collection of sketches illustrative of life in the South. The stories are very dramatic, and as full of humor as they are of pathos.

Miss Maud Howe's story, *San Rosario Rancho*, is now in its third thousand. It comes very near being a first class story. Those in want of a summer story must not forget *Vestibla*.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884.

{ Vol. II. No. 8.
2000 COPIES. }

The Case of L'Alexandre at Newport in 1838:

The name of J. B. G. Fauvel Gouraud, *de la Martinique*, Vice Consul of France, at Newport and Providence, appears in the Providence Directory for the last time in the year 1861. He was here later than that year, but his name is not repeated. The figure of the old diplomat, dressed in the full official costume of his office, with his cocked hat, his great sword, and the decorations of his Court upon his breast, as he sat alone in a carriage provided for him in the Fourth of July procession, rises before me. The men of this generation, when asked if they remember the old gentleman, laugh. They suggest the famous proclamation, offering "Five Dollars Reward in Greenbacks, or other Paper currency," for the detection of the "miserable street 'Dog's Thieves' who stole his charming 'fiddle dog 'Beauty of the Woods,' which said charming beauty was 'when being washed and cleaned, his wool was snowing white, and his tail, which he has hardly any apparent tail, but one about an inch long and curled.'" Failing to remember this extraordinary production they will probably suggest something about a Petition and Magna Charta. The first, the production of the worthy Consul; and the last, of the Rhode Island General Assembly. By which was to be established "The Atlantic and Mediterranean Banking and Navigation Company with a Banking Privilege by the name and style of The Mediterranean Navigation Bank," and then these same men will laugh again and will doubtless say something about

When the "Transatlantic" halted
On its way
To the rescue, never asking
Will it pay?
Forward came, while others doubted,
Backed the cause which others flouted,
Took the shares which others scouted,
Le Colonel Blaujais
Toujours gai.

And that is about all the information which these same gentlemen can impart concerning this very extraordinary gentleman. Recently there has come to us two portly volumes writ-

ten by his Excellency, bearing the following title: *L'Hercule et La Favorite, ou la capture de L'Alexandre de Bordeaux et des Pirates Bordelais, effectuée a New-Port, Rhode Island, Etats-Unis de L'Amerique du Nord le 21 Mai 1838, Par J-B-G Fauvel Gouraud de la Martinique.* Suivi d'un aperçu sur les mœurs, les institutions Americaines, les Grands Bateaux à vapeur, les chemins de fer, etc., etc. Orné du portrait de L'Auteur, et de plusieurs jolies vignettes. Paris Chez L'Auteur, 1840. To every body excepting the aforesaid Pirates, who were taken back to Bordeaux and there hanged, this is a very amusing production. It possesses in the highest degree all the marked characteristics of its distinguished author as they appear in the much better known specimens of his literary work cited above.

The story of the affair is practically thus: On Sunday, May 20, 1838, as the Consul was setting some pretty flowers in his garden, three citizens of Newport, viz., Robert Stephens, Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Tilley, came almost simultaneously to inform the Consul of the arrival of a French vessel, under suspicious circumstances. The Consul at once examined the affair. He found on board the ship a cargo of great value. The ship had no manifest. She was in charge of Benoit Marsaud, who told different stories in regard to his position on board. From some of the sailors came stories of murder and the seizure of the vessel. Marsaud stated, among other things, that the Captain and five seamen had been washed overboard in a hurricane. Aroused by suspicion, Mr. Gouraud arrested Marsaud and the sailors by authority of a warrant issued by William Gilpin. By the advice of his counsel, Messrs. Ames & Atwell, Marsaud obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus from the District Court. On a hearing, Judge Pitman released the prisoners on the ground of want of jurisdiction. The crime charged was not piracy under the law of nations. It was a crime committed on a foreign vessel beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, and therefore not cognizable in the United States courts. All the prisoners were thereupon discharged under this process, but they were held under a writ issued by the District Court of Rhode Island in a suit for

the recovery of the property of the unknown owners, brought by the French Consul. The bond was fixed at \$120,000. In this way they were held, until their surrender by the United States government to be taken to France and there tried. On their trial they were convicted of the murders and piracy charged. They appealed to the Court of Cassation, the highest court in France, where the sentence was affirmed and they were all hanged. The value of the property recovered for the owners by Mr. Gouraud by this transaction exceeded in amount six hundred thousand francs, or about \$120,000. Singularly enough, the sympathy of the entire community was with the alleged pirates, and very much against the Vice-Consul. Stung by the insults thrust upon him, the Vice-Consul resolved to return at once to France and lay the facts before his government. He accordingly sailed in the *Great Western* for Europe, where he received great ovations, the thanks of his government, a service of plate, and a sword. Thereupon he wrote the history we have attempted to describe, in which he gave full scope to his descriptive powers. It is filled with matters irrelevant to the subject in hand, but of the greatest interest, because many of our people are discoursed upon in a manner highly personal, and made to appear in a very ridiculous light. But it was a fair retaliation for the wrongs heaped upon him. Any one curious in such things can refer to the *Providence Journal* of June 11, 1838, in which is a communication from Newport concerning the affair. It descends to the depths of scurrility itself, and is one mass of falsehood from beginning to end. Save that such a ship was actually at Newport, there is scarcely a true statement in it. The Vice-Consul of France is denominated "a powder seller" and a "tooth puller," and is declared to be "quite crazy with surprise." The article declares that Judge Pitman's opinion had entirely disposed of the charge of piracy, whereas the opinion contains nothing whatever about it. And it further declares that the holding of Marraud in prison has already caused great loss to the owners of the property, which was sheer nonsense. It would not be possible out of such facts to construct a greater fiction.

Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon by Madame Junot:

There is no book concerning Napoleon the First of so much interest, and altogether so readable as are the *Memoirs of Madame Junot*, the Duchesse D'Abrantes. Long out of print, copies became scarce and dear, which finally led to the republication in England of a new edition, with notes, and enriched with portraits. Madame Junot wrote her memoirs in the most natural way possible. There is not the slight-

est attempt at display. The vivacity with which she describes the minute details of court life under the first Empire is positively delightful. A vein of playful satire pervades the entire book. She spares neither friend nor foe. The story of the elopement of her brother with Madame Felice is told with uncommon spirit. The simple facts are these: Madame Felice did not find that felicity in the companionship of Monsieur Felice which she so much desired. She was a very charming Italian lady. Both General Lannes and Albert, the brother of Madame Junot, were favorites of hers. The latter charmed her with love sonnets written in her native tongue, while Lannes undertook to captivate her with stories of hairbreadth 'scapes, the imminent deadly breach, and such like stories of his battles and his victories *a la Othello*. These stories, as Madame says, ought to have succeeded, but they did not. The love sonnets prevailed. Madame Felice ran away with Madame Junot's brother. The distracted husband in his distress went to General Lannes, the other suitor, for advice and assistance. The spirit of the pursuit by cavalry, of the flying couple, their capture and return makes lively reading. Fiction is tame beside it.

Under a Fool's Cap:

A great many people know very well that "Old King Cole was a jolly old soul," but they are left in a degree of uncertainty as to his reason for calling for his fiddlers three. It is the same with "Wee Willie Winkie," who went through the town, with his nightgown; and with "Little Blue Betty," who lived in a lane and sold good ale to gentlemen. In a very pretty book of verses, called *Under a Fool's Cap*, Mr. Daniel Henry, Jr., has cleared up, more or less, much of the uncertainty which has hitherto surrounded these familiar Nursery Rhymes. Thus he gives in simple verse the object of the beggars coming to town. It was to attend the wedding of King Cophetua, and his beggar bride. Of course everyone is supposed to know from his familiarity with the Percy Reliques, all about King Cophetua, but in case he should not know, the Book Notes will inform him that King Cophetua was nearly related to Prester John, whereof the Orlando Furioso will further tell him. Mr. Henry, Jr., has made a very amusing book on this simple idea. But after all the great example in this line is Old Grimes, which Mr. Albert G. Greene elaborated so finely that it gave additional fame to a classic.

Among the recent fiction is *Lal*, by Dr. W. A. Hammond. This is a new field for the learned surgeon who is much better known as the Surgeon-General than as a novel writer. Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., have issued the fifth in their series of American novels. Its name is *Among the Chosen*.

Relics of Indian Handiwork:

There is no more curious nor interesting knowledge concerning the native Indian races found in this country, than that relating to their handiwork in stone, or bone, or clay. A very fine instance of the former was the uncovering of a Steatite ledge in Johnston, near where once, in our own time, stood the Great Elm. Here could be seen Domestic Utensils in process of manufacture, just as the Indian had left them, unfinished, from the days of Roger Williams. A volume full of learning and research, by Dr. Charles Abbott, entitled *Primitive Industry*, has been recently published in Salem, in which are many wood cut illustrations of these manufactures by the Indians. Among them are stone axes, grooved hammers, semi-lunar knives, snow dressers, sickstones, awls and perforators, spearpoints, arrowheads, grooved stone club heads, and every known implement used by these singular people.

The few Indian names of utensils preserved by Williams in his key to their language is a remarkable fact. Still more singular is it how many of the names must have been devised after the arrival of the English. There was Aueuck, a *kettle*, Mishquockut, a *red copper kettle*, Tacknuck, a *pounding mortar*; a half dozen words meaning knife, thus, Wiaseck, Liasunuck, Mocotick, Pennetunuck, and Chaucock. Mr. Williams says Englishmen were called Chauquaquock, or Knifemen, for, as he continues, formerly, that is before they came, "stone being instead of knives, awls, blades, hatchets, or hoes, (hoes)." These words, or words for such things, and others for baskets, hooks and combs, are about all they had. This study is full of interest. It is strange that so few people follow it. Dr. Abbott's excellent work will inform you what existed. Among them he makes no mention of *plows*, and he seems slightly skeptical concerning *hoes*. But Williams's testimony on the hoe question is conclusive. There are people who go about the country picking up stones bearing some semblance in form to the utensils of civilized life. These they at once denigrate Indian plows, chisels, gouges, or something else which probably no Indian ever heard, or thought of, or had any knowledge of the use of. Of all such humbugs beware.

Your Luck's in your Hand:

Astrology cannot be called an exploded science, for science cannot be exploded. It is simply a so called science now defunct. Its co-relative was Palmistry, and this, as well as Astrology, itself, still finds believers among ignorant people. Quite recently a book bearing the title at the head of this article was published in England, which possesses much curi-

ous interest. Palmistry is supposed to teach of the disposition, inclination, temper, good or bad future, and length of life of a person, by means of the lines or marks upon the palm of the hand. Certain planets are claimed to have good influence over all sublimary bodies, and especially to exercise material influence upon the hands of every person. Besides these Planets there are the signs of the Zodiac which are very potent. Then there are the life lines, and a great many other things which go to make up the "science" of Palmistry. There is much amusement in such studies, and to one who believes that the planet Mercury has a particular influence upon his little finger there must be instruction.

Was Mr. James Brown Murdered? I say No.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose story, *I Say No*, has been in process of publication for some months by the Harpers in their *Weekly*, has at last finished it, and it is now published in two forms by the same firm. The story is immensely interesting from beginning to end. Emily Brown is a girl at school; while there her father dies, as she is told, by heart disease, she leaves school to become an assistant to Sir Jarvis Redwood. She begins to suspect that murder, and not heart disease was the cause of her father's death. Suspicion seems to point to one after another of the characters as they appear in the narrative, and the mind of the reader is kept in active operation, in considering the probabilities of guilt in each case, and he is kept in delightful uncertainty unto the very end, when everything is explained in a way entirely different from the way he has been led to expect. The *BOOK NOTES* does not propose to destroy the pleasure which its readers will have in this intensely interesting story. But it will simply inform them that it was not Emily Brown who wrote the letter in which were the words *I say no*. For when Alban Morris screwed up his courage sufficiently to ask her she didn't say no.

The Baby's Grandmother:

A new novel by the author of *Mr. Smith and the Cousins*, will be sure to find many readers. In these two efforts Mr. Walford certainly achieved success. In regard to his new story, *The Baby's Grandmother*, which has been running through the *Living Age*, opinions differ. Some excellent judges speak very highly of the story, while others are not so enthusiastic. But certain it is that the character of Lady Matilda was most carefully studied by Mr. Walford, as indeed is that of Jean Chandon, who appears after all to have been an excellent fellow. The novel is published by Messrs. Holt & Co., in both their *Leisure Hour* and *Leisure Moment* series.

The Field of Disease, by Dr. Richardson :

An exceedingly valuable and suggestive book is that by Benjamin W. Richardson, the distinguished English Physician, entitled the *Field of Disease*, a book of Preventive Medicine. The book was written for the lay reader with the idea that by the reading of it he might learn how to escape the clutches of the doctors. It was this author who said, that in time, the use of the word cure would pass away, every physician knowing well that he could not cure a disease. The most he could hope to accomplish was to assist nature in recovering that equilibrium which had been disturbed by the recklessness of the patient himself. The idea that a disease must be attacked, as you would storm an earthwork, is now obsolete. The axiom, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is just now coming to possess living force. This book is not a book of prescriptions, and therefore not a book of Preventive Medicine, as its title indicates. But it tells us the diseases to which we are liable and how to avoid them, and hence is a most useful book.

Mr. Morley's Life of Cobden :

In the pending election, the Republican organs are using every effort to attach the frightful stigma "Free Traders" and "Tariff Tinkers," to the Democrats. If these unselfish laborers for their country's good could be induced for a season to read Morley's excellent memoir of Richard Cobden, they would be wiser men, if indeed they were no better. So much virtue is seldom seen in political contests as in this present. The Free Trader asks nothing for himself. He only asks the abolition of public taxes for private benefits. Nor does the Protectionist seek anything for himself. He would not keep competing goods out of his market, so that he can get higher prices. Of course not. He wants a protective tariff so that his employees may not be "reduced to the condition of the pauper labor of foreign countries." Of course he does. That is the reason he rushes to his counting house to raise the wages of his help, as soon as he gets his tariff imposed. It is perfectly clear. Read Mr. Morley's Life of Richard Cobden.

Mr. Clarke's Anti-Slavery Days :

The greatest chapter in American history, in fact in any history, if I may except the Reformation, is that wherein is narrated the history of the closing days of human slavery in the United States. It were almost well to have undergone its horrors, that the American people can forever look back upon its glorious crashing. Mr. James Freeman Clarke has written a very clear and concise account of this

event, or these events, from the time when the public conscience first began to awake, until, fearfully aroused, a nation in arms could no longer withstand it. It is in the political reading of these days that we learn that this tremendous event was the work of a political party. It was nothing of the kind. It was the work of the people. The party was simply an instrument which the people made for its then immediate use. In this country the people will have what the people want. If a party will not give them their desires, they will destroy the party and make another. Read Mr. Clarke's book and learn how they do it.

The English Illustrated Magazine :

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have sent to the Book NOTES, the July number of their new magazine. It forms the tenth month of the issue. The intention of the publishers is to supply a periodical at a very low price for the masses, and yet of a high character, so far as the illustrations or the intellectual quality of the articles can make it so. A glance at the contents of the current number will show at once my meaning. The first article is a fully illustrated one upon the miniatures at Windsor Castle. Its historic interest exceeds even its artistic merit. Into the domain of natural history we are led by the article on the Weasel and his family. Portions of novels by Henry James and Miss Charlotte Yonge, an original poem, by the late Charles Kingsley, now first published, a journey into Cornwall, most beautifully illustrated, these we say go to make up an excellent magazine, of which many thousands are scattered monthly among the English speaking people of the world.

The Book of Abraham :

The death of Reverend Jonathan Brayton calls to the recollection a most curious little book, published here in Providence in 1812, in which he figured as a character. The name of this book is the *Acts of the Elders*, or the *Book of Abraham*. Its author was Abraham Norwood, a Universalist clergyman and a man of much wit. The narrative is of a war of sects, in the villages in the neighborhood of Phenix in this state. Forty years ago, when the events occurred, the wicked passions were wrought to the highest pitch. But now we can laugh heartily at the play of wit. A second edition of the book of Abraham was published in Boston in 1846, with the addition of many notes, and an illustration of the burning of the book. The form of the book is a small quarto, written in the style of the scriptures, and divided into verses as the scriptures were, but with the more propriety of arrangement.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.

{ Vol. II. No. 2.
{ 2600 COPIES.

Notes on Mr. Hugh Brown's Providence Directories, 1824-1859:

Mr. Hugh H. Brown was the first to publish directories of the town and city of Providence. He began the issue with 1824 and concluding with 1859, covering a period of 36 years. He issued, during that period, 19 directories. In 1823, the numbering of the houses and the making of a map of the town, suggested the publication of the directory. The next in order of time was made in 1826, and thereafter in the years following, 1828, 1830, 1832, 1836, 1838, 1841, 1844, 1847, 1850, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859. In his preface to this issue for 1859, Mr. Brown says, "Should we continue the work, which, from the nature of things, we cannot expect to do for many years more, we hope still further to improve it." Before another year Mr. Brown sold out his "franchise" to the present company, and since 1860, which was their first issue, the Providence Directory has been made by the present publishers. In the Transactions of the R. I. Soc. Dom. Industry for 1863, p. 94, there is a short memoir of Mr. Brown, from which may be learned the time of his birth, 1792, his removal from Providence to live with a daughter at Rochester, N. Y., 1851, and the time of his death, 1863. Some account of Mr. Brown's various publications may be found in this memoir, they will not, therefore, be noticed here. But as small reference is there made to the directories, we will, for that reason, enlarge a little upon them. They grew in the number of names as follows, - the numbers here given are only given as approximately correct:

1824 has 2,970 names,	1850 has 8,588 names,
1826 " 3,588 "	1852 " 10,080 "
1828 " 3,896 "	1853 " 11,080 "
1830 " 4,346 "	1854 " 13,000 "
1832 " 4,430 "	1855 " 12,000 "
1836 " 5,100 "	1856 " 13,320 "
1838 " 6,300 "	1857 " 14,100 "
1841 " 7,104 "	1858 " 14,240 "
1844 " 9,192 "	1859 " 16,004 "
1847 " 8,688 "	

It will be noticed that the number of names in two instances declined by succeeding years

instead of having increased. How this occurred it is now difficult to determine. It certainly was not because the population had fallen off, for that was not the fact.

Pop., 1825, 15,941, names in Directory, 1824, 2,970.	
" 1830, 16,896, " " 1850, 4,346.	
" 1835, 19,277, " " 1856, 5,100.	
" 1840, 23,172, " " 1841, 7,104.	
" 1845, 31,747, " " 1844, 9,192.	
" 1850, 41,513, " " 1850, 8,588.	
" 1855, 47,785, " " 1855, 12,000.	
" 1860, 50,606, " " 1859, 16,004.	

The last issue was the most complete, apparently, of any of the series, containing about 33½ per cent. of the population. The directory for the present year contains 49,000 names, in a population of 127,000, being about 40 per cent. of the entire number. Mr. Brown very early began the introduction of local historical matter. In 1830 there were accounts of the visit of Washington in 1790, and of the obsequies here on the occasion of his death, 1800; an account of the visit of the yellow fever, in 1803, and many other matters. In 1832, was John Howland's paper on the Services of Rhode Island men in the war of the Revolution. The issue of 1844 has a Chronological History of Remarkable Events in the settlement and growth of Providence, from 1636 to 1843. It is full of curious interest. An article on the value of land in Providence at sundry times, was printed in the issue of 1847; the conclusion to which the writer comes is, that, "on the whole, judging the future from the past, there is every reason for supposing that the value and income of real estate in Providence will warrant prudent and cautious investments." In 1854, appeared Dr. Gano's Sermon on the Death of Washington. In 1855, there was a list of newspapers and periodicals printed here. In 1856, were Sketches of Providence in the Olden Time. In 1857, an article on the Origin of Street Names. In 1858, an article on the Origin of Family Names; this was not of a local character. In 1859, there was re-printed entire, one of the rarest of our Rhode Island imprints: The Proceedings of a Board of General Officers, Respecting Major John Archer. Copies of this very rare tract have, in recent years, sold for very high prices at the auction sale; in one case reaching nearly or quite \$25.00.

The Vital Question:

Treatises on protection and free trade multiply. It is a good thing. This question cannot be too freely discussed. A small and inexpensive pamphlet, by H. L. Nelson, entitled, *Our Unjust Tariff Law*, places matters in a very clear light. Everybody ought to read it, and think about it. In this connection it is pertinent for me to mention that the *Journal* is just at present engaged in the playful pastime of publishing column upon column of figures of comparison of the wages of labor in England and America. It apparently thinks its readers will believe all this has something to do with the questions of protection and free trade. It over-estimates their stupidity. If, now, it would only connect the questions, it would please us. The *Journal* is a very wise paper. It will probably now prove to us that the price paid for labor is not governed by the law of supply and demand in both countries, but is governed by a tariff.

Mr. Hale's Fortunes of Rachel:

There is one excellent story-teller in America, and his name it is Edward Everett Hale. Have you a doubt upon this important statement? Read the *Fortunes of Rachel*. Rachel Finley was an English girl, who, with her father and mother, was on her way to America. The ship was wrecked, and fate, despoiled of a victim, thrust the child, for she was little more than a child, upon the land. On the voyage she had made the acquaintance of a young American named John Wolfe. Now John was a young fellow possessed of positive character. It is true, also, that he possessed some acquired traits. But sterling integrity, a quality of which there is a good deal more in the world than most of us think, was the underlying groundwork upon which the superstructure was built. After many vicissitudes and much trouble, these two excellent young people were married. But their vicissitudes and troubles followed them, just the same as they seem to follow us. They went to the far West, where John Wolfe became a judge. In the course of time there came a great legal war between two railroads. In the contests between these gigantic frauds, wherein legislatures, states, even governments, are the instruments which are used, what chance would there be for a court? So of course, for a righteous judgment John Wolfe went under. Yet he did not exactly "go under," the *personnel* of the court was changed; but John's character wasn't changed. The mob could not see his integrity. Mobs are blind. Therein is their only semblance of Justice, which also is blind, or should be. Could these people have seen how the stern integrity of this judge would have been a bulwark for them against their enemies, these frauds, they would

have defended him. But they did not. A few, the rascals, were bought. These were used as bell-wethers; the remainder, the fools, like sheep, followed the general yell. However, John Wolfe, as we have stated, did not "go under." His excellent character and ability found him occupation and friends; and Rachel in him found a husband worth all the trials and tribulations which had led her to the finding of him. The story is purely American in all its parts; no one but an intense American could have written it. It is brimful of that peculiar American humor of which Mr. Hale is himself so excellent an example.

Forestry:

Could the people of Rhode Island be induced to devote a little of their time to understanding the meaning of the term *Forestry*, as it is now used, and then let their knowledge take a practical turn, much good would (woody) result. The library catalogues tell of many books and essays wherein are set forth the great evil attending the destruction of forest, but of scarcely a single book to teach us how to remedy the evil. Now comes Mr. Fuller with such a book. It has the prime virtue of being small and inexpensive. Opening his subject by telling us the uses of trees, on account of their influence upon the climate, or upon the streams which either irrigate the land, or supply the means of intercommunication, or both, Mr. Fuller proceeds to short descriptions of all forest trees, deciduous or evergreen, how to transplant, bud, graft, or in other ways propagate them; how and where to prune them, and when to cut them. In fact his book is a perfect guide, how best to preserve and manage the wild woods, a thing of vital consequence to all of us.

M. Daudet's L'Evangeliste:

The latest translation from the French of Alphonse Daudet is the novel *L'Evangeliste*, a story founded on the actions of the Salvation Army, in which organization Elise Elsen, a young Danish girl, living in Paris with her mother, became a preacher. If the fearful pictures drawn in this novel of this horrible institution, would, in some degree, correct the evil, we would willingly forgive M. Daudet for all former offences against literary morals. No one can object to the right of man to worship his God according to the dictates of his own conscience. But this right does not include the privilege of becoming a positive nuisance to everybody within a radius of a mile. A recent London letter speaks of an additional terror to those common to a Sunday in London. The doings of this Army is the terror referred to. If salvation is only to be obtained through this organization, the alternative must sometimes be preferable.

The Nation's Notice of Mr. Foster's Stephen Hopkins:

In the course of the discriminating and highly complimentary review of Mr. Foster's Stephen Hopkins, the Rhode Island Statesman, the *Nation* uses the following language:

"Of course the principal interest of the book gathers about those years of preparation for the great contest, in which the trained powers of Stephen Hopkins found their best exercise, and Mr. Foster makes a positive contribution to our knowledge of this most important period. Hopkins appears to have understood the situation and its requirements with remarkable clearness; his published writings, from which several passages are cited, expressed the best sentiments of the country with great vigor and ability: 'As he was apparently Franklin's strongest conditor in connection with the Albany plan of union, and as he was afterward one of the most strenuous of John Adams's collaborators in advocating independence, so now at this early stage [1765, etc.] he is found in the closest association with the two men who most thoroughly represented the advanced sentiment of this early year—James Otis and Samuel Adams.' It is worth while, in closing our notice of this admirable work, to call attention to the fact that it was Stephen Hopkins who, in the year of the First Continental Congress, proposed the measure by which 'the General Assembly ordained "that for the future no negro or mulatto slave shall be brought into the colony," and that all previously enslaved persons, on becoming residents of Rhode Island, should obtain their freedom. 'In this decided action,' once more, as has been so often seen to be the case with movements led by Stephen Hopkins, 'Rhode Island,' says Arnold, 'took the lead of all her sister colonies.'"

A Little Book of Political History:

No time could be fitter than this present for young men to acquire a little actual information concerning the political history of their own country. Much loud talk is heard, which, when refined down to a state of actual knowledge, seems to possess a very slight foundation. *Johnston's American Politics* is a perfect antidote to all this ignorance. The design of the book is to have nothing to do with the politics of individual states, much less with party management; but it is to present in a concrete form our national political history, so that an accurate introductory knowledge of it can be quickly obtained. Thus in a moment one can learn how Mr. Oakes Ames, while a member of Congress, in 1872, was charged with selling stock in the Credit Mobilier at a price not less than

its value to other members and officers in high positions. That Mr. Ames intended to bribe these members to legislate, or not legislate, as the interests of the Union Pacific required, is, of course, impossible. He was simply placing the stock where it would do the most good. Again, in this same year, 1872, came the act known as the Salary Grab. In this act, members raised their own salaries fifty per cent, and began the time of payment two years back; thus voting to each member five thousand dollars. Coming along down in the order of time, one meets with the Kellogg Government of Louisiana, p. 225. . . . The Whiskey Ring Frauds, in connection with which were the trials of officers of the government, (1875), among whom was Babcock, the private secretary of President Grant, who was acquitted, p. 228. . . . The account of the impeachment of W. W. Belknap, (1876), Secretary of War, for receiving bribes for the appointment of post traders among the Indians, appears on p. 231. It is needless to say he was acquitted. . . . The Island Silver Bill, (1877), "comes in" on p. 239. This was doubtless intended as a measure of protection for pauper labor. The book comes to an end just previous to the discovery and trials of the "Star Routers," (1882), among whom were implicated federal officers in high positions. There were no convictions. A certain learned theologian, once a resident of Providence, finds, under a careful consideration of these things, that the proper place to look for reform is in the Republican party; reasoning, probably, that the place to look for a thing is where you lost it; or, on the other ground, that the hair of the same dog cures the bite.

The English Reviews of the current week come to us laden with matters of much interest. The *Nineteenth Century* has a review by Mr. Archibald Forbes of a Report of the British Naval and Military Operations in Egypt, 1882, made by order of the United States Government by Lieut.-Commander C. F. Goodrich, of the United States Navy. Mr. Forbes quotes very largely from this report which he with confidence asserts, constitutes the best history of the campaign yet written. In the opening of his paper, Mr. Forbes pays a passing compliment to Lieutenant F. V. Greene, U. S. A., who, it will be remembered, was sent to observe the Russo-Turkish war and to report to his government the result of his observations. This report was reprinted both in America and in England, and it was translated into German and Russian and published in both countries. In St. Petersburg the general staff gave it their official imprimatur as a standard authority. This is especially pleasing to us, because Lieutenant Greene was a Rhode Island boy, being the son of General George Sears Greene.

History of a Mouthful of Bread:

Under this somewhat fanciful title, M. Jean Mace has written one of the most interesting descriptions of the human body, for young people, ever written. Although prepared for young people, it is of the highest interest to those older, and hence better able to understand its droll comparisons and illustrations. Taking as a subject each portion of our bodies, beginning with the hand, M. Mace describes the structure, use and care of each; how the lungs act and what they do for us; how blood is made, and how it acts upon the organs of the body. He tells you why you won't eat mouldy cake, and what would happen if you did. He calls to mind the convenience of having a thumb, and what a time we should have getting along without it. He claims that three-fourths of the human arts would have to be re-invented, were we deprived of the use of our thumbs. How many of us have ever thought of the very great use we make of them? So on, through this most interesting and most practical book. It certainly is the worst of all practices, the making an hourly list of all our pains and aches. However rugged we might be in the beginning, we should soon reach a common end. But all this has nothing to do with possessing a correct knowledge of how to preserve the machine. This knowledge we can get from M. Mace's book. Harper's are its publishers.

INVESTIGATIONS ON CURRENCY AND FINANCE, by W. Stanley Jevons, has just reached this country. Mr. Jevons died in August, 1882. This book, the result of his latest, and therefore most mature studies in the Science of Economics, a term which has replaced the old term Political Economy, was prepared for the press by his widow, assisted by Professor Foxwell, of St. John's College, Cambridge. It goes without saying, that this book ought to be of vital interest to him who assumes to be a politician, in the highest sense of the word, or who attempts the role of a statesman. The questions discussed are, Prices, Commercial Fluctuations, Commercial Crises, Currency, and especially International Currency, Bi-metalism, etc. One of the most curious chapters in the book relates to the Decennial Periodicity of Commercial Crises, in which Jevons was a firm believer, and an attempt to connect these crises with the same periodical recurrence of the spots on the sun. Certainly a curious thought, and which Herschel was the first to think. Many very valuable diagrams go with the book. These diagrams show to the eye, at a glance, long periods of the history of prices; this ocular demonstration powerfully assists the logical arguments of the author. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

Ignorance without Excuse:

However it might have been in the past, there is at all events no excuse for ignorance in the present. Here is a little book of Essays, called *Nature Studies*, edited, and partly written by Richard A. Proctor. Consider for a moment the nature of its contents. Beginning with a concise memoir of Darwin, thereafter immediately follows another upon Darwin and Newton, in which the great discoveries of these men are compared, one with another. The superlative nonsense of a belief which lurks in many minds as to the foretelling property of a dream, is well set forth in another essay. Honey Ants, Birds with Teeth, Strange Sea Monsters, and Poisonous Lizards, are each treated to separate essays. The Views of Life which a Beetle Takes, The Origin of Buttercups, and how carefully their Individuality has been Preserved, The Intelligence of Animals, The Strange Transformation of a Tadpole into a Frog,—these and twenty more just such themes go to make up the little book, which will be sent by post to anybody by the publisher of the *BOOK NOTES* on a request, accompanied with twenty-five cents in postage stamps.

The *Contemporary Review* likewise has an article which is interesting to us Rhode Islanders. It is a review of Mr. Mather's Report on Technical Education in the United States, made to the Royal Commissioners, by whom he was sent out to this country. A very high compliment is given to Mr. George H. Corliss, both by Mr. Mather, in his original report, and by his reviewer in the magazine; but the process of reasoning by which each, denying the premises of the other, reaches the same conclusion, is very curious. These articles are locally interesting to us, but there are others of much general interest in each magazine. For instance, one by Francis Galton, on the Measurement of Character, in which he holds that it is the recorded statistics of each man's conduct in small, every-day affairs, that will give the simplest and most precise measurement of his character. Ordinary generalizations, he claims, are little more than a muddle of vague memories of inexact observations. One by Mr. Thorold Rogers, M. P., and an Oxford professor, on the House of Lords, is severe, but just. This House, he asserts, has never, since it became a power, done but a single worthy act. This was, the resistance of the Whig Peers to the Occasional Conformity Bill. In commenting on Redistribution, Prof. Rogers uses several times the word jerry-mandering. In such a spelling he does us injustice; the word is gerry-mandering, so named from Elbridge Gerry, who was governor of Massachusetts at the time this political trick was invented and put in practice.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. ()
Price 50 cts. per annum. ()

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 19.
{ 2000 COPIES.

A Word in Explanation:

ALL the books mentioned in these BOOK NOTES, save only a few of those referred to in the local historical notes are for sale by the publisher hereof. The object of the BOOK NOTES is, first, to describe good books in the hope that thus its readers may be induced to buy and then read them; and second, to set forth the qualities of bad books that its readers will be deterred from buying them. If this end is reached the wider the circulation of the BOOK NOTES the more good will be accomplished. The publisher would therefore consider it a great favor to receive the names of such as do not now receive them, but who would like to do so. A postal card with a precise address will ensure the sending of the BOOK NOTES to any person, without expense to them until further notice.

A Copyright Case:

In the case *Reid vs. Frazier & Whiting* for infringement of copyright, before Judge Colt, U. S. Circuit Court for this district, an injunction was granted. The case was the use of certain engravings copied by the defendants from those made by the plaintiff, and by him copyrighted. This was not denied by the defendants. The defence in effect consisted of this fact; that the copyright law provides that everything copyrighted shall bear upon it the words Copyright by A. B., and the date. The plaintiff had omitted the word *by* in his imprint. This omission, the defendant claimed, invalidated the plaintiff's copyright. The Court held that the notice which the law implied, was, notwithstanding the omission, perfectly clear, and decreed an injunction. It seems strange that any one on such a slight foundation should pirate upon another.

A recent issue of the *Journal* contains a detailed history of the riot in Olney's lane. The accuracy of the article would have been somewhat improved had the *Journal* not included among the killed and wounded the names of the committee who made the report from which the article was principally taken, and omitted entirely the names of those actually wounded.

Current Notes:

THE AMAZON is the latest issue in the series of Foreign Novels, published by Mr. W. S. Gottsberger. It is written by Carl Vosmaer, a Dutch poet, born and now living at the Hague. This is his first attempt in this line of literature. It is called an Art novel. Aesthetic is the term which now marks the species. It is a delineation of the inner life, a dissection of the springs of action by a man whom many in Europe consider a master in this art. It reminds one of Madame de Staël and her Corinne, to which it is in some ways superior, and is in no way inferior. Mr. George Elbers, whose position in literature seems to be now fixed, writes an enthusiastic introduction.

The Man versus the State:

Those people who do not believe that there is now progressing in England a radical change in her constitution, do not read aright the signs of the times. It is not possible to escape the logical arguments of Thorold Rogers and a host of lesser men, concerning the great political changes now impending. Mr. Herbert Spencer has contributed four essays to as many Reviews which have been gathered into a cheap pamphlet for general circulation. The Appletons have issued it. Its title is most suggestive: *The Man versus the State*. The subjects are the New Toryism, the Coming Slavery, the Sins of Legislators and the Great Political Superstition. These papers are profound discussions of questions vital in England at this moment; England will not be allowed to shut her eyes upon the evils nor close her ears to their claims for relief. Revolutions go not back. Her law-makers are the greatest of all her dangers. Prof. Rogers plainly tells them that unless they change their laws communism will arise; and in the present pamphlet Herbert Spencer paints the terrible picture of the Nemesis which now threatens to follow their chronic sins.

THE ICE QUEEN, by Ernest Ingersoll, is another in the series of beautiful books for children which Harper & Brothers have just ready.

My Musical Memories, by Haweis:

The opening chapter in *My Musical Memories*, by Mr. Haweis, are given entirely to the violin, and more especially to old violins and their makers. The fabulous sums given for these old instruments by men possessed of gold to buy, but lacking the wit to use, are equalled only by the sums given now-a-days for crockery, otherwise ceramics, by the same individuals. These memories are indeed very clever reading. The personages made most prominent are Paganini, Wagner and Liszt. The composing of Parsifal, together with the painting of the scenery, is well described. It was in this scenery that Wagner insisted that the girls and the flowers should be of the same size much to the disgust of the painter, but much to the delight of the reader. It is related of Wagner that he possessed in a high degree that child-like element which is so marked in men of genius. He was agile, and he took special delight in climbing the trees in his garden. The biographies of such men are full of just such idiosyncrasies. The fame of Paganini rests only on tradition. He, like Rufus Choate, left little by which future generations could read, or hear, or see his greatness. He lives only in the memories of his contemporaries. He died as he had lived, out of communion of the church. He made no confession to the priest, nor did he receive at their hands the last sacrament. He approached his God without the assistance or intervention of other men. For this his body was refused admission to the church burial ground. For more than six years it went knocking about, from Nice to Villa Franca, and from Villa Franca to Villa Gajona, where, by the mollifying influence of a large sum, his son got the body finally under ground. Pitiful indeed are the acts of men. Musical criticism, like the criticisms of art, have come to be quite incomprehensible. Their writers evidently believe that language was given us for the purpose of hiding our thoughts. Thus, having nothing to say, they disguise the fact in the obscurity of language. Mr. Haweis, in speaking of the directing of an orchestra by Mr. Wagner, likens the movement to the "noiseless swing of the steam hammer." In another place Mr. Wagner bemoans the fact that everything had been invented before his time, thus leaving nothing for him to invent. Here, then, was his opportunity to invent a noiseless steam hammer. Here was a chance to take that title in the affairs of men, etc., but he didn't do it. He wrote Lohengrin, which was doubtless as near a noiseless steam hammer as anything he could think of. This book is only 25 cents.

Mr. George Mason's Reminiscences of Newport:

For many years Mr. George Champlin Mason has contributed interesting letters, consisting of Reminiscences of Newport, to various periodicals, over the signature of "Aquidneck," or "Champlin," or his own proper name. At the solicitation of friends he has gathered these scattered leaves of history into a volume, to which he has added many illustrations, consisting of portraits and old houses and old scenes. The very valuable paper concerning the Old Mill, published in the Magazine of American History, with the old illustrations and many besides will be included. The strongest argument against the Northmen theory of construction of this ruin appears to be the fact that the first English comers here make no mention of such a structure. These men were educated Englishmen. They wrote letters about everything here, save only this structure. It passes the bounds of belief that it then stood there and escaped their observation. It was not there. It is with the greatest pleasure that the Book NOTES announces the publication of Mr. Mason's book, and with real regret that its limited space forbids the insertion of the chapter headings, some fifty-four in number, which go to make the table of contents. A real treat awaits the lovers of such literature. A specimen of the book, as far as yet ready, is now in the writer's hands, for which he solicits orders.

Is a Disease which produces unprecedented Beauty in American Women a great evil?

In his preface to a treatise on *American Nervousness*, its causes and its consequences, Dr. George M. Beard presents what he styles "an epitome of the philosophy" of his book. In less exalted phrase we should style his *Epitome of Philosophy* simply a characterization of the disease, if indeed it be a disease. Dr. Beard says "civilization is its chief factor." One of its chief results is the "unprecedented beauty of American women." That "longevity is increased," and eighth and last the evil will correct itself. With all deference it does not appear plainly that Dr. Beard has shown *the disease* to be a very great evil. If he has, then go slower, grow ugly, and die quicker.

HARPER & BROTHERS have reprinted in excellent style the English Translation of Leopold von Ranke's *Universal History*. The work covers the eldest historical group of Nations, and the Greeks. It is brought down to about B. C. 330. It is a new departure in this department of historical writing and deserving of the highest commendation. The Book NOTES will give a fuller account of it.

He Takes it all for Corn, He don't Know Beans:

Among the provincial phrases in common use here in New England, none are more familiar than these: "*He takes it all for corn,*" and "*He acknowledges the corn,*" and "*He don't know beans.*" Whatever the original applications of these provincialisms were, they are now forgotten, and they, at all events to us are simply meaningless. Of course a man whose credulity is easily imposed upon we say "takes it all for corn, he don't know beans." And in the case of one driven by argument or by other process to confess judgment "he acknowledges the corn." It has generally been thought that *corn* had been corrupted from *coin*. However this may have been with the first phrase, it could not have been in the case of the second. A lady reader of the BOOK NOTES suggests a solution which is much more probable. She reads to us from *Higginson's Young Folks' History*, p. 79, thus: "for if a vote were to be taken we should see them doing it by putting in corn or beans; each kernel of corn counting in the affirmative and every bean in the negative." There! she said, in exultation, that explains the whole of them; and surely enough it does explain them, and was without doubt, their origin. We can readily see in a case of dispute how all the phrases would arise. Mr. Bartlett in the *Dictionary of Americanisms*, has, in the case of "acknowledging the corn," given another derivation, but on a reconsideration we "reckon" he will have to "acknowledge the corn" himself. In the cases of the two other phrases, he gives no probable origin. He mentions one of them under "corn," with some reference to its common use, but we think there is in the popular application of the phrase "he takes it all for corn," a meaning which Mr. Bartlett fails to bring out. It is of stupidity, or simplicity, or undue credulity, on the part of the person to whom the phrase is applied. As to the fellow who "don't know beans," Mr. Bartlett not having made his acquaintance, has not pronounced his peculiarities.

MR. CHARLES CRADDOCK, one of the very best of American story tellers, has a new book in press by Osgood. Its name is *Where the Battle was Fought*. Messrs. Osgood & Co. have also nearly ready a *Little Tour in France*, by Mr. Henry James. . . . A new novel, by Edgar Fawcett, entitled the *Adventures of a Widow*, . . . and a new edition of Prof. Cady's *Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture*.

MISS TOMMY, a Medieval Romance, and *In a House-Bout*, a journal, two stories by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, has just been issued in two styles by Harper & Brothers.

The Development Theory:

The number of people who have heard of the Doctrine of Evolution, must be very large. The number who can tell in what that Doctrine consists is very small. Men are deterred from undertaking a study which requires the mastery of the books by Darwin, by Haeckel, by Wallace, and Huxley, and Schmidt and a host of others. It was therefore opportune that Professor Reizen and his wife should write a little book in which the whole theory is plainly set forth for general readers. The discovery of this law, if it be established, as indeed it seems already established, will be the great discovery of the nineteenth century, comparable only to the great discovery by Newton of the law of gravitation in the seventeenth. The Theory, as laid down in Prof. Bergen's book is that all animal or vegetable life now existing has developed, or was evolved from some lower type by uniform law, and not by creative act. How far this theory can be sustained by actual facts the reader must be referred to the book itself to discover, premising that if he be not familiar with these things he will discover that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy. These studies are results of the highest efforts of the human mind, and as such deserve and will fix the attention of mankind. Messrs. Lee & Shepard are Prof. Bergen's publishers.

The New Reprint of Stormonth's Dictionary:

It is with pleasure that the BOOK NOTES announces the republication by the Harpers of Stormonth's English Dictionary, in large, clear type and good form. This book is decidedly one of the best dictionaries we now have. It had a single fault, but it was a very serious one: It was in the very small types with which it was printed. Now that this serious fault will be overcome, the book will be well nigh perfect. It is to be issued as extra weekly numbers of the Franklin Square Library, at the price of twenty-five cents each. There will be about twenty-three of these numbers in completing the work. When it is finished, marlin covers will be furnished at fifty cents each. The first and second numbers are now ready.

THE Library of the late Alexander Farnum, Esq., will be sold by auction by Messrs. George A. Leavitt & Co., on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of November next. No better library of its class has ever before been sold in this country. Every volume was carefully collated by the hand of this scholarly collector, who was in no sense a Bibliomaniac. He was a judicious lover of good books, who read to be instructed.

Politics for Young Americans:

Every man in Rhode Island ought to buy and read carefully Mr. Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*. There is nobody here who knows the rights and duties of an American citizen any better than he ought to, or who is too old to learn more about them. Mr. Nordhoff, sec. 378, informs you that, as an American citizen, you are a free man. There is just a slight hitch here. You are not at liberty to buy your goods in the cheapest market nor to sell your productions in the most advantageous one. There is another proposition here, sec. 391, which the BOOK NOTES likes better. It says: "it is your duty, if your party nominates a bad man, to vote against him." Of what use are principles in the hands of bad men, for execution? Were the Babcock and Belknap brands among the principles of the Republican party? Or are the Star Route systems laid down in the Republican platform? And has the failure to bring these great criminals to justice become a part of the judicial system of our government? It appears that, in the race for corruption, the Republican party has outstripped all other organizations, and when one suggests such a change as the putting of men at the head of affairs who are not yet known to be actual thieves, these purists raise the cry, while they run for the offices, off stop thief. It is the old *ruse*. This book by Mr. Nordhoff is a perfect arsenal of facts; it is small in size, and concise and clear in its language. It gives you at a glance the whole interior working of our political system. If there at present exists in the world a people whom it behooves to be well informed in their political management, it is the American people. To meet this necessity, the publishers, Harper & Brothers, have published an edition at 40 cents.

John Thorn's Folks:

The exact place where one begins to take right down solid comfort in this novel, is at page 179. But there is no use beginning there to read it. The truth is one must be wrought to almost desperation by reading the preceding 178 pages, in order to be prepared for the solid comfort which follows. The story is a study of western life, but the main character, or one of them at least, is a Scotch girl. John Thorn, or Jack as most folks called him, was a farmer in Indiana, who traded somewhat in cattle. He was a forehanded man, of fine physique, and guided in all his actions by manly traits of character. He was a bachelor. Near by his place lived a Scotchman named Ludlow, whose daughter Emily becomes the chief character in the story. Jack Thorn loved Emily Ludlow, but he did not, with all his worldly wisdom, know how to communicate that interesting fact to Emily. Nor did Emily, with all her womanly intuition ever discover it. This seems a

little out of the ordinary course, but so it is. Well, old Mr. Ludlow grew sick and died, but he wanted his daughter safely married to Jack Thorn, before he died. It was done, and old Mr. Ludlow departed in peace, and left Jack Thorn in perfect misery. Jack really loved Emily, now his wife, and he tried all the arts known to him to win her affections. But she wouldn't, and he couldn't. So after living several years together, during which interesting period, John had never even so much as kissed his wife, (this seems a little out of the ordinary), he made to her the proposition to turn over to her the property her father left, with some additions made by himself and give her money enough to get a divorce, after which event she could become the wife of Henry Truesdale, a business friend of Jack's, whom Jack had found out loved his wife. Well, all this took place excepting the marrying with Truesdale. He would, but she wouldn't. Whereupon Truesdale recommended Jack to try his luck again, which he did, and apparently with good success, for Jack and Emily were remarried and lived happily. The BOOK NOTES does not believe in horse-whipping women, but if it did, Emily Ludlow would certainly have been one of its first victims. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

An Epitaph from Warren, R. I.:

A friend of the BOOK NOTES, from Warren, has sent to it the following curious epitaph. These peculiar specimens of composition are, to many people, very interesting reading. They accomplish one end, certainly not intended by their authors, that is, the amusement of the rest of mankind. This result is not the least singular thing about it. That a composition wrought under such a profound sentiment of sorrow and perhaps of real affliction, or even if prompted by a sense of admiration or friendship, should result in provoking only mirth in the minds of others than those directly interested, is certainly singular:

Pray for the Soul of
MORACE O'REILEY
a native of

Beluakill Co Kerry Ireland
Who died in Warren May 31, 1853

Aged 45 years

Morace O'Reiley was my name
And Ireland was my nation
Beluakill was my dwelling place
And Heaven is my expectation
Now I am dead and in my grave
And all my bones are rotting
When this you see pray for me
Why should I be forgotten
Go Home Dear Wife and weep no more
For I'll be here till Christ appear
Requiescat in pace Amen
This Stone is erected to his memory
by his beloved Wife Rea Ann O'Reiley

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

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ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

[Vol. II, No. 11.
12000 COPIES.]

Von Ranke's Universal History :

Few are aware how much we are indebted to German scholars for treatises upon Ancient History, or Universal History, for these terms, while similar, are not synonymous. Among the writers upon Ancient History, Dürcker will at present rank first. Following Dürcker will come Niebuhr, and then Heeren and Hansen, and still later the Englishman, Rawlinson. In the department of Universal History the writers are much less able, and less numerous. These writers, like the former ones, are principally German. There are two ways of writing Universal History. The first of these ways is the writing of the histories of individual nations, like Phœnicia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and of the peoples like the Moabites, the Philistines, the Macedonians, etc., and then joining the whole together, as was done in the Universal History published in twenty volumes, in London, in 1747-54. The second of these ways is clearly described by Von Ranke in the preface of his *Universal History*. It is "to recognize the general connection of things, to trace the sequence of those great events which link all nations together, and control their destinies." To narrate these things in a single narrative is the task of him who, in the present light of the science, attempts to write a Universal History. It is this task which Von Ranke has attempted. Less than half a century ago Von Rotteck, another German, wrote a Universal History. It was immensely popular; within a short time a hundred thousand copies were claimed to have been sold. It purports to give a history from A. M. 1, to A. D. 400; but there is very little concerning the years A. M. 1, to A. M. 10, or in fact to a very much more recent period. Von Ranke attempts nothing of this kind. He fixes no date to occurrences having no fixed date. He claims that there is a general historical life which moves progressively from one nation or group of nations to another. It is the story of this life or growth which constitutes Universal History. Beginning with the oldest monuments known to Europeans, to wit: the Pyramids, and other such things in Egypt, we are told of the first things of Anachis, of Baal and of Jehovah. Then follows the Ten tribes of

Israel, and the story of Tyre. The Medo-Persian kingdom, and ancient Hellas. As he comes down the avenue of time he goes more into detail, authentic historical materials becoming more abundant. Then when he reaches the history of the encounter between the Greeks and the Persians; the development of the Athenian democracy and the story of its first great leaders, Aristides and Pericles, he enlarges, and his history becomes of absorbing interest. Perhaps the finest chapter in his book is that wherein he narrates the development of the religious idea in Greek literature. He first tells of the most ancient philosopher, Thales, whose figure rises above the darkness of ages; of Pythagoras, who left not a written word, but about whom volumes have been written. Then of Pindar and Aeschylus and Sophocles and all the others. Of the intellectual life at Athens. Of Socrates, who brought philosophy down from Heaven to dwell with mortals on the earth. Of this splendid struggle the world is not, or will it be, ever wearied. Of Plato, but for whom, and Xenophon, we should never have heard of Socrates. And so on down to Macedonia, but which is here spelled Makedonia, and Philip and Alexander, bringing his book to an end with a glance at Carthage and Syracuse. The very great discoveries which within a century have resulted from excavations in the most ancient countries, have given great advantages to the modern writer of history, whether National or Universal. From all these sources Von Ranke has drawn his story, which is incomparably better than any which have preceded it, and it must in our day at least remain among the highest authorities. Harper are its American publishers.

The Discovery of the North Pole :

The *Voyage of the Vivian*, is the new book by Mr. Thomas W. Knox, from the press of Harper & Brothers. The theory of the book is to present an array of facts upon a groundwork of fiction. In plain English the *Voyage of the Vivian* was an imaginary voyage. Mr. Knox has gathered his facts from the narrative of actual travellers and woven them into a new narrative. It is in the Arctic region; the Itinerary, was from

the Pacific ocean, through Behring's strait to Herald Island, thence to the North pole direct, thence to Grant Land, and thence through Kennedy channel, Sniggle's sound, Badin's bay, Davis's strait into the Atlantic ocean, and thence to New York. There never having been a voyage from Herald Island via the pole to Grant Land, of course the author was obliged to draw upon his imagination for his facts. So far as the remainder of the voyage goes there is abundant material. Almost in the opening of the story we come upon the Old Stone Mill at Newport, the antiquity of which we keep on destroying. Then follows the earliest bits of history from Captain Perry and Captain Ross from McClintock, and Hall, and Schwatka. The extraordinary drift on the ice of Captain Tyson, after he escaped the wreck of the *Polaris*. The story of the recovery of the *Resolute* and her presentation to the British government. The great discoveries of the Scandinavians, father and son, and of everybody ever down to the rescue of Greeley, which fact is made known in a preliminary note. This method of discovering the pole is much superior to any of those hitherto attempted. It is far more effective and much less expensive, and so far as human life is concerned no less whatever. Thus its advantages can be seen at a glance. Harper & Brothers having published so many of these Arctic voyages were supplied with an innumerable number of wood engravings with which to illustrate the present story, and they have used them without limit. The book is full of interest to old or young. It presents a good résumé of the whole history of discovery in this portion of the world, from the earliest to the latest times.

The Story of the Ice Queen:

The story of the *Ice Queen*, by Ernest Ingersoll, was written for quite young children. Two brothers and a sister, with neither father nor mother, lived somewhere on the shores of Lake Erie, distant from Cleveland perhaps a hundred miles. Times came on very hard for them, and they felt obliged to go for assistance to an uncle living in Cleveland. Too short of money to go by rail, they concluded to skate, it being winter, the entire distance. A young friend joined the party. And this is the way they went. They owned a boat and they owned a couple of sleds; they mounted the boat on the sleds, packed up their traps and started, skating and dragging the boat after them. Innumerable and wonderful were the adventures they had. Escapes from hidden caverns in the earth, repelling the attacks of wild dogs; drifting on ice floes upon the lake, sleeping in deserted cabins, losing everything and yet finding everything just when it was needed. This is the web and the filling of a capital story for children. Harpers are its publishers.

History of a Mouthful of Bread:

If you ever get any physical comfort out of life, it will be by the knowledge and application of such principles, or precepts, as are to be obtained from a little book by a Frenchman named Jean Mignot, entitled *History of a Mouthful of Bread*, the same which the Book Notes described to you a fortnight since. You may get this knowledge in other books, or in other ways, but in none pleasanter than here. Were we to eat too much, (as every one of us does,) most of us know what would be the immediate result, but few know the ultimate result of continuously over-eating; or that but one dish on our dinner table does not contain charcoal; that dish is the salt-cellar; or why a Russian can drink such an unaccountable quantity of brandy, or why it is so wise in an Arab to abstain from doing the same. Here you can learn why John Bull adds brandy to his port, and hundreds of other just such curious things. Not all of them are confined to our bodies, but there are many things of interest in other ways. Such as how a thermometer is made, but in this you are not informed that there are in all thermometers at least two points wherein they will agree, however much they disagree in other points. The first is the point the mercury reached by thrusting the bulb into cracked ice, the second is the point which it reached by thrusting it into boiling water. Buy and read this excellent book, set the entire family a-reading it, then discuss it, even quarrel over it, for much genuine truth is often told in a genuine quarrel, and you will all be the happier. Harpers publish it.

The English Magazine for September:

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have brought the first volume of the English Illustrated Magazine to a close with the number for September. Perhaps the article of greatest value in the current number is that by Prof. Mahaffy, on Greece as it is in 1881. This article has special reference to the advancement of true historical knowledge resulting from recent excavations. It is not, however, devoid of reference to present matters, such as the mode of conveyance, and the importation of "American bees" at Athens. Mr. Austin Dobson has an article descriptive of Covent Garden, which is profusely illustrated. It covers a couple of centuries. Mr. Alfred Ainger, who laid us under obligations for his admirable edition of the *Essay of Pico*, also published by Macmillan, has an article on the Women of Chaucer. The novel by Charlotte Yonge, which has run through the volume, is brought to a close. Its name is the *Amourer's Pretences*. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the production of a beautiful number of their excellent magazine.

The Evening Service of the Rhode Islander Before Bull Run:

Captain Phil, is a story of a boy's experience in the western army during the war of the rebellion. It is written by M. M. Thomas, and is published by Henry Holt & Co. In the preface tells the truth it is in fact a personal narrative of actual experiences, covering the entire period of the war, in various parts of the country, but mainly in the west, and written with special reference to the reading of it by those who have come upon the stage since the happening of the events described. A little schedule of events will interest us. The march through Bull Run; the Zouave regiment; the death of Ellsworth; before Bull Run; charge of the Black Horse Cavalry; McClellan sent for; with Rosecrans after Buckner; the chase after Bragg; Marietta; the color guard, contrabands in camp; the capture of Chattanooga, and the flight above the clouds; the bloody assault on Kennesaw. These and a hundred other things fill the book with interest. But that which most interests us was Phil's visit to the Evening Service of the Rhode Islanders. This was the First regiment, and the chaplain who, with uplifted hands, implored the blessing of Heaven was our own Mr. Woodbury, the BOOK NOTES presents the paragraph entire.

"We had been travelling leisurely, when, looking at his watch, the Colonel said: 'Do you feel like a hard trot, Captain Phil? I should like to be in at the evening service of the Rhode Islanders, and we shall have to ride for it.'"

"I readily assented, and our trot broke into a gallop. In this style we neared the camp, and found ourselves in time for both parade and prayer.

"Stalwart and brave, this regiment had the appearance of picked men.

"As the sun set they drew up for parade on a grassy field near the camp. Never was there a more soldierly sight than they presented, as the sun's last beams glanced along the barrels of their guns, and glistened like diamonds on their bayonets. Their hats gave them a cavalier look notwithstanding their sober uniforms. I thought of the knights of old.

"With the precision of veterans they went through the exercises. These over, there was a pause, and dead stillness, followed by the heavy sound of grounding arms, and then they stood like statues. The faces of the spectators became grave, every whisper was hushed, the chaplain stepped forward with uplifted hands, the colonel uncovered his head, men raised their hats, women bowed their faces, and then the stillness was broken by prayer, followed by a hymn from the band accompanied by voices.

"The sounding isles of the dim wood rang
With the anthem of the free."

was all I could think of, as with swelling heart I listened and wished for John's presence, for he would have enjoyed it. The benediction seemed to fall like dew, silently and softly from the heavens, on the heads bowed there; women wiped their eyes, and men turned aside as "closed."

Current Notes:

Harper & Brothers have published in the Franklin Square Library, Lady Jackson's *Court of the Tulleries*, from the restoration to the flight of Louis Philippe, (1815-1818). Thus you can buy for twenty cents a book which published in England sells for eight dollars.—Mr. Charles Herbert Craddock's new story, *Where the Battle was Fought*, is a powerful and well told story. Some portions, particularly the scene of Captain Estwick with the gamblers, is very graphic and exciting. The locality is Tennessee, and the time is near the close of the rebellion. General Wayne is the typical southerner of ante-bellum times, but the other characters are contemporary. The mystery is well sustained until the end, and the interest never flags.—The *Spectator* of the current week has a review of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's book *Round the World*. The caption is "England from an American Point of View." If we mistake not Mr. Carnegie is not an American at all. He is a Scotchman, who in the early days of the "Protective" tariff came to Pittsburg to make a fortune out of the iron industry, and made it. Most of his time and money has since been used in his own country. What can be said of a man who, in this age of the world, in the light of history and of reason, upholds and defends torture as a means of obtaining the truth in criminal trials? and yet this Mr. Carnegie does.—The *Spectator* pronounces the *Baby's Grandmother* a work of genius, bright, even a brilliant novel, one which, if we do not perceive it to be full of humour and vivacity, it must be because there is something deficient in our mental make up.—Some idea of the character of Mr. Fawcett's *Adventures of a Widow* may be gathered from the *personal*. There are Pauline Van Corleair, Sallie Poughkeepsie, Mr. Courtlandt Beckman, Mr. Hamilton Varick, Mrs. Schenectady, Mr. Hackensack, and Mr. Pyskilla, as to the period of time, these people went for amusement to Daisy's, the Union Square, the Madison Square and Wallack's. It is the old, old story of course, some love, but principally flirtation; a fellow falls in love with two women at the same time, and acting "entirely without method," as the book says, becomes engaged to marry both at the same time. This fact becoming known to the ladies at an extraordinary interview, prevents the marriage of either, leaving both themselves and the reader of the story very unhappy.

Political Nonsense:

Mr. Robert P. Porter, in a little effusion entitled *Protection and Free Trade Today*, uses the following language: "To introduce the system proposed by the so-called revenue reformer is to break down our home market in favor of Great Britain. It would close our mills and furnaces, and throw hundreds of thousands out of work. England would buy no more of our farmers. She buys of us only because it is the most convenient and cheapest market," etc., etc. Just consider the absurdity of such nonsense in reasoning. If the United States were to repeal her tariff she would cease to be the most convenient market to England, hence England would prefer starvation to buying beef or wheat here. If hundreds of thousands of men were thrown out of employment it would so advance the price of provisions here that England would no longer and the United States the cheapest market, hence she would not buy. Fine logic, that. Here are in this country fifty millions of people: are these people simply to sit down and die of starvation because the tariff is repealed? If a mill, having had the prices of its productions bolstered by law for a hundred years, cannot now go alone, it had better be closed up. That is what the rest of us do. "Protection" protects the other fellow.

The Good Die Young:

It becomes the melancholy duty of the BOOK NOTES to announce the death of a contemporary. The *Art Folio* is dead. The *Art Folio* was a monthly periodical, born in Providence in the month of June, 1883. From a circular prepared apparently by its publishers, J. A. & E. A. Reid, to be sent to the various book publishing firms throughout the country, soliciting copies of their publications for editorial notice in the *Art Folio*, it was announced that the regular issue was, in November, only six months from its birth, 8,000 copies, and it was further stated that the edition of the December Christmas-number would consist of 13,000 copies. With the number for August, 1884, just fourteen months of age, and just seven months from December, when a circulation of 12,500 was claimed, the *Art Folio* was dead. The cause of a post mortem is, that by learning the cause of death the health of the living may be preserved. How came a periodical with such a circulation to such a sudden end? This is a question of some interest, not only to those who were advertising in it, but as well to other publishers.

Miss Tommy:

Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik, formerly Miss Millock, well-known as the author of *John Halifax*, has just finished a story entitled *Miss Tommy*, which has been running through Harper's Bazar for some weeks. Miss Tommy was a nick-

name for a standing old maid, and rich withal, named Thomassin, who dwelt in Dover in England. When in there dwelt also a retired English army officer named Major Gordon. He was a widower. Both were somewhat advanced in years, but both were very interesting people. It is a love story, and withal a pathetic one, which is not followed by marriage and happiness in the ordinary stereotyped way, but a story of love without marriage followed by happiness in a very out of the ordinary way. In the same volume there is another tale by Mrs. Craik wherein she sketches the adventures of a bevy of young girls, who spent a vacation in a *houseboat*, a structure unknown to us, on the Thames. Pretty illustrations are here and there interspersed in the text. Harper & Brothers publish it.

The Servants of the Stomach:

Serviteurs du Stomac is the French name of a little book by Jean Macé, rendered in English, *Servants of the Stomach*, and published in this country by the Harpers. The title is just a little misleading. The book is a very curious treatise upon physiology, differing in style from anything heretofore attempted. Interspersed through the book are all sorts of things intertwined by way of illustration, to enforce the truth, or idea, or fact desired. Thus are discussed the bones, muscles, arms, legs, etc. The attitudes and movements of the body. How all our organs are formed, the uses for which they were intended, and how to take care of them. It does not necessarily follow that a man's character is at the mercy of his shoemaker simply because a flat foot betokens a dull mind. For how can a shoemaker make a man's foot flat. But if you desire to know why a flat-footed man is not accepted as a soldier, ask Jean Macé and he will tell you. The most effective way of destroying one's mind is not to use it. The more you work it, like gold, the brighter it grows. Buy this excellent book and begin operations.

M. LOUIS ROUSSELET, a French writer, has undertaken to tell the story of the American Revolution, or at least a portion of it, say from 1780 to the end, for young people, in the adventures of *Ralph, the Drummer Boy*. The story is the operations of our French allies down to Yorktown. In chapter VI M. Rousselet relates the arrival of the French fleet and convoy at Newport, the landing of the troops, the building of cantonments, the intercourse with the people, etc., etc. It is a skeleton of fact with a full wardrobe of imagination. M. Rousselet knowing full well how to make his story entertaining. The book is filled with illustrations, the Frenchiest of the French, and well engraved without. Holt & Co. are its American publishers.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 12.
2000 COPIES. }

The Sale of the Harris Rebellion Collection to the Providence Public Library.

THE BOOK NOTES announces with great satisfaction the sale to the Providence Public Library of the collection of books, pamphlets and other material relating to slaves, slavery throughout the world, and to our late Rebellion, collected by, and lately belonging to the late C. Fiske Harris. Mr. Harris was indefatigable in his labors in collecting it during many years. He had a great many of the Confederate publications, already so difficult of procurement that their prices have increased enormously. It will place in this Library, to be kept forever, more than seven thousand distinct titles concerning these matters. No such single block has ever before been sold. It contains works in French, German, Russian, Dutch and other European languages, being very full in essays published in Europe, concerning the war. It is, in fact, already invaluable, and as time rolls on, and the difficulty of procuring copies increases, its value will be simply immense. The basis of this purchase was a fund given originally for the purchase of reading matter for the sick and wounded soldiers at Portsmouth Grove Hospital. This hospital was so soon abandoned that there was no time in which to expend the money. It, therefore, lay in the Savings Banks accumulating interest. It was in the hands of a board of trustees, comprising as its members, Bishop Clark, Mr. Charles E. Carpenter, Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Governor W. W. Hoppin, Mr. D. R. Whittemore and Mr. Dexter N. Knight. These gentlemen comprised the surviving resident Directors of the Rhode Island Hospital Library Association. In 1869, a vote was passed by them to give the property remaining in their hands to the Providence Public Library, in case it should be organized within five years. It did not organize within the time, and the vote lapsed. Ignorant of this fact, it occurred to the writer of these BOOK NOTES, who was then a member of the Library Committee of the Historical Society, that no use for this fund, for the purpose for which it was given would ever arise. That since it could

not solace the weary hours of the wounded soldier, its next best use would be the preserving permanently of a history of his service to his country in her hour of greatest peril. This argument, addressed to members of the Board, met with acceptance, and the Public Library is now the fixed and permanent resting place of this invaluable collection. It was the original purpose of the writer to have procured this collection for the Historical Society, but circumstances changed the direction of his efforts with the results as stated. It was in January, 1883, that this purpose was laid before the Historical Society, in the report of the Library Committee for the year preceding.

With the gift of the collection of American poetry, lately belonging to Mr. Harris, but purchased by Governor Anthony with the expressed intention of giving it to Brown University, which intention Mr. Anthony carried out in his will, another invaluable collection will be preserved here in Providence, in a fixed and permanent place. While the BOOK NOTES is specially pleased with the inscription to be over the Poetry Alcove in Brown University as given by J. R. B., in that it preserves the name of Albert G. Greene, in connection with this collection, it is nevertheless not quite correct. Mr. Greene's collection was not the foundation of Mr. Harris's collection. Mr. Harris had, in fact, a large collection when Mr. Greene's death took place. Mr. Harris then made an offer for the entire collection left by Mr. Greene, which offer was rejected. Mr. Harris then purchased such volumes as he desired at the sale of Mr. Greene's Library. Mr. Harris acted upon the idea of Mr. Greene, but he was the sole architect of his own Library. Henceforth, he who studies this department of American literary history will find in the library of Brown University the readiest, if not indeed the only, place where it can be studied. This record would be incomplete did we not mention one other fact, the purchase for the Brown Library of Mr. Harris's copies of the Bay Psalm Book, one of which, the first, is absolutely unique, and the second, nearly so. While it was a disaster, to Rhode Island, to scatter so large and so valuable a collection of books as was the Library of Mr. Harris, it is a great benefit to all scholars that such large and complete blocks have here still found a resting place.

Recent Rhode Island Publications:

In a recent number, the BOOK NOTES, in its humble way, took occasion to speak well of a modest treatise on the *Art of Composition*, which Professor Bancroft, of Brown University, had published for the use of his classes, and for such others as desired to acquire ease and fluency in this most necessary accomplishment. Now he comes with a little treatise on a subject akin to the former. It is a historical outline of the English language, beginning with the earliest Saxon, and coming down not later than Chaucer. In style it is as concise as possible, and well adapted to fix the facts set forth, in the mind of the student for whom it is intended.

A well printed discourse, purporting to have been written by Walter Stackpole, A. M., minister of a Society for Free Religious Inquiry, entitled *The Incomprehensible God*, has just been issued in Providence. It is a shrewd examination of the system, or doctrine of Evolution as laid down by Darwin, and Tyndall, and Huxley. The BOOK NOTES, after a thorough search among Rhode Island writers discovers not the name of Walter Stackpole, A. M. He is anonymous. The BOOK NOTES makes no breach of faith in declaring him to be a well-known lawyer of this city. He is William Knowles, Esq., an honored member of the Rhode Island bar.

The loving daughters of the late Hezekiah Anthony have gathered the scattered tributes to their lamented father, and printed them in the form of a memorial. A portrait of the old gentleman in his later years appears life-like in their modest book. Mr. Anthony belonged to that class which we are prone to think is passing away. He was a gentleman of the old school. When, in speaking of a business man, we say that for half a century he continued business in the same community without attaching to himself the slightest taint of those things which upright men consider immoral, we accord to such a character the highest praise that we can utter. Such a man was Mr. Anthony.

The gathering together, from far and near, of those connected by ties of blood, a family reunion, as such occasions are sometimes called, is, while primarily of interest to those specially related, often interesting to those outside the family relations. Such an occasion was that held by the Denison family last November. Early members of this family bear close historic relation to our Rhode Island history. Captain George Denison was the captor of Ca-

nonchet in April, 1616, nine days after the massacre of Captain Pierce's company near Lonsdale. T. D. in *His Home Lay*, would have been justified in a more pronounced reference to this ancient worthy,—still worthy even if he did occasionally raid on Rhode Island citizens and carry them off into Connecticut.

When Professor Dittman left us, we thought there was no man left to stand before the people and speak to them on occasions of great path and moment, or in their days of sorrow to set forth, in noble phrase, their sentiments of universal grief. The admirable address of Mr. Woodbury when Governor Anthony was laid away shows how much we were in error. The occasion brings forth the man. Just now, a beautiful privately printed edition of the address spoken by this same gentleman, in 1881, when General Burnside was restored to mother earth has been issued. It is simply perfect in form. Each copy is numbered. There were seventy-five of them. They were printed to be preserved, and were only given where that end would be accomplished.

The Hunter Cats of Connorloa:

The *Hunter Cats of Connorloa*, is the name given by H. H., (Helen Jackson), to the third in the series of her cat books for young children. Nothing more amusing in the way of cat books for children has ever been written. These hunter cats were out in California where they would hunt gophers, which is something akin to our chipmunk, kill rabbits, and snakes, and actually go out with their owner a gunning for linnets, and a hundred other curious things would they do which civilized cats would never think of doing. These books are printed with a beautifully cut large type, which reminds one of Baskerville and his beautiful types. There is, now and then, what the children would call a hard word, but the language is exceeding chaste and good, and the series is in every way to be commended.

Tip Cat:

Whoever was the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission*, achieved an enviable fame thereby. Miss Toosey was indeed a charming creation, and to read of and about her has been the delight of an ever increasing number. A new pleasure awaits them. The same author has a new story, just re-printed by Roberts Brothers. It is *Tip Cat*. This singular name was the nick name of an English Squire, Sir Tipton Cathcart. The story consists of the ways of secretly doing good, with special reference to three children, left fatherless and motherless, which this eccentric gentleman invaded in. It is a mild and simple story in which one finds on every page exquisite illustrations of the finer traits of human character. The more such books the better.

Current Notes:

To say that trade is looking up is about the worst thing that can be said about it, for it must be flat on its back.

Lessing's drama, *Nathan the Wise*, was first rendered into English in this country, and by Miss Frothingham. The book was, if we mistake not, published by Holt, of New York. It has been long out of print. A new translation by E. K. Corbett, has been recently issued by Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.

The following amusing epitaph was copied from a grave-stone in the Old Burying Ground, Woodstock, Conn., by a friend of the Book Notes.

"In memory of the Wd. Sarah Morse, consort of Mr. John Morse Dec'd. She lived 99 years lacking 41 days and died March 15th, 1891. She was the *longest liver* in this town. The oldest buried within these walls. Her posterity 315."

If you never wrote with a stub pen, you little know how much comfort you have lost so far in this life. We can no more use continuously, and all the time, the same kind of a pen, then we can with comfort wear always, without change, the same shoes, or at breakfast have always the same dish. There are many kinds of stub pens, all of which are restful to the arm, but among them all there is none better than one called *The Judges' Quill*.

The Franklin Square edition of Stormonth's Dictionary has now reached its sixth number. By the payment of twenty-five cents a week, for twenty-three weeks, everybody can get a dictionary, more useful to them, or just as useful, as a Webster's Quarto, and so far as pronunciation is concerned very much nearer in accord with the usages of the best English and American Society. Every teacher in the city of Providence ought to buy this excellent work week by week as it comes.

Harper's Weekly has this week the Blaine-Fisher-Mulligan letters printed in a style far better than heretofore. First comes Mr. Blaine's statement in Congress, then the entire collection of letters—each compared with the other and all explained by side notes. There is no escaping the conclusion that Mr. Blaine has wilfully and shamelessly misstated the facts in this case. Those who favor his election may elect him if they can, but if they do elect him, they will have elected as President the champion liar of this century.

Mr. Thomas R. Ashenurst, in a little book which he calls *Design in Textile Fabrics*, gives the American woolen manufacturers the latest

knowledge from Bedford, England, on this important element of success in their manufacture. The idea is that the old guess work system, the rule by thumb, must give way to the advance to a sounder system. The principles of design must be studied, as well as a proper regard to ornament, utility and economy. The end and the means must be considered, for success will follow no other course. The book is small and filled with designs.

The good natured citizens of Rhode Island subscribed in very large numbers for an Atlas at \$25.00 per copy. This book now sells, when offered at auction, and in fact at private sale, for about \$3.00. These same good natured Rhode Island citizens anxious to learn the history of their state, subscribed in large numbers for a History of Rhode Island. They got a book, that is some of them did, but it wasn't history. It cost them \$10.00, and it sells now for about \$5.00. Again they subscribed, for a Biographical Cyclopaedia at \$25.00 per copy, a work which now rarely commands a price higher than \$10.00. In the light of such an experience, are they again to be led into such schemes. This view of the case is of course only the mercantile view. But even the veteran subscriber for books ought occasionally to descend from his lofty intellectual height, and consider whether he is getting the worth of his money.

Marina, A Sea Change:

The opening chapter of a little book for young people, written by Flora Shaw, entitled *A Sea Change*, is of absorbing interest. An English family were summering on the Cornish coasts. A fearful storm had wrecked a ship in the night time, and hundreds had been lost. A young boy, watching on a rude pier, discovered in the wild sea a piece of broken mast to which was securely lashed a young, but now nearly drowned child. The boy leaped fearlessly into the sea and brought to the pier the unconscious waif. Some sailors near by came to his assistance. The child was taken to the home of the boy, where care and kindness soon restored her to consciousness. He who can read this charmingly written opening, without emotion, must be indeed a stoic. The child knew absolutely nothing of herself, not even her name, so they called her Marina, from her peculiar rescue, and so she grew up to be a young girl. After a time her identity was discovered in a miraculous way, by the recovery of a box, which had been lashed to the mast with her, but which had floated out upon the sea, after the body of the child had been removed. Roberts Brothers are the publishers of this capital book for young girls.

A Boy's Part Before Sebastopol :

Mr. G. A. Henty occupies the distinguished position of being the most popular writer of books for boys now living in England. In this country he is not so well known. The BOOK NOTES has long since called attention to the excellence of his books. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have published one of his latest, *Jack Archer*; and the same house will shortly publish one of his earlier, the *Boy Knight*. Just now we have to deal with *Jack Archer*. Jack was an English boy, who was made a midshipman in the British navy. The ship in which he served was sent to the Crimea to take part in that memorable siege. On her voyage she stopped, of course, at Gibraltar, where a slight delay, for the repairs of her machinery, gave the boys a chance for adventures on shore. They made the most of their time, having a set-to with some brigands in which they came off second best. Finally, they sailed from Gibraltar for Malta, and then for Gallipoli, which is a strong military position at the upper end of the Dardanelles, where the strait grows narrow. Here the French and English fleets and armies rendezvous previous to attacking Sebastopol. Then comes the battle of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and then the long and tiresome siege in which Todleben held these great powers at bay for more than three-quarters of a year. Then came the storming of the Malakoff, by the French army, a tremendous thing for men to do. In all these great events Jack Archer was supposed to have taken a part, which is in this pleasant story told. Of course, Jack is a fictitious character, but all the history with which he is connected is true; his personal adventures are imaginary and given to spice the story. It is a thoroughly good book, temperate in style, and interesting to boys or men.

A. School Book Reform :

An excellent reform in the way of economy has this term been allowed in the High School. It is in the purchase of a school book, and strange as it may seem, it has been long urged by the publisher of these BOOK NOTES. Those boys who sadly book-keeping were obliged to buy, first the treatise by Crittenden, at a cost of \$1.80, and then a series of blank books comprising thirty-five in number, and in addition two quires of curiously ruled paper. Consider, for a moment, the starting of a boy in this study with thirty-five blank books. The BOOK NOTES has long contended that the \$2.99 of the \$2.25 expended in these things, benefited everybody, excepting only the boy. It did him no good, and it is happy now that the purchase of these blanks has been abandoned. Now then, reform the purchasing of the large geographies by the little children. This whole business needs revision. There ought to be a better and a cheaper system than the one now in use.

Captain Smith and Pocahontas :

There is probably no character connected with the English settlements, on this continent, to which there attaches a more romantic interest than to Captain John Smith, the leader in the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Innumerable books have been written about him, and the best writers have not considered him beneath their notice. Messrs. Cassell & Company have just published a new life, or perhaps in fitter phrase, a new adaptation of the old life, by Mr. John Ashton. Mr. Ashton is a skillful book-wright. In this peculiar department of literature Mr. Ashton has no master. The charm of this new book of his is in its antique style. It has the aroma of antiquity. The wood cuts, which adorn it, are just the same as those which Captain Smith himself saw. There has come to be attached to this narrative of Captain Smith's something in the nature of the marvellous. The name adventurer, in our modern understanding of the meaning of that term, has given it a lesser character than it formerly had, and now deserves. It must be remembered that this word adventure was selected by Smith himself. He certainly did not mean by it, to describe himself as one who risks everything upon chance. But he meant, rather, the feats, exploits, triumphs, and adventures which befell him. There are those who have attempted to throw discredit upon the charming story of Pocahontas. Chiefest among these sceptics is Mr. Charles Deane, now of Cambridge. It is a pleasure to see it restored to the former solid foundations upon which it rested. There is nothing in it surpassing human experience, why disbelieve it? Or the contrary it is one of the finest traits of character ever exhibited by a barbarian, and it should, on that account, be ever preserved. Who ever inquires into the reality of Hamlet?

Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland :

The literature of England is peculiarly rich in works upon hunting and sporting, both at home and in all foreign lands. The sun does not shine upon a spot on this planet, the echoes of which have not been awakened by the crack of an English rifle. The latest addition to this literature is by a Scotchman, one Thomas Speedy. It has been published in sumptuous style at Edinburgh. It discourses of a Scottish Moor, how to get one, and what you will probably find when you do get one. How to buy and manage a dog; and how to use a gun, and whose are best; and what in general may be considered a sportsman's outfit. Then comes trout and salmon fishing; game shooting and black game, mountain hare, and partridge, partridge and the wild duck, and finally deer stalking, and everything else in the way of game in Scotland. Beautiful illustrations are plentiful throughout the book.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

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SIDNEY S. RIDER,

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ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 13.
{ 2000 COPIES.

Country Cousins:

Under the title *Country Cousins*, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll has made a series of short studies in Natural History. The book has been beautifully illustrated and published by the Harpers. These studies comprise some twenty papers descriptive of birds, animals, and serpents, common to our New England Woods and Fields. They are filled with curious anecdotes illustrative of the social life of these neighbors of ours. The erroneous opinions concerning these neighbors yet existing among men are positively shocking. Take for instance the fascination of a serpent's eye, of which there is not a single authenticated case in all the experience of men. On the contrary, many a battle has been observed where a small bird has killed his enemy. Even so late as 1840, a report on the Quadrupeds of Massachusetts was published by the State, written by Dr. Emmons. In it is the astounding statement that were a shrewd mouse to run over the leg of a cow or of a horse the lameness of the animal would follow. Did people at the time suppose this to be science? On the contrary it is one of those things which to-day is science, and to-morrow is humbug. Who of us ever imagined that the ferocious courage of the humming bird, exceeded in quality that of the eagle, and that he was an impetuous and vindictive fighter. Besides being a close observer of the birds, Mr. Ingersoll has closely observed their friends the squirrels, and gathered much curious knowledge concerning them. The unerring certainty with which a gray squirrel will find, even though covered with deep snow, a nut which he has buried, interests the writer, for he has a pet of this species, in which (minus the snow) he has observed this same peculiarity. Daily in fine weather *Chip* goes with me to the fields to play and frolic, and returns happy as he nestles within my clothing. *Chip's* tale shall yet be written. An admirable description of the residence of Mr. Agassiz at Newport is given. Not by any means a prying description of the house in which Mr. Agassiz lives, but of the buildings and appliances used by him to study natural history, but more especially marine zoology. This excellent book is well calculated to awaken interest in these delightful studies, which everyone would be the better for prosecuting.

Almost a Duchess:

Leila Cavendish was one of those admirable young women who did not consider it absolutely necessary for a man to be so very handsome to be available. John Chandos, her friend, a physician had a face which was calculated to make a bulldog good looking. Now Dr. Chandos fell profoundly in love with this lovely lady. She laughed outright at his proposal, but she finally said yes, with a reservation. Presently there came along a young Frenchman with a title—a Duke. He likewise fell in love with Leila, and she with him and so they were married, Leila having first recalled her yes with a reservation given to Dr. Chandos. The young couple lived happily three years, when the Duke was called to Paris. There his family had determined to vacate his marriage with Leila, on account of the Duke being under that age required by the French laws, when a man could marry, without the consent of his parents or guardians. The marriage was pronounced illegal, and the Duke was married to another woman. Leila went to live alone in Paris. Dr. Chandos followed her and made his second proposal, which Leila rejected, being very much attached to the Duke, her husband. Finally her child sickened and died, and the Duke sickened and died, and Leila sickened and almost died,—and then did what she should have done in the first place, married Dr. John Chandos. This is one of the best of the series of *No Names* published by P. J. Lerts Brothers.

A Petty Petition:

A petition has been signed by the R. I. News Co. and its agents, and the booksellers of the city (the publisher of these BOOK NOTES excepted), praying that the teachers may be prohibited from selling books to the school children. It means simply a little more profit to those foreign agents of a foreign corporation. If a teacher sees fit, in her own time, to buy the books for her scholars, and give the children the advantage of the small saving she makes, it hurts nobody, the aforesaid foreign agents excepted, and accommodates the aforesaid children. Let the teachers alone, they are doing no harm.

The Collected Writings of Poe:

A magnificent edition of the writings of Edgar A. Poe, at a ridiculously low price, has just been published by Messrs. Armstrong & Son, of New York. It comprises six volumes, printed with large, clear type, on a beautifully white transparent paper, and bound in the best of cloth bindings, with gilt tops, and uncut edges, and last, but not least, every volume illustrated with etchings. In regard to the literary character of Poe, there are many opinions; as to his possession of genius, there is but one opinion. Wonderful things in Greek were said to have been done by Porson, and by Stuart Mill in their childhood. What more wonderful thing has there ever been done in English than the verses To Helen, written when Poe was fourteen. Of all the poets who have yet lived, probably not ten have done anything at all approaching it, whatever might be their age. Of course Mr. Poe is best known by his Raven, and after that by his shorter stories, such as the Gold Bug, the Purloined Letter, the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and the Mystery of Marie Roget. Besides these there are a series of fearfully wild and weird stories, like the Pit and the Pendulum, the Black Cat, the Descent into the Macabron, and the Masque of the Red Death, and many others. These, however, are his interior writings. Unquestionably his best prose work is the Fall of the House of Usher, and after that the Adventures of Hans Pfall, from which Adams Locke must have obtained his idea of the Moon Hoax. As a literary critic, Mr. Poe has been differently viewed, just as he has in the other departments of his literary work. Mr. Stoddard pronounces him no critic; contrariwise, other scholars have considered him the ablest critic of his time. It is no easy task to write justly of contemporary literature. With Poe dead and Longfellow living it would be too much to expect from an aspiring literateur to speak well of Poe, who had selected as the caption of one of his criticisms *Longfellow and other Philagrists*. And yet the world has nearly come up with him. Longfellow, as it is now generally admitted, sought his inspiration not in close contact with nature, but in the poems of other men. He sought the thoughts of other thinkers, and rearranged them. Such things never endure. It is only the working over process. There is nothing original in it. Poe was nothing if not original. These are the things which endure. Hence two magnificent editions of his celebrated writings have found a ready market, nearly forty years since Poe's death, and only last year the Raven was published in style unequalled hitherto by any American Poem.

Bower's Dictionary of Miracles is a perfect magazine of wonderful things.

Mr. Black's Judith Shakespeare:

The publication of a novel in a serial in installments is like the fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise,—with a difference. The fellow who has been reading the story so long that he has forgotten the beginning is outstripped by him who begins his reading after the whole story is completed and is published in a volume. In other words, the hare beats the tortoise as he naturally should. Now here comes *Judith Shakespeare*, which William Black has so long been publishing in the serial way in the Harper's periodicals, all complete in a handsome volume, matching Mr. Black's other stories issued by the same house. To satisfy the craving to know the end, the Book NORTON tells them that Judith was the sweet-heart of everybody who knew her, but more especially of Quiney. That the matter of the purloined play was all explained and settled. Jack Orridge having married a wealthy woman, ransomed it. That Jack had not himself sold the play, that this had been done by one Francis Lloyd, with whom Jack subsequently quarrelled, and by whom he was, in the melee, stabbed with a dagger. That Judith grew sick, very sick with a fever, and that the getting well process became a very favorable occasion in which Judith and Quiney could make love, etc., etc.

The Chatterbox Decision:

The decision, as rendered in the Chatterbox case, by Judge Wheeler, in the Circuit Court of the Southern District of New York, lays down new laws, or rather new applications of old laws, which deserve the attention of publishers. If we understand the decision, it holds that while the Chatterbox was not copyright, and could not be, it could be reprinted in this country with impunity, provided no changes were introduced into the text. But it further holds that the name Chatterbox is a trade-mark which no man has a right to use, and if a publisher issues a book under the name Chatterbox which contains other material than such as was contained in the English edition, he can be enjoined. Hence Smith's Bible Dictionary, as issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Chambers Cyclopaedia, as issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., must be contraband, neither being simply reprints without change. The soundness of this decision ought to be tested in the Court of Final Appeal. It seems to be a nice question whether the word Chatterbox as a trade-mark possesses powers which it does not possess under a copyright law. If that decision stands, do we require an International Copyright Law?

Peloubet's edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary,—expressly the teacher's edition,—is the best, only \$1.25. Nearly 500 engravings.

An elegant, gilt rimmed Bible, only 25 cents.

The Countess of Albany:

In her new memoir of the Countess of Albany, just published by Roberts Brothers, Vernon Lee says, that when the Countess made her advent in Florence, the Florentines looked upon her with very much of the awe and pity with which peasants look upon an idiot. The Countess of Albany was born in 1753. She was married in 1772, at the age of nineteen years, to Charles Edward Stewart (the Pretender), the same who made the descent upon Scotland in 1745, he being some thirty-three years her senior. He became a drunken huncuile, with whom the Countess lived scarcely eight years, being separated in 1780. An intimacy had subsisted between the Countess and the poet Alfieri, even during the married life of the Countess, and after her separation from the Pretender she was privately married to the poet, and became the subject of adoration of a man who divided his time between his studies, his horses, and his intrigues with other women. Alfieri died in 1803, and the Countess received as her favorite a French gentleman, M. Fabre. Formed a salon, into which only the most refined and respectable people of Florence were admitted, and gave herself up to correspondence, the burden of which was personal gossip, domestic infidelities, and infidelities, and in general demoralized moralizations. One of the most curious and interesting portions of the book is that wherein is described the friendship which existed between Simonde de Sismondi and this extraordinary woman,—a woman who found an admirer in every man with whom she came in contact. Sismondi was gathering materials for his History of the Italian Republics. He went to Florence, perhaps in 1804, formed an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, which death alone ended. This memoir will give any one a vivid picture of the domestic life of the best people in Italy a century ago. A life very different from anything known to us in this country, and for that reason most interesting. A more entertaining book than this has not appeared in the series of Famous Women.

The New Testament View:

The two leading candidates for the Presidency are, of course, Mr. Blaine for the Republicans, and Mr. Cleveland for the Democrats. The first is accused of peculations, and by Leonard Bacon with being even a thief; the last, of fornication. These are indeed serious offences, and many excellent people are in doubt as to the course they ought to follow. It seems to the BOOK NOTES that the Great Exemplar has laid down two precedents which govern both cases. For the first, see Matthew, c. 21, v. 12-13. For the second, see John, c. 8, v. 3-11. The course is apparently clear to every follower of the New Testament.

Mr. Payn's Literary Recollections:

To sit down and talk over old times is the charming privilege of age. Next to doing this oneself, is to sit by and listen to a good talker as he does it. Mr. James Payn, one of the best living English story tellers, has been gathering *Some Literary Recollections* of his into a volume, which the Harpers have just published. His recollections are of those who have been contemporary with us, and are therefore more interesting. Mr. Payn tells of his early efforts, how they all failed. That it was not until his fourth book that he made a success. This book was the *Lost Sir Mungibard*. We can well remember its publication, and the interest taken in it by the genial and gentle Dunham Hedge, whose opinions we often sought in such matters, and never failed to get. We had not among us a wiser, nor more discriminating reader, nor more experienced withal. He knew merit when he saw it. Racking disease never wrecked his judgment. Would that we could look upon his like again. Mr. Payn's advice to you is, that if you seek riches, it better not be in the paths of fiction. Our modern experience, on the contrary, seems to be that the less truth there is mixed with business the better it succeeds. The position of a novelist in society, as given by Mr. Payn is exceedingly clever. He closes by comparing it to the position of a lunatic among the Indians, a creature whom the Great Spirit has afflicted with peculiarities which it behooves them to wink at as infirmities. There are three hours of right clever reading in this book.

Suwanee River Tales:

This little book, from the press of Roberts Brothers, is the last literary work of Sherwood Bonner. This lady, Katharine Sherwood Bonner, afterwards Mrs. McDowell, no sooner became well-known to the literary world than she sickened and died. Her stories, or such of them as have been gathered into books, are illustrative of southern life, especially domestic life. They were written originally for the magazines, or for newspapers, and were afterwards gathered into books. Such was *Dialect Tales*, published by the Harpers, and such is the present volume. There is an admirable humor pervading all of them. The present group is divided into three sections. The first, called Gran'mammy, relates to an old fondly servant who had been bought in ancient days for her weight in silver dollars. The second section is called Four Sweet Girls of Dixie. More charming character sketches it would be difficult to find. The concluding section consists of a Ring of Tales for Younger Folks. The book is excellent.

Latest edition, Webster's Unabridged, \$2.50.

Drake's New England Legends:

It is unquestionably true that the legendary tales of a country possess a very important bearing upon the history of that country. And it must be still further true that an accurate knowledge of the ancient laws and domestic lives of a people cannot be understood otherwise than by a knowledge of these same legendary tales. Of no country is this more true than of New England. It was, therefore, well for Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, albeit skillful in this way, to gather such things into a volume, and for Roberts Brothers to publish it. The book is divided into many sections; thus, the Boston Legends; the Cambridge Legends; the Lynn and Nahant Legends; the Salem Legends; the Old Colony Legends, &c., &c. A section is given to Connecticut, and one to Rhode Island. The latter comprises the Skeleton in Armour; the Newport Tower; Block Island; the Buccaneer; the Palatine, and the last of the Wampanoags. This book is filled with beautiful wood cuts, and it is comforting to think that while we are being amused we are at the same time being instructed.

For the information of those, should there be such, who ask the meaning of the word *Palatine*, in the mention of Drake's New England Legends, the BOOK NOTES informs them that it is the Palatine ship which, centuries ago, was sunk off Block Island, and the very extraordinary light which a half a century since was alleged to hover occasionally over the supposed locality. It was indeed extraordinary. Those curious, concerning it are referred to Mr. Livermore's History of Block Island. Apparently the most authentic account of it is that given by Dr. Willey, in 1811, to Dr. Samuel Mitchell, then living in New York city. This account was printed in the periodicals of the time, and has been copied entire into Mr. Livermore's history, a book, by the way, of most amusing interest, if one approaches it with the correct spirit.

It is surprising how much information one can get from Warne's *Twenty Cent Atlas*.

There are sixteen maps, beautifully engraved on copper, presenting every country in the world. The zones, circles, parallels, and meridians, are given in special small drawings; and by means of drawings is given the meaning of terms, such for instance as cape, strait, bay, island, isthmus, peninsula, &c., &c. It is excellent.

Between the Hentley and the Northern Sea is a first rate Franklin Square novel. It purports to have been written by M. Lin-kill, and further to be by the author of *Cleveland*; now Cleveland purports to have been written by Stephen Yorke. Hence is Mr. Lin-kill, Mr. Yorke, or is Mr. Yorke, Mr. Lin-kill, or are both pseudonyms.

Current Notes:

The *House on the Marsh*, a very bright novel from the press of D. Appleton & Company, is having an immense sale in England. Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *Rutherford* is the latest of his novels.—There is a new volume of the Funk and Wagnall's standard Library which ought to possess some interest. It is *Ten Years of a Police Judge*.—These books are 25 cents each, and excellently printed.—*Love and Miscege*, a pretty story running through Harper's Weekly, has been completed and issued in a neat pamphlet, duodecimo in size, some copies of which are neatly half bound in cloth.—The *Life and Adventures of Arminius Vambery*, written by himself, is an exceedingly interesting book. Cassell & Company have just issued a new and cheap edition. It is simply a personal narrative of travels and adventures in Eastern Europe and Western Asia in the various journeys made in the interest of the western nations, either England or France. You are taken to Khiva, Teheran, Bokhara, Samarkand, and a hundred other remote places which you have heard about, but which you will probably never see. Therefore buy Vambery's book and read about them.

Euphorion, by Vernon Lee:

This was the name given by Goethe to the child born of the mystical marriage of Faust and Helena. The author, Vernon Lee, thinks that the beautiful allegory of the sixteenth century, elaborated by Goethe, can have a real meaning, only, if we explain Faust as representing the middle ages, and Helena as antiquity, and that from these was born the child to which significant accident has given the name Renaissance. So, therefore, Vernon Lee christens a series of essays on the Renaissance, after the name given by Goethe to the child, Euphorion, her object being to show how mediæval art and life were influenced by the remains of antiquity. The essays are ten in number. Among the themes discussed, are the Portrait Art; the School of Bolardo; Mediæval Love; the Italy of the Elizabethan Dramatists, &c. This writer believes that the Art of the Renaissance was not corrupted by the Antique, but was perfected by it, and that after its triumphant union with the Antique, and the production of the grand gods and goddesses of Raphael, it fell into shameful degradation, and that this degradation was no more the fault of Antiquity than it was the fault of the Middle Ages,—that it was the ordinary process of nature. We are born, we grow to maturity, we wither and decay. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have imported an edition of this beautifully printed book, and placed it upon the American market. Its readers must of necessity be few, for it will require time for contemplation,—an ingredient which we fear few American readers mix with their reading.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1881.

{ Vol. II. No. 14.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The New Historical Picture at the Court House:

It was a happy thought, in painting the interior of the new court house, to illustrate some scene from Rhode Island history upon the broad walls of the grand stairway. The commissioners would have searched Rhode Island history in vain for a subject more suitable for the place, or one less hackneyed than that which they selected. The subject is the *Arrival of Roger Williams with the First Charter*. It is entirely fitting for the BOOK NOTES to set forth the history of this event a little in detail, in order to understand the picture which all will desire to see. The colonies in New England had formed a confederation for mutual protection and defense. It was called the United Colonies of New England. Into this confederation the three small colonies then within what is now Rhode Island, viz.: Providence, Portsmouth and Warwick, were not admitted, although they asked to be admitted. In this emergency, when their destruction and ultimate absorption by the very colonists which had driven them into the wilderness seemed inevitable, an inspiration fell upon Williams. It was to apply to the King of England for a corporate existence. Instant action followed the resolution, and Williams sailed for England from New York in the summer of 1633. The Earl of Warwick was then governor of all the American colonies. By his friendship, and the friendship of Sir Henry Vane, a charter was granted. It was signed March 14, 1644. With it Williams returned to Rhode Island by the way of Boston, passing through this latter place protected by a letter to its authorities written by the most powerful men in England. Williams reached Boston September 17, 1644. It is not probable that he made therein a long stay. It is far more probable that he made quick time for the banks of the Seekonk. It is therefore probable that the time of the scene in the picture is in the latter days of September, 1644. The only account preserved to us of the arrival of Williams is contained in a letter written by Richard Scott, a Quaker, who had become a personal enemy to Williams. This letter first ap-

pears in the appendix to the *Firebrand Quenched*, by George Fox, London, 1678, second part, p. 247. It also appears in Backus' *Hist. N. E. Baptists*, v. I, p. 108, Boston, 1777, or the Worcester edition, v. I, p. 89. Besides these references, it may be found either in part or by way of extracts, in the various lives of Williams, and doubtless in other books. The only portion of the letter touching the subject appears in the following words: "He [Williams] went to England and there he got a charter, and coming from Boston to Providence, at Sea-conck the neighbours of Providence met him in fourteen canoes and carried him to Providence. And the man being hemmed in in the middle of the canoes was so elevated and transported out of himself that I was condemned in myself that amongst the rest I had been an instrument to set him up in his pride and folly." It is suggestive of reflection that this Scott letter, so severely condemnatory of the very act which has been here perpetuated, is our only means of learning the details by which the preservation of the event was possible. Human nature, at its best, is but weak. But looking back at this distance of time, it appears to have been a day of which Williams might well have been proud. He had founded a State, the basis of which was civil and religious liberty to man. Therefore forth forevermore that fearful curse, the union of the Church and the State, was to be separated in America. It was a new principle of government which has now well nigh covered the civilized world.

There have been grand episodes in American history. Such an episode was the resistance to taxation without representation which resulted in the Revolution. In later times the gift of freedom to four millions of slaves. But where in all her history shall we look for an event comparable in grandeur to this result of the labors of Roger Williams.

We have said that the subject was a peculiarly happy one for the position given it in the Providence county court house. These are the reasons for our judgment: The three small settlements united under the charter and became a

colony with one government, under the corporate name of the *Incorporation of Providence Plantations on the Narragansett Bay, in New England*. Full power was given them to govern and rule themselves and all others who might settle within the borders of the colony therein established. They were to make and establish such civil laws and constitutions as in their judgment would best promote their welfare. They were to punish transgressors, and could place or displace officers of justice, as it appeared well for the best government. There was, in fact, but two limitations to their power. First, their laws must conform to the laws of England. Second, all their powers were with distinct reference to *civil* things. This charter, then, became the basis or foundation of the *first laws* which governed the colony which ultimately became the State of Rhode Island. Some time and much negotiation was doubtless required to bring about the first meeting of the General Assembly. It met finally, however, and in May, 1647, adopted and put in force a *code of laws* for the government of the colony. This code remained in force, practically unchanged, for many years. But the growth of the colonies required a stronger central power than that obtainable under the Warwick charter, and so, in 1643, came the charter of Charles the Second, which superseded it. It is fitting, we say, that such an event should be held in perpetual memory, in unfading colors, upon the walls of the halls of justice of the State thus created. The similarity in design of this picture to that designed by the late Thomas F. Hopkin, the landing of Roger Williams, which formed the frontispiece for the Rhode Island book, and which has been used upon the seal of the city of Providence, will doubtless lead many to suppose that event to be the subject of the picture now presented. The foregoing story will probably dispel that illusion.

More About Country Cousins:

The precise use of a rattle at the end of a rattlesnake's tail has not yet been discovered. The idea that it was to give the signal of danger to its victims seems a little weak. To provide an animal with weapons of offense at one end and an alarm signal at the other end, by which its victims or its enemies are to escape, is a vaguely not often indulged in by nature. Equally frivolous is another story, thus: First, the sound of the rattle resembles the sound made by the vibrations of the wings of the cicada, or the locusts; second, birds seek the cicada for food; third, rattlesnakes like birds for food, hence, by shaking the rattle, the birds are lured by one end of the serpent to within striking distance of the other end; and that is *science*. Much more refreshing is the story (for all this is from *Mr. Ingersoll's Coun-*

try Cousins) of an old woman and her children who went out berrying in West Virginia. The old woman had seen an advertisement for a live rattler. Suddenly she alarmed four and set about capturing the whole of them. She caught, however, only one, which she caught in this way: A forked stick was thrust over the neck of the "creeping beast with a rattle in his tale," as old Thomas Morton calls it in his *New England's Canaan*. Then taking a tin colander, which she had carried for holding berries, and thrusting a bit of twine through a hole in the bottom, made a slip-knot which she placed over the head of the serpent, which she thus held tightly to the inside of the vessel. The serpent quickly coiled itself within the vessel and elevated its tail, but that was all it could do; its other end was anchored, and in triumph the old woman carried her prize to Mr. Ingersoll, from whom she "kinder reckoned she oughter have six bits." Rather a plucky old woman that. This book is an exceedingly interesting one; there is a quiet vein of satire pervading it which gives it infinite zest.

Magazine Subscriptions for the Coming Year 1885:

Now is the time to subscribe for such magazines as you wish for the coming year. First of all, we commend the *BOOK NOTES*, and for the following reasons: Because they are small and will not take much time for the reading; second, they cost but little and you will not be much the poorer for the subscription; third, and last, they are, all things considered, about the best thing there is. But if you can't get along without some other periodical, why then, take *Harper's*, or the *Century*, or both, and then supplement with the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Spectator*, this last, by the way, the best English weekly now published. The publisher of the *BOOK NOTES* takes subscriptions for all periodicals, either at *club rates* or otherwise. All magazines delivered promptly at residences and forwarded during the summer months to wherever you are summering, without expense to you. The publication office of the *BOOK NOTES*, 17 Westminster street, is the very best place to subscribe. *Apropos*, the prospectus of the *Century* for the coming year is simply immense.

Petland Revisited:

When my excellent friend Ferguson came along with a specimen copy of the Rev. Mr. Wood's *Petland Revisited*, I asked him, "and where is Petland?" He laughingly said, "there, you are the second book-seller who has asked me that, but the other fellow didn't know any better." *Petland Revisited* is a discourse upon pets by one of the most careful and wise of ob-

servers in natural history; and moreover, as a writer, Mr. Wood possesses excellent ability. Nothing more charming in the way of anecdotes and accounts of pets can be desired. The first section is devoted to cats; the second section to dogs; and the third and concluding section to unconventional pets. By this latter term is meant such pets as the chameleon, the hedgehog, the monkey, the rabbit, the mouse, and a great many other similar animals. In notices of such books as this, the *BOOK NOTES* is continually tempted to copy or condense suggestive anecdotes which serve both to interest its readers and describe the book. *Peloubet Revised* is so filled with such things that one is bewildered with attempting a selection. First, reading of the sagacity of the cat, we are led to think that certainly no animal could possibly equal her. But when we come to an account of the way in which a sheep-killing Scotch collie will circumvent the most watchful shepherd, we go back at once on puss; and so on through the book. Not that any animal known as an unconventional pet can ever equal in intelligence a domestic pet; he cannot. But the accounts of them interest us in another way. For instance, the changing in color of the chameleon. Mr. Wood gives you hundreds of observations, every one of which is exceedingly curious. He has very much about a tame couï-mouï, a sort of South American racoon, named Kiko. This animal was long a pet in the family and did many very singular things. One day he stole an egg, whereat Mr. Wood says, "My mother saw him and *chiered* him all over the house." *Chiered* is a word not often met with. It means, of course, chased, and it came from *chier*, which is a chase in a school game of Prisoner's Base, or Prison Bars. This game came from Chevy Chase. Now the only place where this information can be found in the cyclopaedic form, instantly accessible, is in *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, spoken of elsewhere in the present number of the *BOOK NOTES*. No English dictionary within reach gives it. It is more than likely that all these words came from the old French verb *chevir*, which means, to master, or to manage.

Brewer's Dictionary of Miracles:

There is a class of dictionaries unique in itself. It consists in the gathering into alphabetical order of old scraps of information which one comes upon in general reading and which we frequently desire either to refer to, or to discover the meaning of. For most in this class is the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, by Dr. Brewer. This industrious collector of such information, an English gentleman, has rendered himself famous by this kind of literary work. The *Reader's Handbook* is his, as is also *Words, Facts and Phrases*. A new dictionary by him has just been published simultaneously in this

country and in England. It is a *Dictionary of Miracles*. Hume wrote, many years ago, (1751) that a miracle was a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. If this book of Dr. Brewer's does not conclusively prove the truthfulness of that proposition, it will be difficult ever to prove it. It is a gathering from the most ancient days of every miracle, in whatsoever obscure place it may have been recorded. A concise synopsis of each miracle is prepared, and the whole arranged in three sections: I. Miracles of Saints, in imitation of Scripture miracles. II. Realistic Miracles. III. Miracles to Prove Church Dogmas. An instance illustrative of the first section is the case of converting a whip lash, or tongue, into a serpent, by St. Peter, in imitation of Aaron's rod. This was A. D. 303. An instance of the second class is the mending of a broken jar by prayer, by St. Benedict. This was A. D. 549. An instance illustrative of the third section is that of St. Nicholas de Flue, who, for twenty years, ate and drank nothing but the Eucharist; thus proving that the flesh was indeed meat and the blood indeed drink. This was A. D. 1459. The arrangement of all this singular knowledge is the most curious thing about it. It is the perfection of the modern science of classification and indexing. If you can get hold of the most shadowy end of one of these stories, Dr. Brewer will unerringly put you instantly in possession of all the knowledge desirable upon it. This theory is so well explained in the introduction to the dictionary itself that the *BOOK NOTES* cannot do better than to use the same. Some miracle is taken as a text, and then from every source has been gathered corresponding examples. Thus, under *Elijah fed by Ravens*, we find of a kindred character, *Auxentius fed by a pigeon*; *Prince Cadoc fed by a mouse*; *Catharine of Alexandria fed by a dove*; *St. Guthbert fed by rooks*; *Dr. Moulins fed by a hen*; an old hermit (name perished) fed by a lion; Paul, the hermit, fed by a crow; St. Sorus fed by a stag; Wynt fed in prison by a cat; St. Robert fed by an eagle; St. Simon Stock fed by a dog, and many other such cases. Now in the index, under either saint or animal, all these things can be found grouped together to illustrate the idea conveyed in the miracle, and each probably as true as its neighbor. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. are Dr. Brewer's American publishers.

Mr. Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics:

Not long since, a book entitled the *Balances Sheet of the World* attracted considerable attention. It was written by Mr. M. C. Mulhall. He has now ready another book, slightly sim-

ilar in character, entitled, *Dictionary of Statistics*. Hitherto we have had statistics in various forms, but this is the first time such things have ever been arranged in dictionary form. Mr. Mulhall is an Englishman, and his dictionary is especially full in all European matters. The United States are, however, included in all important items. For instance, in the aggregate annual industries of the world, the United States leads the list of nations. So, likewise in agriculture. In the percentage of agriculture, in the entire industries, the United States ranks next to the lowest nation. In the matter of banking capital, Great Britain leads, but the United States comes in second. In the number of cattle, the United States leads the list, with Russia second. Of butter, the United States produces more than one-third of the entire product of the world. In Holland each cow produces 175 pounds. In the United States but 62 pounds. The average production throughout Europe, however, is only 48 pounds. It is now nearly twenty years since Mr. George Peabody gave a half million of pounds sterling to build houses for the London poor. With this money there have been built 2,789 tenements, comprising 6,160 rooms, and occupied by 11,450 persons, at an average cost of two shillings, or fifty cents, per room per week. In the annual earnings, or income, the United States leads the list, but in the average per capita the United States falls to the third place, Australia leading. A few significant figures concerning British incomes, at various dates, are here; thus: The income per capita was, in 1822, £19; in 1840, £20; (Corn Laws repealed, 1846, and free trade begun) 1860, £26; in 1882, £35. Anybody can see that it is only a question of time when this feeble nation will crumble to pieces, and all on account of free trade. In this connection the wages statistics throughout the world afford much material for earnest consideration, as does the question of taxation, in which department the United States leads the list, her people being more heavily taxed than any people of whom there are statistics. The BOOK NOTES might go on making notes of such items of knowledge, but it must leave something for those people whom it hopes will buy and study Mr. Mulhall's admirable little book.

Mr. Hamerton's Human Inter-course:

The new book, so long expected, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, has come at last. It comes under the name *Human Inter-course*. It consists of a series of incisive essays upon social customs, character, and such like themes. An enumeration of some of the chapter headings will, in a very good way, characterize the book. On the Difficulty of Discovering Fixed Laws, Of Passionate Love, Companionship in Mar-

riage, Family Vies, Fathers and Sons, The Rights of the Guest, The Death of Friendship, The Flux of Wealth, The Differences of Rank and Wealth, Priests and Women, Of Genteel Ignorance, Of the Courtesy of Epistolary Communication, and a great many other subjects. In the handling of them, Mr. Hamerton has availed himself largely, and to their great advantage, of his very keen, but generally delicate, satire. This peculiar quality renders them very charming reading. Many of his sentences are almost axioms. A few, selected at random, sets forth the character, thus: "Solitude is bad for us, but we need a margin of free space." . . . "Fate gives us our relations, whilst we select our friends." . . . "Mutual affinity of some kinds makes friendship, whilst relations are like tickets in a lottery." . . . "Cousins are or are not relations, just as they find it agreeable to themselves." . . . "He is rich in reality who knows how to live on moderate means." "It is undeniable that the deliverance from a horde of false friends is worth a considerable sum per head of them." . . . "People who most despise commerce are the very people who bow down most readily before the accomplished results of commerce." . . . These are Mr. Hamerton's. Here is one by George Cornwall Lewis, in which one can trace the true philosopher: "How tolerable life would be were it not for its pleasures." He was a wise and an observing man who said that. But the BOOK NOTES cannot print the whole of Mr. Hamerton's excellent book, something must be left for the buyers of it.

The winter nights are coming on apace. The skies are clearer and the stars shine brighter. Do you never wish, as you gaze upon the wondrous scene, to cultivate the acquaintance of those distant but sparkling worlds? Professor Newcomb, of the Washington Observatory, has prepared a book on purpose for you. It is not necessary to take a course in Brown University as a preliminary to understanding it. A single winter's study will supply you with reflections for the remainder of your life. The name of this book is *Newcomb's Popular Astronomy*. The last edition has a description of the moons of Mars, things in the heavens which neither Copernicus nor Tycho Brahe, nor Kepler, nor Newton, nor Galileo, nor Herschel, nor Leverrier, nor anybody else ever heard of, until Professor Hall first saw them on the night of August 11, 1877.

Von Ranke's Universal History is an excellent book wherewith to beguile the winter nights. Far better to be reading this than playing cards in the "wigwam," or canvassing your neighbors in the "corner grocery."

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

{ VOL. II. No. 15.
{ 2000 COPIES.

Mr. Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe:

On the 13th September, 1759, there lay upon the Bloody Plains of Abraham two men. Hearing an officer cry: "They run! They run!" one of these dying men raised his head and asked, "Who runs?" "The enemy," replied the officer. "Then God be praised; I shall die happy." This man was John Wolfe, commander of the English army before Quebec. The other of these two men on being told that his wounds were mortal, and that right speedily, replied, "So much the better, I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." This man was the Marquis of Montcalm, the commander of the French army then in possession of Quebec. From the names of these two brave Generals, Mr. Francis Parkman has taken the name of his new history: *Montcalm and Wolfe*. For many years this learned scholar has been engaged in writing a series of histories illustrative of the struggle between these two nations, the English and French, for the ascendancy on this continent. The volumes hitherto published bring the history of the struggle down to 1760. The present work begins with 1748. Thus there is an interim of half a century not yet covered by Mr. Parkman. The events covered in the present volume are the conflict for Acadia, the land now known as Nova Scotia. The great Indian battle known as Braddock's defeat, with the events before and after, in which Washington was so active. The defeat of the Baron Dieskau, and the capture of Crown Point. The coming of Montcalm to America as the French Commander, and the capture of Fort William Henry, by the French under Montcalm, in 1757. With this event and the frightful massacre of the English by the Indians, as the former left the surrendered fortifications, the volume is brought to a close. So far as history is concerned there has been nothing yet produced in America superior to these books of Mr. Parkman's. The style is vigorous, full of spirit, even brilliant on occasions when the author warms to his work. The sketches of character are positively excellent. They betray the skill of an Indian in tracing

the crooked paths which, when unravelled, display the human character. And in the delineation of that character even Scott himself was not greater with old Monkbarons. Are you incredulous? Then turn to the picture of Gen. Braddock. That gentleman instantly stands before you. You will see him as you look to-day upon living men, walking and talking before you. But you will see more. You will see just why he was beaten; just why Washington, albeit he were the incarnation of human bravery, was unable to pluck the flower, Victory, from the poisonous nettle, Defeat. The picture of Montcalm is only less valuable because it is less piquant, it is more matter of fact. But when you come to Sir William Johnson you will be again edified, as you look into his fortified house at Albany, and upon his Dutch housekeeper, whom subsequently he married, and when she was dead, upon the young Mohawk squaw, who did the honors and other things of the house. We might go on in just these specifications, for the book is full of them, but we must stop somewhere. And we simply say that this history has never taken hitherto anything like so attractive a guise as Mr. Parkman has here given them. The admirable style in which the volume appears is equal to anything issued in this country. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. publish it.

Mr. Traill's Book about Coleridge:

A new volume in the series of English Men of Letters is issued from the press of the Harper's. It is upon *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, and was written by Mr. H. D. Traill. It is not as interesting as some of the volumes in this series which have preceded it. The figure of the great critic does not stand forth from its pages as does the character of Sterne, in Mr. Traill's former book in the same series. But, so far as an examination of his powers as a critic goes, nothing more is to be desired than Mr. Traill has done for us. There is a good story told about an invitation which Coleridge received one day to deliver an oration before the London Philosophical Society. On return-

ing home one morning, Coleridge found a letter informing him that he was *expected* to deliver an oration before the said Society that night. This was his first intimation. He went with Mr. Gillman, his future biographer, to learn the particulars. He obtained no particulars until he reached the hall upon the hour announced for the lecture. And even then he got no information. He and Gillman sat down. The President of the Society arose, put on the hat of his office, and announced Mr. Coleridge's lecture as being "on the growth of the individual mind." This was Coleridge's first intimation as to the nature of his subject. Turning to Gillman he whispered, rather a stiff subject that, but I must try it. And then arranged with Mr. Gillman that he would talk upon it one hour, but if in the meantime the latter saw any signs of dissatisfaction, or weariness in the audience, he was to clasp Coleridge's ankle. The first moment Gillman thought to pull out his watch and note the time, he found an hour and a half had elapsed, and yet there were no signs of weariness, nevertheless he thought it best to punctuate Mr. Coleridge's lecture, which he did by means of the preconcerted signal, whereupon Mr. Coleridge, with a bland smile, resumed his seat, having discussed upon an abstract subject, without a moment's notice, before an audience the most learned and the most critical in England, and to their great satisfaction. That is certainly a case where knowledge was power. Mr. Truill would have done well to have given us more of this sort of information, we could then see Coleridge as others then living saw him. Harper's publish it.

Mr. Hudson's Studies in the Poetry of Wordsworth:

Mr. Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar, has published a volume commendatory of Wordsworth and his poetry. It is called *Studies in Wordsworth*. It is a series of biographical sketches of the poet, in which are interspersed either entire poems or verses, selected with a view to illustrate the genius of the poet. Of all the English poets, Wordsworth is the one who has best delineated in verse the spirit of the religious in close contact with nature. Mr. Hudson would consider him as the fifth among the great English poets. Thus Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth. These names are arranged chronologically. Mr. Hudson considering, as does everybody else, Shakespeare to be incomparable. Aside from all this, it is no easy thing for us to compare the work of contemporaries with the works of the ancient. The BOOK NOTES would never have thought of mentioning the name of Wordsworth in connection with Shakespeare, or in fact with any of those mentioned above. The BOOK NOTES considers Byron a far greater poet, but it cannot here enter into the reason

why. Probably there never was in England so voluminous a writer as Wordsworth, whose successive publications were received with such severe ridicule, or abuse, or criticism, at the hands of reviewers. As a bookseller, the writer must believe that the love of Wordsworth's poetry in the public mind is not increasing. This, however, proves nothing, because minorities are almost always right. But it would give good grounds for an opinion adverse to the classification with Shakespeare and Milton which Mr. Hudson gives us. Little, Brown & Co. publish it.

Whist for Winter Nights:

The standard treatise on English whist, to-day, is that by "*Cavendish*," Mr. Harry Jones. It is printed in two colors, red and black. Each hand is very neatly displayed in thirty-eight games, played through, to the effect of impressing the rules more strongly upon the mind of the reader. It is the old-fashioned game, of Hoyle, with honors, reduced to modern skill. After most elaborate rules, "*Cavendish*" tells us that "there is no whist principle which should not be *occasionally* violated, owing to the knowledge of the hands derived from inference during the play." . . . Following "*Cavendish*" comes *William Pole*. The theory of Mr. Pole appears to be that the hands of partners should be played in combination, so that the full strength of the two united can be brought out. To reach this end a system of signalling is wrought out, so that by the course of the game a partner can be informed of the condition and wish of his partner. After most elaborate rules Mr. Pole tells us that "the foundation of all good play is systematic knowledge; but it is *not pretended* that these rules are to be considered *inflexible*." Following these comes G. W. P. with his *American Whist*, a game which he considers the best game of mingled *skill and chance* ever devised. Honors are dispensed with, and the game consists of seven points made by tricks. G. W. P. criticises somewhat sharply all the English treatises. His book seems to be growing into favor,—three editions having been called for. The latest writer upon whist, on the English system, is *Colonel Drayson*, whose book has certain advantages over others. Colonel Drayson is a first-rate player, who, having clear, distinct, original ideas, prints them for the instruction of his fellows. Whist clubs should adopt some one of these treatises, play in accordance with its suggestions and abide by its decisions. Whatever you do, do with all your might. "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game," was, as Charles Lamb has written it, the wish of old Sarah Battle. (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist.

THE TRIAL OF GORDON for the murder of Sprague is now ready. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's History of the Four Georges:

George the First became King of England on the first day of August, 1714, on the death of Queen Anne. In 1701, Parliament, by an act of settlement, excluded the son of James II, from the succession and entailed the crown on Sophia, Electress of Hanover. The mother of Sophia was the sister of Charles First of England, hence Charles the First was the great uncle of George the First. Sophia died a few weeks before Queen Anne; the latter leaving no heir, the crown, by reason of the legislative enactment, fell to George, (Lewis) Elector of Hanover, and he became, by "Divine Right," King of England. "A dull, stolid profligate king, fond of drink and of low conversation, without dignity of appearance or manner, without sympathy of any kind with the English people, or English ways, and without the slightest knowledge of the English language." George the Fourth died in June, 1830; hence Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his *History of the Four Georges*, covers the period of English history between the years 1724 and 1830. In the present volume, which is the first of a series of four, the reign of the first George is covered. During the period of the Four Georges, there flourished in England, in literature, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Thomson, Richardson, Robertson, Fielding, Smollett, the poet Gray, Hume, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Sam. Johnson, Burns, Edmund Burke, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Dickens, Carlyle, Macaulay, and a hundred other men and women just as distinguished. Surely, the age of Elizabeth could not excel it.

It is the happiness of kings that brighter men than themselves say pleasant and witty things for them. Thus many a shrewd saying has come down to us as the wit of a king, who had no more the capacity to say it than a hot-tentot has to calculate an eclipse. Thus, when George the first was complimented on the possession of two such kingdoms as England and Hanover, he replied (or somebody for him) that he ought rather to be complimented on having two such subjects as Newton and Leibnitz. This family of Georges were never noted patrons of literature, and while it may be too much to say that they were illiterate, yet we are within bounds when we say they were uneducated. "Divine Right," while it took care of their succession, neglected their education. Yet under such kings note how literature flourished.

In arms there had lived Marlborough, and Wellington, and Nelson. As Prime Ministers, there were Walpole, and Chatham, and Pitt. At no similar period had England produced such men, nor had England in all her history made during any similar period such strides in

the arts or manufactures or commercial affairs. It is the personal history of the kings of England during this glorious period that Mr. McCarthy has undertaken to write. The most stupid writer on earth could not write a dull book on such a theme; what, then, may we not expect from a skillful writer like Mr. McCarthy, whose *History of Our Own Time* made him at once a name imperishable among English historical writers. His new work will be by far the most readable history of this period of English history which we now have. It will neither supply the place of, nor supplement Mr. Thackeray's humorous and brilliant picture. It is written on an entirely different theory and is not less interesting. Harpers publish it in two forms.

Sketching Rambles in Holland:

Two artists, Mr. Edwin Abbey and Mr. G. H. Boughton, resolved on a trip to Holland. It was agreed that the two were to make sketches, while a third party was to join them in Holland and write a history of their joint adventures. This third party never came, so it fell upon Mr. Boughton to be the historiographer of the expedition. Holland is perhaps the most quaint and picturesque of countries. To an artist it possesses peculiar charms, and these two men fairly revelled in delight. When Mr. Boughton says it's a thin strip of Holland which one sees as he approaches from the sea, we must indeed agree with him, if the head-piece to his first chapter is a fair representation of the coast. As one looks over the charming sketches in this beautiful book it becomes more and more clear by what motive they were led. It must have been to make sketches of beautiful Dutch girls. The book is filled with them. There are small citizens and large citizens, thin people and thick people, but above all there are Dutch girls, in their quaint costumes, just as Ostade and Rembrandt used to draw them two hundred years ago. D'Arctels wrote a book about these same people, but Mr. Boughton's sprightly story, albeit he is unused to such work, makes, when it is accompanied by his charming pencil, more charming reading. The get-up of the book is in the best style of the Harpers' Books, than which there are none better in the world. The wood-engravings are indeed models of excellence.

Mr. Carlyle's Life in London:

The second portion of Mr. Froude's *Life of Thomas Carlyle*, covering the period from 1831 to the death of Mr. Carlyle in 1881, has just been issued by the Harpers, uniform with the first portion, published by the same publishers some months since. It seems on the part of Mr. Froude to be a case of hero worship, similar in certain respects to another book mentioned in this same book NOTES—Mr. Hudson's Wordsworth. These gentlemen have dwelt so long

upon, and studied so faithfully the characters about whom they were writing, that they have forgotten all other men. Men can be called great only by comparison. It is idle to speculate on the position which will be held either by these two persons or by anybody else a couple of centuries hence. But at present it is safe to say that neither of them hold such positions as their biographers have given them. Mr. Carlyle seems to have been one of the most unhappy of men. Moreover, he seems to have been endowed with superabundant powers to make everybody about him uncomfortable and unhappy also. Were the conundrum, "Is life worth living?" given to the BOOK NOTES, and were its investigations to be confined to the contemplation of such a life as Carlyle led, taking into account its effects on other lives inseparably connected with Carlyle's, the BOOK NOTES would not be long in deciding in the negative. As to his literary work, no man can say; to-day it may be worth something and tomorrow nothing. There are few authors whose works live at all. Of these few, their literary values ebb and flow in obedience to the whims of men. Such will be the fate of Mr. Carlyle.

Doris, by the Author of Phyllis:

There is a property in wealth not possessed by any other thing. It is that the possession, or supposed possession, enables its possessor to play the part of an ass with impunity. Have you a doubt as to the correctness of this proposition? read the opening chapter of *Doris*, the new love story by the author of *Phyllis*, and *Molly Bawn*. This chapter opens in the middle of a scene between a father and son. The "inevitable flux of concurrent circumstances" have reduced the twain of noblemen to the necessity of seeking some way of mending their pecuniary affairs. The father proposes marriage. The son is, as sons should be, obedient. He is willing to undergo the infliction in case there is no other remedy. But he looks upon it as immolation. The bank account and other expectations of Miss Doris Beresford render her a fit subject, and so a marriage with her is arranged for Lord Clontorp—a marriage simply to *save the honor* of an ancient name; a sacrifice of all honor for the purpose of saving honor. However, it was done, and months of misery was the young woman's portion. Finally the naked fact must be made known to Doris. She must be told that she was married simply for her money, and Lord Clontorp in honor told her so. It must have been a delightful occasion. However, he coupled with it the declaration that since the marriage he had really learned to love her, and then, *just like a woman*, as the story goes, "two soft arms, that stealing upward, clasp his neck." But—there's no use of going further into particulars. Peo-

ple must buy the book. It is only 25 cents. It seems to the BOOK NOTES that about the worst use you can make of a woman who won't marry you is to shoot her; yet that is just what Dicky Burke did with Vera. She was altogether too good to be used for any such purpose. And then the author forgot to hang Dicky; an oversight altogether unpardonable.

Current Notes:

The BOOK NOTES has two or three times called attention to the excellence of a book by a French scientist, *Jean Macé*, which was made English by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, under the title *History of a Mouthful of Bread*. Possibly you do not wish to know where your *false ribs* are, but if you should, this book will tell you; or how or why you breathe, a thing which you do a dozen times a minute and probably never think what a wonderful operation you perform. You laugh, you cry, possibly never thinking that both operations are by the same organ. Laughter is simply the little internal jumps for joy of the servant, diaphragm, while crying or sobbing is the greater shaking or convulsion of the same servant. A servant, by the way, *very much attached* to its master, and one who will not quit him until his last breath leaves his body. Buy and read this excellent book, and you will live longer and happier lives. Length of life here is, however, not of much consequence. The question of *happiness* here, and especially hereafter, is the thing, and the only thing. Look to it.

The publisher of the BOOK NOTES will publish, during the coming week, a pamphlet by Chief Justice Durfee, entitled *Some Thoughts on the Constitution of Rhode Island*. It consists of a very close examination of the question whether Rhode Island can amend her constitution without following the method prescribed in the instrument itself. This question was submitted to the Supreme Court in March, 1882, and was by that tribunal decided in the negative. This decision was severely criticised by Ex-Chief Justice Charles S. Bradley in the *Providence Journal*, under the date of May 13, 1882. Now comes Chief Justice Durfee with a fresh examination of the grounds of the decision, and also an examination of the criticisms made upon it. Three hundred copies were printed. Price 25 cents. The pamphlet deserves, and will doubtless receive the thoughtful consideration of Rhode Island men.

A patron of the dry goods bookstores remarked that the only way these dry goods stores could sell the *Warrenty Novels* or the *Works of Dickens* at \$8.25, while better editions of the same writers could be bought at 17 Westminster street for \$6.50, was because there was a *Sidneycat*. That's precisely the case.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

{ VOL. II. No. 15.
{ 2000 COPIES.

For the present until Christmas the BOOK NOTES will be issued weekly, in the hope that some of the perplexing questions which Christmas brings will find a more ready solution.

Subscriptions for all magazines at *Club Rates*, or otherwise. You can save much money by taking periodicals at 17 Westminster street.

Judge Durfee's "Thoughts on the Constitution of Rhode Island," issued this day. Price 25 cents.

Trial of Gordon for murder of Sprague, second edition, just ready. Price 75 cents. Copies of the former edition have been sold for eight dollars.

For the Study of the Foreign Languages:

The Harpers have recently issued their *Italian Principia, Part II*. This volume completes their fourth publication in this series of books for the study of one ancient and three modern languages. They have issued the *Principia Latina*, and a French, a German and an Italian *Principia*. Each of these works are divided into two small volumes. The first volumes contain grammatical forms, with simple exercises, and such rules of syntax as are required in the formation of sentences. The second volumes contain selections from the best ancient and modern authors in each language. The system was originated by the learned William Smith, the projector of the best classical dictionaries in the English language; and he was, in fact, the author of the *Principia Latina*. These books are admirably adapted for use in classes or for individual study.

The Term "Mugwump."

Nothing was more curious in the late election than the invention, by some Philadelphia newspaper, of the term *Mugwump*, a term applied in derision to that portion of the Republican party who, disgusted with the complete dishonesty, or baseness of the governing portion of their party, and despairing of ever getting from it any legislation which would enure to

the public good unless such legislation were tainted with private gain, resolved to oppose it. Curiously enough this word *Mugwump* turns out to be an Indian word. It was no sooner used than Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, the most learned scholar in the Indian languages now living, or in fact who has ever lived, at once pointed out its origin and meaning. Mr. Arnold Green, also, in his speech on the first inst., referred to it. It can be found in the section *Of their Warre* in Roger Williams's "Key to the Indian Language," page 149, R. I. Hist. Soc'y. Ed., or page 299 of the Narr. Club Ed. It was spelled by Williams *Muckwump* and means *Captains* or *Valiant Men*. Mr. Trumbull finds it in other places spelled *Mugwomp*, where it means a captain. That Philadelphia fellow built better than he knew.

Daily Strength for Daily Need:

A very pretty collection of poems is that just ready by Roberts Brothers, entitled, *Festival Poems*. As its title illustrates precisely its character, the BOOK NOTES cannot do better than to give it entire: "*A Collection for Christmas, The New Year, Easter.*" That covers the whole ground. The selection is largely from the earlier English poets, with now and then a sprinkling from the American poets. That appears to be judicious. Another very pretty book from this same house is *Daily Strength for Daily Need*. This, likewise, is a selection from many authors. It is the handiwork of the collector of that pretty book, *Quiet Hours*. It comprises a text, a verse, and a selection in prose for each day in the year. The Catholic spirit of the compiler is manifest upon the slightest examination of the names appended to the selection. This book commends itself at once to the sober-minded.

Mr. Cable's Dr. Sevier:

It is written *Dr. Sevier*, but when Narcisse spoke the name of his "boss" he pronounced it *Severcal*. So far, this is about Mr. G. W. Cable's novel, so long running through the *Century*, which is at last finished, and is now in book form, from the press of Osgood & Co.

How much longer will this hambug, the serial form of a story, continue? It ought to come to an end. The scene of *Dr. Scier* is New Orleans, with a small journey or so to the north. The time covers the period of the civil war, just lapsing over at either end. The book is a series of sketches illustrative of character, rather than a connected tale, or plot, with a beginning, a middle and an end. But some of these sketches are fine specimens of the art of composition, and rivet the attention of the reader.

Dr. Bascom on the Words of Christ:

The Reverend Doctor John Bascom has recently issued a small volume on the *Words of Christ*, as principles of personal and social growth. He undertakes to make a simple inquiry as to the relation the words of Christ stand to the problem of life. Whether the assertion I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, can be verified by the constitution of the human mind and of society, and by the historical development now in progress. The learned author believes that it can be so verified without reference to historic proof, and presents his reasons for his belief in ten chapters, in which he discusses the individual and social growth, the Law of Truth, of Love, and of Consecration, and the Spirituality and Rationality of these words. The book, although but recently issued, has already attracted the attention of the learned, and will doubtless be largely and profitably read. The Putnams are its publishers.

Scrambles Among the Alps:

It is a matter of little consequence to the BOOK NOTES by what object Mr. Whympier was induced to write with his pen the story of his *Scrambles Among the Alps*, and the same to illustrate with his pencil. The BOOK NOTES is concerned alone with its quality. The book is, indeed, not a new one, Mr. Whympier having scrambled his scrambles between the years 1860 and 1869, and published his account not long after. His narrative is written in a very spirited and lively style, and any one interested in mountain climbing,—as, indeed, who is not,—will be charmed with the narratives from the very beginning. Moreover the illustrations are exquisite, both in the manner of drawing and engraving. On page 153 is an engraving of the party exhilarated by arriving, after repeated failures, at the uppermost peak of the Matterhorn. In his account of this effort can be found the following sentence: "We drove sticks in and *pried* away the crags." A friend calls the attention of the BOOK NOTES to this correct use of the term *pried*, which has been corrupted in our American usage. We say *pried*, but it is incorrect.

To those who have climbed the Alps this book offers a refreshing of recollections. In those who have not, it creates, by its charm of narrative and adventure, a desire to climb, and leads the way. . . . In this connection can properly be mentioned a volume published by the Nelsons, on *Mountains and Mountain Climbing*. This book is not confined to the experiences of any single individual, but of many individuals, among the most famous mountains of the world. Among them; Vesuvius; in the Harz; the Pyrenees; Teneriffe; Mount Etna; Athos; Sinai; Chimborazo; Heckla, and many others. Among the illustrations is the Spectre of the Brocken.

How Spiders Catch Flies:

Now, if on some dark, dull afternoon, a teacher should, in a familiar talk to the children, tell them that the radiating lines of a spider's web were not prepared to catch flies, but that it was the lines crossing these radiating lines which were prepared by the spider to do the catching, and which really did it, the teacher would very likely interest the children and impart to them a fact new to them. On these crossing lines the spider places at regular intervals a very small globule of a very sticky substance, which is invisible to the eye, but which a small pocket lens will enable us to see. It is this globule which does the catching. All this and a hundred more just such things can be gleaned from a most interesting book by the naturalist, Wood, called *Pelland Revisited*. There is in this book a thought on book illustrating which ought to lead to some good results. It is, that by the introduction of some commonly known object into a wood-cut we might be enabled to get ideas of comparative size. Take for instance a mouse. Suppose we had never seen one. A wood-cut, as commonly used, with nothing but the mouse in it, would give us no idea of size. But suppose we introduced a horse or a man into the picture, probably, then, most of us could institute a comparison. This book is most suggestive and very entertaining.

For downright profundity, the BOOK NOTES commends the following remark made by its excellent friend, Senator Aldrich, to an Irish Blaine and Logan club, and quoted from a recent issue of the *Journal*: "A protective tariff is for the encouragement and fostering of our home manufacturis. (*Sic*) I defy any man to controvert this statement." Well, so does the BOOK NOTES. Now if the learned Senator would just show us how such infamous legislation *protects* the laboring man, or the poor man, he would win everlasting renown. David Hume would just have to step down and out. The word *manufacturis*, above, was doubtless intended for manufacturers.

Perseverance Island:

The BOOK NOTES would like nothing better than to undertake the defense of the proposition that De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* is one of the few really great works of the world. Not the modern copies *imported* down to the condition of children, by evaporation or evaporation, but the book as De Foe left it, unimpaired. One proof of this truth lies in the number of its prototypes. There comes to us from Lee & Shepard, *Perseverance Island*, or the *Robinson Crusoe* of the 19th Century, by Douglass Frazer. Between *Robinson Crusoe* and its prototypes and this book there is this difference: both heroes were cast upon a desert island; in the first class, everything that man needs is cast upon the island and he finds it in the most convenient manner; in the present case, almost nothing is saved with the sailor; all he had was a bit of plank with a few nails, a tin can, empty, another tin can of preserved meat, and an anchor, and attached to it some twenty fathoms of manilla rope. These things, besides the clothes he had on at the time of the wreck, was all the poor sailor possessed in the world, his brains excepted. The first thing he did was *not* to make a prohibitory tariff. Then he went to work to provide himself with what he needed. Just here is where the marvellous begins. With a nail from the heel of his shoe, and a bit of flint, he makes a fire; then from the sea distills fresh water; from his anchor he forges a knife, with which he kills a shark; from the liver he makes oil for a lamp, cooks the eggs of birds which he found among the rocks, and clams which he dug from the shore, moulds bricks, finds iron, smelts it and makes steel, builds boats, even a steam launch. Such are a few of the more *ordinary* things which he did. Hitherto there has been a lingering doubt concerning the sea serpent. The BOOK NOTES is happy in never having shared in these doubts. Its wisdom is made manifest by the capture of a member of the family, perhaps the very head of the family itself. There seems to be some difficulty about this, however, for, although the present specimen was some hundred feet or more in length, we cannot positively aver it to be full grown. It has long been observed that truth is stranger than fiction. Henceforth forever this remarkable book will be cited in proof of the truth of the observation.

The Art of Oratory:

Bacon, in his XIIIth Essay, has related that when one asked Demosthenes what was the chief part in an orator, he answered, action; what next? action; what next again? action. Thus he said who knew it best. Bacon farther tells us the reason why Demosthenes said this, but the BOOK NOTES cannot go into that mat-

ter. It is doubtless true that every man, and nearly every woman, at some time in life, on some occasion, bewail their lack of power, or skill, or experience, in addressing an audience. Ease before an audience can be acquired as well as any other art. Certainly, some men can reason as clearly facing a thousand men as in the privacy of their libraries. Others cannot. They lose all control over their thoughts and actions. For such men an excellent little book has just been published by Lee & Shepard. It is *Vocal and Active Language*, by E. N. Kirby. The title is bad, but the book is good. Opening with a short introduction on the necessity and importance of training, it proceeds to lay down the rules for training. The Melody of Discourse; The Measure of Speech; Its Discrete pitch: Its Stress, Force and Quality. Then follow chapters on the rhetorical value of action. Its expression, in which a condensation of Delarue's classification of the expressions of the various members of the body is given, and finally, examples. The BOOK NOTES cannot further characterize this excellent treatise, but it can supplement its directions with a quotation *apropos* from an ancient writer: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature."

Captain Mayne Reid's Books:

A generation has gone, and a new generation has come, to take the places of those who were readers of the books for boys written by Mayne Reid. The recent death of Captain Reid has recalled attention to these publications, and fresh editions have been placed upon the market. Captain Reid's stories are filled with most extraordinary incidents; generally such as befell hunters of wild animals, or explorers of wild and unknown regions. With all such things the imagination has been much drawn upon. But doubtless many of those adventures which seem improbable are real events. We will recall an illustration in *Sparhawk's Voyages*, of savages hauling a large serpent up to a limb of a tree for the purpose of stripping him of his skin. This anecdote has been made to do duty in the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and in several other books. While Mayne Reid's books are filled with such stories, they are also filled with curious facts in natural history. Thus, in the *Cliff Climbers*, which is a book of boys' adventures in the Himalayas, is introduced the process of making paper from fibres of the tree *Daphne Rhodol*, an art long known to the eastern nations. So in the *Bush Boys*, there are the wildest adventures with wild animals, but there is also an excellent account of the Boers, a people who have been doing a government now known to us as the Orange Free State, in

South Africa, the productions from which, as shown at the Centennial in 1876, so much surprised us. Again, in the *Boy Hunters*, he goes with the boys in search of a white buffalo on our western prairies; but we shall find neither plant, nor tree, nor bird, nor animal, which does not naturally belong within the geographical range of the story. So might the *Book Notes* go on through the whole of the Captain's thirty books, finding and extracting something illustrative. But those described are characteristic of the whole, and further extracts are not necessary in enforcing the idea.

The New Flaxie Frizzle:

The series of stories for little folks, which Lee & Shepard have been publishing for some time, by the name of the *Flaxie Frizzle Stories*, by Sophie May, is now completed by the publication of *Flaxie Growing Up*. Last year Flaxie was about nine years old, this year she is twelve. We have frequently heard it remarked that girls mature more rapidly than boys. A young lady of fifteen is fully equal to a young man of twenty-one, and well indeed she may be, if they gain three years in one, as Flaxie did. These books are excellent for young children, for various reasons. First, they are written with a view to the comprehension of young children; second, they are not filled with exciting sensations which are simply unhealthy. They are chaste and of sound morals; in a word, they are good.

The New Optic:

Oliver Optic, in his new book for boys, *Square and Compass*, makes use of terms to which the *Book Notes* takes exception. He contrasts "well-behaved mechanics and ill-behaved gentlemen." The *Book Notes* considers that a well-behaved mechanic is a gentleman, and it further considers a person who, but for ill-behavior, would be a gentleman, is not a gentleman. "An ill-behaved gentleman" is a misuse of terms. This book carries on the story told in the *Snug Harbor*, last year. There is a little more adventure in it, because a rough set of young fellows from the country adjoining are introduced to the good boys at the Beech Hill Industrial School. The book is a powerful plea for such schools, a project which Mr. Optic is powerfully impressed with. The volume forms one in the Boat Builder Series, and carries the set a step nearer completion.

The wild ways of other days, so far as old times in America can illustrate them, are set forth in an English book written for young people, entitled, *Gold and Glory*. It is an historical romance of the time of the discovery by Columbus. It is concerned with the crimes committed for the sake of gold and glory,

and the part acted in them by the Spanish Inquisition. The writer spun a web of fiction along which she has here and there dotted an historical fact taken from Prescott or Robertson, or Arthur Helps, or somebody else, to catch the eyes of her readers, just as spiders dot their webs here and there with gluten to catch flies.

Current Notes:

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. began the second year of their English Illustrated Magazine with the number for October. The first three chapters of Mr. Hugh Conway's new novel are given; it is called "A Family Affair." Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," has a further installment of his "Little Schoolmaster Mark." But the article on "Heidelberg" is by far the most interesting in the number. The illustrations are profuse in number and excellent in workmanship.

The Trial of John Gordon and William Gordon, charged with the murder of Anna Sprague, which was announced by the *Book Notes* as being in process of republication is now ready. Although there were no rights involved other than the right of courtesy, permission to republish was sought from all parties interested, which permission was readily given. It is now more than forty years since this frightful crime shocked the good people of Rhode Island. This reprint of the former edition brings the history of the parties to a final ending. John Gordon was the last man hanged in Rhode Island. Price 75 cents.

There comes to the *Book Notes* from Lee & Shepard a very pretty little book with the single word *Chats* for a title. The author, G. Hamlen, which is probably a pseudonym, is a lady. The contents consist of a series of essays written for the purpose of creating a more healthful sentiment concerning the infringements of good morals, or polite behavior, in every day life. Such, for instance, as the use of slang in common conversation, or making merry over the accidents or misfortunes of others. Whomsoever G. H. may be, she has an eye keen for observation, an ear trained to listen, a tongue as flexible as a whip-lash, and withal she guides her pen adroitly and shrewdly against the things she hates or despises.

Jack's Courtship, which has been so long published in the serial form, in weekly installments, is complete and is issued in a neat book form by the Harpers. It is by Mr. W. Clark Russell, the author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor." It is a sailor's yarn of love and shipwreck. It is much to be hoped that this duodecimo form in which this book is now published will supersede the quarto form of the Franklin squares, in which the same book has before appeared.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. }
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

{ Vol. II, No. 17.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The New Memoir of Sydney Smith:

Mr. Edward Everett has written of Sydney Smith, "had he not been known to be one of the wittiest of men he would have been accounted one of the wisest." Sydney Smith was born in 1771. He died on the 23d of February, 1845. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and was given, by Lord Erskine, the living at Poston, a small parish in the north of England, with £500 a year. Here, for twenty years, he performed the part of a village parson, a village doctor, a village comforter, a village magistrate, and Edinburgh reviewer. His daughter, Saba, married Sir Henry Holland, a distinguished physician of Edinburgh, a relative of Lord Holland. Thus she became known as Lady Holland. She was the authoress of the first memoir of her father, published by Harper & Brothers, in 1856. This singular name, Saba, has attracted some inquiry. In the present memoir Mr. Reid has explained its origin. Mr. Smith was a decidedly original character. To overcome the inconvenience of bearing through life the very common name, Smith, he selected for his children very uncommon names. This name, Saba, he found in Psalms LXXII, 10. The time which has elapsed since the publication of the first memoir has removed that necessity which denied to Lady Holland the use of much material which she knew existed. This material has now been freely used by Mr. Reid in the new life just published by the Harpers. The writings of Sydney Smith are cherished for their broad and benevolent wisdom, for their exquisite flavor of expression, for their gladsome humor, and more than all else, for their pungent wit. These superlative qualities gave them immense power in formulating public opinion in England. He was the enemy of all cant. Although closely allied to the aristocracy, he was always the friend of the poor. His keen quill was ever ready to prick the bubble humbug in whatever guise it might appear. This he did in the form of short, crisp sentences interspersed in his elaborate essays or sermons. These sentences being short, became fixed in the memories of his hearers or readers, and

were repeated and laughed over and talked over for years after Mr. Smith had given them birth. Thus these sayings of Mr. Smith's were as valuable to the philosophical student for the profound bases of philosophy upon which they rested, as they were to the general reader, who sought the wit for the hearty laugh which it engendered. It was the intention of the BOOK NOTES to have selected some of these pungent sentences for reproduction, but upon reflection, the BOOK NOTES decided that its readers would more keenly enjoy the pleasure of discovering them themselves. The book has been elegantly reproduced, with fine engravings, by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Yates's Fifty Years of London Life:

Upon mature consideration, Mr. Edmund Yates concluded to publish his Recollections while he was yet living, otherwise he would never know precisely what he had recollected. Not being present to manage, one is never quite sure that his will will be executed. Mr. Yates was, or is, a writer of novels. His *Wrecked in Port*, *Kissing the Rod*, *Black Sheep* and *Land at Last*, being perhaps as well known to the literary world as are the productions of any living writer of similar things. Mr. Yates is also a journalist. In this capacity he has been connected with many of the best known papers or periodicals. Notably among these are the *Illustrated London News*, *Daily News*, *Household Words*, *Temple Bar*, *Tinsley's Magazine* and the *New York Herald*. Mr. Yates's literary life began about 1852 and still continues. By means of it he was brought in close contact with all the literary English celebrities of this period. Concerning many of them he has preserved many fresh and amusing anecdotes. More especially is this true of Dickens, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, J. T. Delane, editor of the *Times*, Tom Taylor, John Leech, George Cruikshank, Frank Smedley, who wrote *Frank Fairleigh*, Anthony Trollope, (like Trollope, Mr. Yates was for many years employed in the British Post office,) and literally hundreds of other literary people. In everything preserved by Mr. Yates

concerning these people there lies this quality: that without malice, even without the slightest animosity, still more, with the kindest of manners, Mr. Yates has told us anecdotes which illustrate in the best possible way their private characters, in ways which the parties themselves would not only not object to, but would themselves heartily enjoy. Should any of my readers purpose publishing their recollections while they are yet living, they cannot select a better model than in his *Fifty Years of London Life*. Mr. Yates has given them. Harper & Brothers publish his book in a handsome volume and in their Franklin Squares.

Our Great Benefactors:

Once upon a time, the writer of these BOOK NOTES conceived the idea of writing the story of the industrial progress of Rhode Island, as illustrated in the lives of her citizens who were most closely connected with the enterprises themselves. Such a plan would be capable of the introduction of much piquant anecdote into what might otherwise be a rather dry historical narrative. Some such scheme as this has been selected by Mr. Samuel Adams Drake in the preparation of his book, *Our Great Benefactors*, just from the press of Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Selecting upwards of a hundred names of men and women who have been most active in developing the world's progress since the discovery of the art of printing (1455), Mr. Drake has prepared short biographies, in which he clearly informs us how each individual labored and what each one accomplished for the benefit of mankind. The arts of peace alone preserve, hence all military heroes are omitted. So, likewise, with those whose labors benefited communities, they being merely local, cannot be enumerated in a work of so large a general character as the one in hand. So far as it was possible to obtain them, portraits have been added to the sketches. Around the portraits are engraved scenes emblematic of the acts or ideas connected with the individual portrayed. To be more specific, the BOOK NOTES presents the character of Josiah Wedgwood. This individual was the most original in thought or design of all manufacturers of British pottery. Here you will find the story of his birth, his trials and successes in his art, and his death. His portrait is surrounded with the most celebrated of his designs, in vases or pitchers, or other forms, views from his village, "Etruria," and other things. All this lends interest to the written sketch and tends to fix the facts in the minds of the readers. *Appropos* Messrs. Warren & Wood, of this city, dealers in fine pottery, had made for their trade, at these celebrated Wedgwood works, an elegant pitcher, upon which is depicted a portrait of Roger Williams, a view of the statue at the

park and a sentence written by Williams. It was a happy thought, and preserved in our homes an elegant memorial of the founder. To return to the excellent volume which Mr. Adams has so carefully prepared, the BOOK NOTES heartily commends it as a gift of a sensible character for young men.

The Question of the Authorship of "Old Grimes":

The facts in regard to the authorship of this poem do not seem yet to be well understood. They were given in a communication by the present writer in the *Providence Journal*, Oct. 24, 1873, and also in the *Boston Literary World*, Nov. 1, 1873. Now, if Mr. John Bartlett, the compiler of *Familiar Quotations*, could be induced to state the fact, in his excellent book, which fact we have years since put in his possession, the question would no longer arise. It has, nevertheless, arisen, and so the BOOK NOTES republishes from the *Manufacturers' and Farmers' Journal*, of Providence, under the date of May 16, 1833, the following letter to the editor of that paper:

"DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request, I send you the enclosed copy of 'Old Grimes.' It was first published, I think, in 1823, in one of the Providence papers, for which purpose a copy had been requested of me by the editor. In reply to your question respecting the authorship of the stanzas, I answer that the first verse, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been repeated and sung from time immemorial. Whether it formed part of some earlier production now forgotten, or was one of those fragments of verse of which no one can tell the origin or author, I know not. That verse was used as a file leader for the remainder. The piece has met with much more attention than it ever deserved, as the whole humor of the thing consists in the whim of describing in the two first lines (*sic*) of each verse some trait of the character of the individual, and in the two last, (*sic*) some portion of his dress. With respect to the enclosed stanzas, I need only add that, with the exception of the first, every line of them was written by myself.

Respectfully yours,

ALBERT G. GREENE."

It is this first verse which Mr. Greene *did not* write, which in the "Familiar Quotations" is continuously attributed to Mr. Greene. Why not give the precise fact? Mr. Smollett wrote a continuation of Hume, and Mr. Prescott wrote a closing chapter for Robertson's Charles the Fifth. To them, therefore, might we just as properly attribute the authorship of the great works which they only continued, as to attribute the authorship of "Old Grimes" to Mr. Greene.

The People vs. Privilege :

Misgoverned England is the proper subject, but the *New Book of Kings* is the title of a little book by J. Morrison Davidson, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. Beginning with the Norman Conquest, it is an arraignment of each successive king, such as has not in this concrete form ever before fallen under the eye of the BOOK NOTES. How men ever could have been held in abject subjection for so long a period, for they are still submitting, it is impossible to conjecture. It speaks badly for the manhood of Englishmen. The wrongs done by royalty to the people, in each individual reign, and which are still being done, are vividly set forth from history. That these things are done by the forms of law, argues nothing. The makers of such laws deserve to be pitched into the surrounding seas. Denounce democracy as you will, it is, nevertheless, immaculate purity compared to the infinite nastiness of this best of all monarchies. It matters little what one thinks of the author of this book. The only vital question is, are the things which he describes true? If they are true, and that they are, every one at all familiar with English history and with her present condition knows full well, then they are infamous. Read this extraordinary book and discover the cause of the millions of homeless poor in England, and in the name of humanity thank your Creator that America is yet spared for them. Roberts Brothers republish this book.

Montefiore :

About five o'clock one morning in the latter days of March, 1846, the Baron Rothschild awakened Mr. Moses Montefiore with the startling news, brought by courier, that Napoleon had landed in France from Elba. These two men, connected by marriage, and in business in London as stock brokers and bankers together, were the sole possessors of this secret in England, for the courier who brought the news did not himself know the nature of his errand. Here, in the early dawn, they arranged their plan of action for the day, and it was for all day, for the news did not reach London by the regular channels until night. That they amassed immense wealth, possessed with such means, is no longer a matter of surprise. Montefiore, now Sir Moses, is still living. A few days since he celebrated his hundredth birthday. He is an English Jew. In honor of this event a biography of the centenarian has been published by Harper & Brothers, in which there is much curious information. Mr. Montefiore was knighted by Queen Victoria at Guildhall in 1846, as a recognition of his services in relieving the political oppressions of his race in various parts of the East, but especially in Roumelia and in Morocco. In 1858, he visited Rome, to obtain the

release of the boy Mortara, who had been seized from his parents by the Papal government, an event which aroused the attention of the civilized world, as well indeed it might. Montefiore did not succeed in releasing the boy, who grew to manhood and became a priest in the Church of Rome. Aside from the mere questions of age, or of riches, there is much that is interesting in the character of Sir Moses, and it is well worth while to read this short story of his long life.

Dr. Hedge's New Book :

Many people of Providence will hail with pleasure a new book by this learned scholar, who was once a pastor here. The title of his new book is *Atheism in Philosophy*. It is divided into two sections. The first concerns the system of Epicurus, of Schopenhauer and of Von Hartmann; this last is the last representative of the great transcendental movement which began with Kant. The second portion consists of miscellaneous essays, some of which have appeared in the periodicals. The individuals treated in these essays are St. Augustine, Von Leibnitz and Immanuel Kant. Irony, as displayed in the sacred writings of the Hebrews, forms the subject of an essay. The fine paper on Genius, which many here will remember, is happily preserved in the volume. The clear, terse style of Dr. Hedge renders him peculiarly fitted to make plain to the general reader the complex systems of abstract reasoners. He seizes at once the real point of the argument and holds it firmly and steadily in view. Roberts Brothers are its publishers.

Charlie Asgarde, by Mr. St. Johnston :

A couple of English boys whose homes were Shropshire, fell to reading Cooke's Voyages. The result was of course a desire to sail upon the sea in quest of adventures. It was finally arranged for them to go as apprentices on a voyage from Bristol to New Zealand. The ship was wrecked in the southern seas, and the entire crew, save the two boys, were lost. These two boys, before the breaking up of the ship, made a raft by means of which they reached an island. Here they lived in a cave until one was captured by Feejee men and carried into captivity. Finally, after months of separation, the two young men were united, having undergone the strangest adventures. The story in this book is of course imaginary, but its character induces an opinion that the traits of the Feejeans and the characteristics of the islands are drawn from actual knowledge. The book is *Charlie Asgarde*, by Mr. Alfred St. Johnston, published by Macmillan & Co., with beautiful wood cut illustrations.

Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales:

Miss Mary L. Booth, the well known editor of *Harper's Bazar*, who introduced M. Édouard Laboulaye's fairy stories to the notice of American readers, several years ago, by means of her translations of his *Fairy Tales of All Nations*, has just issued, through Harper & Brothers, a volume containing translations of all the children's tales written by M. Laboulaye to the time of his death which were not included in the former volume. The book is entitled *Last Fairy Tales*, and as the stories are all of the most imaginative and fascinating character, it cannot fail to become a favorite with youthful readers. In her translation, which was authorized by M. Laboulaye before his death, and has been since then approved by his family, Miss Booth has succeeded in combining in the happiest manner, faithfulness to the original with purity and grace of style. The illustrations, over two hundred and fifty in number, greatly enhance the intrinsic interest of the tales.

Nature's Serial Story:

One of the most notable publications of the year is Mr. E. P. Roe's *Nature's Serial Story*, just issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. From the intense interest with which thousands of readers have followed its course in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* for the past year, it is safe to predict for the completed work a cordial and universal welcome. It has been brought out in the form of a square octavo, handsomely bound, with profuse illustrations, designed by W. Hamilton Gibson and P. Diekmann, engraved in the highest style of the art. In addition to the engravings which accompanied the story in *Harper's Magazine*, the volume contains a large number of sketches made expressly for it by Mr. Gibson, and it will doubtless be among the favorite gift-books during the ensuing holiday season. It has been published in London by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Harper's Young People:

Few people have any conception of the value of this periodical for quite young children. The fifth volume is just completed and is now in binding for Christmas. It contains 830 folio pages and nearly 700 illustrations. Many of these illustrations are studies positively worthy the attention of any one. In the education of children it may well be questioned whether pictorial description is not more valuable than written description. If this be true, then certainly the quality of illustrations becomes of the first consequence. In this respect there is nothing superior to these beautiful books of the Harpers. Moreover, the text is pure, simple, interesting and instructive. It is difficult to conceive of a more useful book for young children.

Japp's Industrial Curiosities, notwithstanding it takes only glances here and there in the world of labor, is, nevertheless, curious reading. The more interesting chapters relate to the work of the London Post Office, to Seals and Seal-skins, Perfumes, Clocks and Watches, and Locks and Keys. Anybody curious in discovering how unfairly history can be written, may be referred to this latter chapter, which of course is obliged to refer to the Hobbs-Chubb-Bramah Lock controversy. It is positively false. There is a chapter on sewing machines, from the first reading of which one gets the impression that this machine was an English invention. There are a few facts touching American inventions which may be gathered from *Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics* interesting to us. A sewing machine does the work of twelve women. 105,000 are exported annually. A Boston "bootmaker" will, in the hands of one workman, make 300 pairs of boots per day. There were, four years ago, 3,100 such machines in use. Glenn's Reaper will cut, thresh, winnow and bag sixty acres of wheat in twenty-four hours. The Hercules Ditcher will move 750 cubic yards, equal to 700 tons, of earth per hour, and even yet this country cannot compete with other countries, being driven at a terrific pace to commercial destruction by a protective tariff. This book of Mr. Mulhall's ought to be on everybody's book-shelf. It is excellent. It is published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons.

Professor Bancroft, of Brown University, is to be congratulated upon the fact that his popular treatise upon *English Composition* has gone to a third edition so quickly.

Among the publications which have just been issued by Harper & Brothers are *Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy*, a story by James Otis, the author of *Toby Tyler* and other popular juvenile books, and the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1884.

Topographie et Cartographie ancienne, a catalogue *a prix marqués* de Cartes, Plans et Vues, forming a portion of the stock of Frederik Muller & Co., of Amsterdam, can be examined at 17 Westminster street by those curious for such matters.

King Philip and the Wampanagcs of Rhode Island, by William J. Miller, Esq., of Bristol, is a careful study on a most interesting subject. As year by year we recede from the epoch of the Indian, his history will more and more engross the attention of mankind. It is the history of a race of whose genesis we know absolutely nothing, and whose extinction we are now witnessing. But a small edition of this book was printed and it is being rapidly exhausted. Copies are fifty cents each.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 18.
2000 COPIES. }

Suggestions of Christmas Books for Young Folks:

If any reader of the BOOK NOTES has occasion to spear a tiger, full directions can be found in a capital book written for boys by Mr. L. Valentine, entitled, *We Three Boys*. In it Mr. Valentine undertakes to tell of the adventures of three English boys in India. Actual adventures with wild animals, or wonderful sights which they saw. The art of lifting a heavy weight with the eyelids is carefully described, as is indeed much else about East Indian jugglery. . . Mr. G. A. Henty, in a new book for boys, entitled, *The Young Colonists*, tells the story of the settlement of an English family in South Africa, on the borderland between the Transvaal and Natal. The time of the settlement is supposed to be just before the breaking out of the war in Zulu-land. The style of this writer is excellent, and his stories are very natural. It really seems as if they actually happened. It is but a short time since another book by Mr. Henty, called *Jack Archer*, was highly commended in these notices. In this book one gets an excellent account of the war in the Crimea. There is another book by this same Mr. Henty, entitled *The Boy Knight*, and how he won his spurs fighting with King Richard of England for the recovery of Jerusalem. It is a young folks' history of the Crusades, so far as Richard Cour de Leon was engaged therein, and is worthy of the highest commendation. . . *The Foster Sisters*, or *Lady Corbet's Chronicle*, is one of the latest publications by Lucy Ellen Guernsey. Those who so much admired a former book by this lady, entitled *Lady Betty's Goocness*, will not fail to be pleased with this new book. The time is the middle of the last century. The Foster sisters were, of course, the children of two young mothers, one of whom dying, her child was taken by the other to be brought up with an infant of her own, but the second mother dying, the children were taken to France, and there grew to be young ladies in the Convent St. Jean de Creque. Here the children lived sixteen years without ever having seen the outside walls of the convent.

Wars came; they were taken to England where they married. The style is that of the *Schönberg Cotta Family*, or the *Household of Sir Thomas More*. . . There is among the new books for boys, one called *Noble Boys*, which is peculiar in character. It is the boy-life of certain very great men, to wit: Napoleon, Wellington, Garibaldi, Sir Philip Sidney, the admirable Crichton, Chevalier Bayard, Gustavus Vasa, and a great many other people. Mr. William Martin, who prepared it, is a writer of large experience in the making of books for the young. . . Another of the historical stories by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, is the *Loveday's History*. It is a story of domestic life of the religions in England. The time is from 1538 to the reign of Elizabeth, 1558. One of the chief characters is Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the infamous instrument of arbitrary power. . . Those of us who possess any knowledge of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, derived the same from the writings of Sir Thomas Mallory. A collection of these stories has been made by Mr. Charles Hansen, and is published by Messrs. Nelson & Sons. Mr. Hansen has neither re-issued the whole of Mallory's stories nor published only those by that writer, but he has gathered from sundry other sources several legends; some are taken from *Ellis's Metrical Romances*, a most delightful book; others from *Lady Guest's Mabinogion*, a less known but most interesting book about the ancient Welsh. The BOOK NOTES fears this excellent book is too good to be popular. It is the story of King Arthur.

Clifford's Trial is the name of one of those pretty English story books for children. The moral which it is the desire of the author to enforce is the development of patience in the mind of the child. . . *Her Majesty's Bear* is a tale of Dover in England in the good old days of Queen Bess. A couple of wandering Frenchmen with a dancing bear, which animal the English seized for the purpose of baiting him for the amusement of the Queen, gives the name to the story.

Instead of saying A Catalogue of Good Books, the modern English cataloguer puts it *Bibliophilic Desiderata*. That sounds very pretty, but how it looks!

The Boy's Josephus :

During the last year there has been published for the use of young people a class of books of a peculiar character. Each year has added to their number. They are what we term classics, and by this we mean not that they were written altogether by the ancient Greeks or Romans, although some of them were, but that they are works of acknowledged excellence now written down to the comprehension of the young mind. *The Boy's Plutarch* was one of them. Another one was *The Boy's Herodotus*, and now comes *The Boy's Josephus*. With regard to the first, there can be no doubt. The idea was a good one. It is well for young or old to read the lives of ancient worthies. But as to the two last, the BOOK NOTES was not quite so clear. A careful examination of *The Boy's Josephus* has, however, satisfied the BOOK NOTES of the excellence of the design. Josephus wrote the history of the antiquities of the Jews. He was born four years after the crucifixion of Jesus, A. D. 37, and he wrote his history during the half-century succeeding that event. His history has always commanded the respect of scholars. But it is much too voluminous and contains too much detail for young readers. No young people ever read it. Yet there is a very large class who would be both interested and instructed by it. It is for this class that the *Boy's Josephus* has been condensed. Although Josephus was the cotemporary of the twelve apostles, he makes no mention of the events described in the New Testament. But from the fact that he lived at so early a period of the Christian era comes, the interest in, and value of, his writings. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. publish it.

About Insects Injurious to Fruit. Mr. Saunder's Book :

The season has arrived when farmers and gardeners and fruit growers should make preparations for the spring campaign. There is a book, which it strikes the BOOK NOTES is a most important one, relating to these matters, and moreover one which has not hitherto, at all events in this region, received the attention which it deserves. It is Mr. W. Saunder's *Insects Injurious to Fruits*. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) The insects which attack certain fruits are grouped together, so that a man interested in growing apples can learn about every insect which is known to be an enemy of the apple, just where to look for him, how he looks when found, and how to get rid of him, and so on through the list of fruits. Sections are devoted to the apple, pear, plum, peach, cherry, quince, grape, berries of every kind, and in fact to every fruit grown about us. The insects injurious to the apple are by far the

most numerous. No less than a hundred and thirty pages are taken to describe them. They are 64 in number. Of this number 44 attack the leaves, and the remaining 20 attack either the roots, the trunk, or the branches. Every insect is most carefully represented in all stages of development by means of wood-cuts. The minuteness of this study applies not only to apples, but to every other fruit. Now is the winter time, buy this book, study it closely during the winter evenings, and in the coming spring give the rascals short shrift.

Miss Mulock's Unsentimental Journey:

Miss Mulock, (now Mrs. Craik), the author of "John Halifax," has been taking a holiday in Cornwall. It was a sixteen day vacation. Cornwall is the extreme southwestern point of England. It is Lands End. It is one of the most celebrated counties in England. Off its coast stands the Eddystone Light House, while on its coast stands the Lizard Light, the best known Light in the whole world. Cornishmen have been distinguished from the earliest times. This was the land of Jack the Giant Killer, as it was also the land of King Arthur. Penzance, the home of the Pirates was here in Cornwall, as was likewise St. Ives, wherein lived the man with seven wives. Here, likewise, dwelt Regan, the ingrateful daughter of King Lear. So that any one can see that the ties, which bind us all, both great and small, to Cornwall, are very tall. The name of Miss Mulock's book is *An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*, (Macmillan & Co.) It is filled with beautiful wood-cuts of the wild and rocky coast scenery, the same which Turner and Girtin so beautifully illustrated half a century ago. The volume is a small folio in size, of exquisite neatness in style, and is a sensible, and suitable, and unpretentious book for a gift to a friend, or for one's own delectation.

The Wagoner of the Alleghanies:

Among the less expensive books for Christmas uses for the coming Christmas, appears *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies*, the well-known poem by T. Buchanan Read. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have issued an edition, with fine illustrations by American artists. The poem relates to events during the war of the Revolution, 1776, which occurred in Pennsylvania. Thus the subject, the author, the artists, the publishers, are American. It is, therefore, a purely American production. First published in 1858, it has always maintained the popularity which it then attained. It will prove a most acceptable gift to many people, for its exalted patriotism will strike many a responsive chord in the hearts of the American people.

Mr. Drake's New Indian History:

When the white men first came to the shores of this continent they found them peopled with numerous wild and barbaric tribes. An unknown race had been discovered. The line of separation between the advancing civilization and the receding barbarians became at once that which it has since remained, a line of fire. To relate the story of these innumerable battles along this line of fire, from the earliest to the latest times, has been the endeavor of Mr. Francis S. Drake, in a book published by the Harper's entitled, "*Indian History for Young Folks.*" It is a complete history of Indian warfare in Virginia, New England, New York, and the west, from the battles of King Philip down to the Modocs in the Lava Beds, and Spotted Tail, and Sitting Bull. To say that the incidents in this capital book are interesting, is but a faint description. They are of absorbing interest; fiction is feeble in comparison to them; besides they are true. The book is filled with stories of indomitable individual heroism, on the part of both Indian and white men. It contains many graphic wood-cuts and is issued as a companion to the *Boys of '76*.

M. Zola's Latest:

The latest translation of the novels of M. Zola is entitled *The Mysteries of Marseilles*, or the Loves of Blanche and Philippe. Ye who desire to read of the "powerful ardor with which Philippe Cayol, a vigorous young man of the south of France," loved Blanche de Cazaïs, or with what "warmth and headlong recklessness" this damsel, similarly situated, reciprocated his advances, read these pages of M. Zola. Let us be not deceived by terms, there may be close descriptions of nature which not only do us no good, but which are positively harmful. Such, it seems to the BOOK NOTES, are the pages of M. Zola. They may or may not be close descriptions, but of what possible good are they? The BOOK NOTES boasts of no virtues which it hopes it does not possess; on the contrary, it frankly confesses it prefers a day with Boccaccio to a thousand years with M. Zola.

Miss Alcott's Spinning Wheel Stories:

A fearful story came only yesterday from Hungary, of the destruction of a clergyman with his entire family by a pack of wolves. The family were driving from one village to another when they were attacked and torn to pieces. It was among the Carpathian mountains. Miss Alcott has a new collection of stories for Christmas. She calls it *Spinning Wheel Stories*. The first story in the book, Grandma's story, relates an incident which

happened here in New England, akin to this Hungarian horror, but not so disastrous. Miss Alcott has become an adroit story teller. As one reads the vivid story of this wild race with wolves, he holds his breath with fear, it seems so real. Into this book Miss Alcott has gathered a dozen stories. Among them is Onawandah, an Indian. There is a peculiar charm in Indian stories. The fact appears to be that the further we get away from those fellows the better we like them. Daisy's Jewel Box is another excellent story, but there is no use in making selections the book is filled with them. Roberts Brothers publish it.

The Browns by Mrs. Smith:

Among the best books for the best children are *Jolly Good Times* and *Jolly Good Times at School*. These books are read and read again. They were written by Mrs. Mary Smith, a rather uncommon combination of names that. Just now this lady comes with *The Browns*. It is evident this lady delights in uncommon names. These Browns were a large family living at Cincinnati, a family mainly made up of boys. The story of their adventures takes us back at once to days which have long since, for us, departed. Those boys were entire boys, full of the boyish spirit, hence they were always in mischief. They went to see the Boo at the Zoo; if my readers do not understand that, they must buy the book to find out the meaning. The story of the great flood, a year or two since is graphically told, and is interesting to others than children. This book comes from Roberts Brothers.

The New Novel Ramona:

The name of Mrs. Helen Jackson's (H. H.) new novel is *Ramona*. It was the name of a young girl who found herself surrounded with mystery, a member of the household of Senora Morena, living upon a ranch in Southern California. Vest numbers of sheep were upon this ranch and shearing time had come. An Indian band of sheep shearers, led by Alessandro, was to have charge of the shearing. Ramona although far above Alessandro in social position fell in love with him, as likewise did Alessandro with Ramona. At last they fled and were married. A life of misery followed, dire distress, until death took Alessandro, leaving Ramona a waif in the land of Temecula. At last came Felipe who had from the first loved the beautiful Indian. Filled with gratitude for her deliverance Ramona first respected, then admired, and finally loved and married Felipe. Thereupon there followed a life of happiness to all concerned. For Alessandro alone we have a tear of sorrow. He deserved a better fate. The book comes from Roberts Brothers.

Young Folks' Ideas:

The success which attended the publication of *Young Folks' Whys and Wherefore*, by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. for last Christmas, has induced the repetition of the experiment by the same firm. This year they publish *Young Folks' Ideas*. Both books were adaptations rather than translations from the French. Both are illustrated with French wood-cuts and both deal with the same class of ideas. The present volume has to do with bread-making, into which the growing of wheat, the harvesting, and its preparation for making bread are described. One of the children broke a glass in the book-case door; thereupon follows a lesson upon making glass, so that the broken glass can be supplied. Thus it is with many things; for instance, gold and silver, how they are obtained, (no instructions were needed as to what to do with them); paper and printing, photographs and how to make them, and a hundred more just such things. This book is a very pretty and a very instructive one.

The Illustrated Sentimental Journey:

It was a prediction by Sterne himself, that his book, *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*, would be a very popular one, especially among women, who would take delight in it as a book for parlor reading. Could Sterne have seen the magnificent edition of this now celebrated book, just published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., he would consider that his prediction had become verified. The engravings are French and are upward of 230 in number. The text is from the purest English edition. Every requirement of a finely gotten up book is well filled by this volume. One would not long hesitate to admire a book which has drawn nothing but admiration from such men as Thackeray, and Hazlitt, and Horace Walpole, and that is just what this *Sentimental Journey* by Mr. Sterne has done. It has withstood the criticism of a hundred and twenty years, and to-day it is more popular than ever. This alone would commend it as a fine book for Christmas uses, but when coupled with the fact that its price is less than half that usually asked for such things, the BOOK NOTES can but think that its success will be very great.

A very important collection of books, and other things, relating to the French Revolution, will be sold by auction at Paris from the 19th to the 29th of January next. The collection was made by the Count Nadaillac, and is exhaustive, comprising books, pamphlets, placards, newspapers and handbills, in number more than 2,000 pieces. Catalogue can be seen at 17 Westminster street and commissions executed.

A BOOK OF NEW ENGLAND LEGENDS and Folk Lore, in Prose and Poetry, by S. A. Drake. (See Book Notes, Oct. 11.)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, by John Henry Newman, with 15 illustrations; cloth gilt.

The LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW, and **The Spectre Bridegroom**, by Washington Irving. With original illustrations. In all styles of fine bindings.

The NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, by Clement C. Moore. Original Drawings. In all fine bindings.

The SEVEN AGES OF MAN, from **AS YOU LIKE IT**. Small 4to. Original drawings by the most eminent artists. In all fine bindings.

CHRISTINE, by T. Buchanan Read. Beautiful illustrations. Small 4to. In alligator and all fine bindings.

DRIFTING, by T. Buchanan Read. Beautifully illustrated, small 4to. In alligator and other fine bindings.

NURSERY NUMBERS, A new book of old Rhymes. Sm. 4to, in exquisite colors, by Marcus Ward & Co.

The LEGENDARY HISTORY OF ROME, from the text of Livy by George Baker. Filled with fine wood engravings; a classic book. Folio, cloth, gilt.

NATURE'S SERIAL STORY, by E. P. Roe. One of the finest holiday books of the season. It is a story of Love, in which is beautifully wrought the love of things in nature, such as the birds and the flowers, viewed in the light of science. Filled with exquisite pictures. Cloth, gilt.

BOUGHTON'S Sketching Rambles in Holland. An elegant small quarto filled with exquisite pictures.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 12.
{ 2000 COPIES.

Mr. Lang's Custom and Myth:

There seems to exist among all people superstitious, or stories, or nursery tales, which came from, nobody knows where, and which mean, nobody knows what. The different names in these stories in different countries are studied by men as Comparative Philology. The meaning of these stories are studied as Comparative Mythology. Hitherto, scholars in prosecuting these studies have thought it scientific to compare only the myths of those races which speak languages of the same origin, seeking thus to find the origin and meaning of the myth in the early dawn of the parent language. Now comes Mr. Andrew Lang with a book called *Custom and Myth* (Harper & Brothers), in which he undertakes to show the weakness of the logic, in such deductions. He hesitates not to compare the myths or customs of various peoples, regardless of the question of languages; whether they be alien or not, Mr. Lang cares not; and if he finds a myth common in the midst of civilization, as, for instance, the Greeks, and a similar myth, less refined, perhaps, and with different names, among barbarians, for instance, among the Australians, his conclusion would be that the presence of the myth in the civilized race was as a relic of the time when the ancestors of the civilized race were in a state of savagery. That the idea was common to humanity in certain conditions, and that the ancestors of the Greeks had at some period passed through the savage intellectual condition in which the barbaric Australian is still found. Mr. Lang makes an excellent presentation of his case in a series of chapters on the following topics: The Bull Roarer, a curious wooden implement for creating a certain noise found among the Greeks and among the Hottentots; the Myth of Cronus, who was supposed to have mutilated Uranus; the origin of the Myth Cupid and Psyche, and of Jason, and of Apollo and the Moose, and many more similar things. A chapter on the Divining Rod is most entertaining. Mr. Lang appears to be in doubt whether to believe or to doubt. He gives many incidents which are curious,

and which, provided there was any evidence of a substantial character concerning the alleged discovery, would seem to warrant our believing; but, with the Divining Rod, as with Spiritualism, everybody seems to stop just short of legal proof, and yet each delusion, if it be delusion, has many thousands of believers.

Miss Talbot's My Lady's Casket:

A townswoman of ours, hitherto not unknown to the world of books, Eleanor W. Talbot, has just ready a new book for Christmas, from the house of Lee & Shepard. It is so peculiar in its character that the *BOOK NOTES* hardly knows how to characterize it. It is called *My Lady's Casket of Jewels and Flowers for her Adorning*. Then follows the various articles to be used by my lady in the process of her adorning. These articles are: A Faultless Mirror, Best White Paint, Genuine Rouge, Lotion to Smooth Wrinkles, Solution to Prevent Eruptions, Choice Lip Salve, Best Eye Water, a Mixture giving Sweetness to the Voice, a True Time Piece, a Necklace of Purest Pearl, a Pair of Invaluable Bracelets, and many other wonderful things, of which my lady knows so well the uses. For the purpose of showing the applications which this lady has given to these articles, the *BOOK NOTES* selects her "Best Eye Water," of which she says:

These drops the poor and wretched can supply, They add fresh lustre to the brightest eye.

Then follows the picture, in which appears a pair of opera glasses, and a pair of eye glasses, the ordinary assistants of the eye, a flask on which is the label "Compassion's Tears," and an open Bible, on one page of which the reader is referred to Luke X., and on the other page is the picture of what he will find there, to wit, a certain Samaritan, who once upon a time went on a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. Then follows a selection of verse applicable to the subject. In the present instance the selection is from Shakespeare. The book is unique in design, and very beautiful in execution. It is a small oblong quarto, for the *re-^{vue}*—a such a form, containing seventeen plates, beautifully printed in gold and color. The *BOOK NOTES* congratulates this lady on the excellent success which it is sure she has achieved.

Mr. Smiles's Men of Industry :

It is difficult to write of Samuel Smiles as Dr. Samuel Smiles, nevertheless in the early part of his career he was a practitioner of surgery, and in the latter part of his career he was made by the University of Edinburgh an LL.D. Notwithstanding he is thus doubly doctor, yet he seems so like one of us, that it is difficult to write him so. He is best known as the Biographer of Men who, by their own energy, or perseverance, or industry, or thrift, or by means of all combined, have risen from the ranks to a world-wide renown. Among those men were Bolton, Watt, the Stephensons, Robert Dick, James Nasmyth, and a great many other such men. Just now he has a new book from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is called *Men of Invention and Industry*. These men were Pinchus Pett, the ship-builder of the Thames (1566); Francis Smith (1849), practically the introducer of the screw propeller; John Harrison, the inventor of the marine chronometer (1760); John Lombe, who carried the silk industry into England (1730), and many more just such men. But of all the articles in this clever book, that upon the *Walters* has most interested the Book NOTES. The *Walters*, or more properly, John Walter, who died in 1817, was the founder of the *London Times*. In reality, the father of this John, whose name was also John, had begun the printing of the *Times*, but in the old man's hands the little sheet amounted to nothing. It was not until the "boy" took hold of the machine, that it became the power in the land which it soon did become, and has since remained. This second John was indeed a boy after one's own heart. When the English Government stopped his dispatches at the ports, allowing their own to come through, he remonstrated. The Minister consented to allow them to come, but as a favor to Mr. Walter. But Mr. Walter was not just then accepting favors; no man saw more clearly that by accepting favors, the independence of the *Times* was destroyed. It was paying too dearly for favors. Thenceforth special messengers at great expense brought to Mr. Walter the earliest dispatches, and the Government became the creature of the *Times*, in-stead of the *Times* the creature of the Government, and all by the indomitable spirit of John Walter. The Book NOTES might fill its little columns with just such things, but it cannot. People must buy the book.

Mary Wollstonecraft:

The new volume of the Famous Women series (Roberts Brothers) is the *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. This remarkable woman was born probably in London in 1759. In 1792, having published her

Vindication of the Rights of Women, she went to Paris. There she fell in with a certain American citizen, to wit, Gilbert Inlay. Disbelieving in the ordinance of marriage, as she did, she made a connection (1793) with this individual, they living together as man and wife until this individual went abroad (1795) upon some pretended business and never returned. He had deserted Mary, leaving their child to be reared and cared for by her labor. With a heart well-nigh broken, Mary returned to England, where she made a similar family connection with the celebrated William Godwin (1793). Yielding, however, to the conventionalities of life, they went privately to a clergyman and were married according to the forms of law. Their married life was of short duration, for Mary, a few months later, gave birth to a daughter, and, a week later, died, probably of puerperal fever. The child lived to grow to womanhood, and became the wife of Shelley, the poet. Mary Wollstonecraft was 38 years of age when she died (1797)—one of the most beautiful and one of the most gifted of women. That her ideas did not conform to the prevailing ideas of the time does not necessarily prove that she was wrong. She was conscientious in all her acts, and otherwise than as here stated lived a life of purity. There is something in the case of George Eliot akin to it. There can be no question whatever that now-a-days there is not a court in England, or in the United States, wherein the relations in which Mary lived with Inlay would not be pronounced a legal marriage. This shows that so far as Mary's ideas were concerned, the world has nearly caught up with her. But, as for the scoundrel, Inlay, what shall we say otherwise than hanging was too good for him. He was one of those American citizens whom the Book NOTES always wishes to see well started in the next world.

Mr. Hamerton's Paris:

This fine book, folio in form, is illustrated with twelve etchings of the full size of the volume and a little less than a hundred wood-cut vignettes. These etchings are positively beautiful, of buildings and scenes in Old and New Paris. Thus Notre Dame is given as it is, and as it was in 1650. So it is with the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, and the Louvre. An entire chapter is given to the Hotel de Ville, another to the Pantheon, the Invalides and the Madeleine. The churches St. Sulpice, St. Etienne du Mont and St. Eustache are treated also to a chapter. And the three last chapters, perhaps the most interesting in the book, relate to the parks and gardens, the streets, and to modern Parisian architecture. This is a book to be admired by every one who has been to Paris, and respected by everybody who has not been there, while its price placed it within reach of either class.

The Book of Orchids:

Orchid is a name given to a large class of plants, the knowledge of which is even yet comparatively small. These plants are remarkable for the singularly curious forms of their flowers, for their exquisite beauty, or their delicious fragrance. They are yet more remarkable for the way in which many of them live. There are two classes of them. One class, called Epiphytes, live entirely upon air, upon the branches of trees, or on blocks of dry wood, into which, however, they do not penetrate; others of this air class dwell upon rocks, or stone, never coming in contact with the earth. The second and very much smaller class take root in the earth, and live as other plants do, upon nourishment drawn from that source. These extraordinary plants belong chiefly in the tropics, and they are therefore grown only in greenhouses. In the United States there is but a single species of the air plant Orchid known. The difficulty of obtaining plants, and of keeping them alive until they reached England, in which country they, however, were propagated, of learning how to preserve and cultivate them has hitherto kept them only for the greenhouses of the most wealthy people. Single plants have been sold as high as \$1,100. Within two or three years specimens have been sold in the United States for \$550; still more recently at auction in London, \$136 was the highest price given for single specimens. So that in course of time it is possible that people of even moderate incomes will be permitted to rest their eyes upon their own Orchid. This time has not, however, yet come, so that for the present such people must confine their admiration to a magnificent volume which Lee & Shepard have just published descriptive of these magnificent flowers. This splendid volume contains 24 beautifully-colored plates of as many Orchids, exhibiting at the same time wonderful flowers, and the curious formation of their roots and stalks. It is without any exception the finest volume of colored illustrations of flowers yet produced in this country, and is the equal, if not the superior, of its English prototype, which so long has been the special delight of the American collector.

One Year's Sketch Book:

This is indeed Nature's Art Gallery. It is divided into four sections, beginning with spring and ending with winter. Each section is illustrated with selections of verse, and with drawings of birds and flowers characteristic of the season. This skillful lady has been a close observer of nature, of the coming and going of the birds, and the birth, and life, and death of flowers. These familiar forms she has introduced into the beautiful landscapes with which

her book is filled. So on through the summer and autumn, until winter comes with its snows and bleak winds, when the birds are driven to warmer climes, or to secluded woods. Then sits the old house-wife before the great fireplace, wherein is a roaring fire, beneath the dinner-pot, suspended upon the old-fashioned iron crane, the long clock stands by, the linen wheel is ready at hand, and the family cat gazes upon the glowing flames. These are the charms of the old New England homes, and the life and landscape which surrounded them. This lady, Irene S. Jerome, is an artist of a very high order of talent. Her exquisite sketches have been reproduced by wood engravers no less skillful than artistic. And this has resulted in the production of a book, than which nothing superior of its kind has been produced in this or any other country. The progress of this fine art of wood engraving, as here exhibited, is really wonderful. The volume has 46 full-page engravings, into which the artist has ingeniously interwoven scraps of prose or verse, the rhythm of which is in harmony with the tone of the landscape. It is in every respect a first-class Christmas book. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

Prince Lazybones:

The latest addition to Harper's "Young People Series" is a volume of stories by Mrs. W. J. Hays, the author of *Princess Illweays*. The book takes its title from the first story in the collection, *The Adventures of Prince Lazybones*. Mrs. Hays understands well the art of capturing and holding the attention of young readers. These stories will delight every child into whose hands they may fall. The style is simple and graphic, and the illustrations add very much to its attractions.

The *Disk*, a Prophetic Reflection, by Messrs. E. A. Robinson and G. A. Wall, the latter a resident of Providence, has been reprinted in London, England, at the price of a shilling. It makes a very much prettier book than the American edition, which sells at \$1.25. It could have been published in this country in just the same form and at just the same price as in England. The conclusion is inevitable that where now only hundreds have been sold, under such conditions thousands would have been sold. And thus, if a pecuniary return was the primary object of the authors, they would have much more certainly gained it. It is a clear case of killing the goose in the haste to obtain the golden egg.

The *Making of a Man*, a novel by the author of *His Majesty Myself*, is just ready by Roberts Brothers. It is a novel of the times and characters of the civil war.

The Guest Book:

This is an elegant small quarto volume prepared with special reference to the keeping of autographs, or some other drawn, or written memento, of guests. Portions of the volume are assigned for the uses of guests at various seasons of the year; such, for instance, as Easter-tide, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Following each division are appropriate selections of verse, or other sentiment suited to the season for which they are used. These are accompanied with emblematic illustrations printed in gold and colors. It is difficult to conceive of a more personally interesting memento of one's friends, than such a book as this, filled with memories of scenes or events wherein both yourself and your friends were the actors. Such things are not entirely new, for there are people who have prepared for themselves blank books for this purpose. But in this form the idea is new, and is most beautifully carried out by Annie F. Cox. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

Baby's Kingdom:

This book is altogether unique—that means there has been nothing done like it heretofore. Like the *Guest Book*, it is a small quarto in form, and is arranged with special reference to certain uses. These uses are: The date of the Baby's Arrival, the Gifts made to Baby on his Arrival, the Weight of Baby at the time of his arrival, and upon each month following until his second Birthday, Baby's Christening, Baby's Name, Baby's Picture, that is, a place prepared in which to put it, Baby's First Tooth, Baby's First Creeping, and Baby's First Step, Baby's Christmas, Baby's Own Mother Goose, and Baby's Bed-Time Stories. Such are some of the events to be recorded in this unique book, which when filled gives the History of Baby during the first two years of Baby's Life. It would be difficult to overestimate the personal interest such a book must possess for those personally interested in it. It has been prepared with excellent taste by Annie F. Cox, the author of the *Guest Book*. It is printed in gold and colors, and is emphatically the Mother's Story. Lee & Shepard are its publishers.

Being restricted to its own rough and uncouth sentences, the BOOK NOTES must seek the higher pleasures of literature other where. Hence it takes real pleasure in the following paragraph which it finds in that "Giant of the local Dailies," the *Providence Journal*: "One delights to sip, bar by bar, phrase by phrase, what may be termed the molten vintage flowing from a finely constructed musical organization, until its delicate and subtle aroma and delicious flavor diffuse

themselves throughout the cells of the brain." This was intended to mean that the Ed King's Daughter was well performed at the concert of the Arion Club. But why not say so in English?

If the Rt. Rev. Henry Phillips, Bishop of Exeter, were still living, he would be edified by seeing in this week's *Spectator* a couple of his letters printed in parallel columns. In the first, to Macaulay, he says, "Your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness." In the second, to Croker, he says, "You have decidedly fixed Mr. Macaulay's position. He is a great, very great historical novelist, and can never be regarded in the severe character of a historian." Both letters were written early in the year 1849.

The re-publication of the excellent old novel *Frank Fairleigh*, by Harper & Brothers, in their Franklin Square Library, doubtless suggested to Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers the re-publication of another old novel by the same author, *Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage*. These old novels are as much superior to the recent trash as it is possible to imagine. Hazlitt has an essay on the craze for the newest book, a craze which existed in his day just as it does now. The BOOK NOTES commends this essay of Hazlitt's.

The readers of Saxe Holm's story, "*Farmer Worrell's Case*," in the December *Harper's*, will be struck with the contemporary re-enactment of essentially the same drama in the New Haven Doolittle case. Of course Saxe Holm's story of the hale old farmer, persecuted by his children, was suggested by some such incident in real life. Art "holds the mirror up to nature." But it is somewhat remarkable that, even while the story is delighting thousands of readers, nature should so promptly reflect the writer's art.

Were you to draw an ounce of blood from your head and inject it into your toe, would your physical body be the better for it? So with a Protective Tariff Tax. It takes money out of Tom's pocket and puts it into John's pocket. About how much is the body politic benefited by this little arrangement?

The publisher of these BOOK NOTES wishes to buy a set of the works of Thorwaldsen, in four parts, folio, or in bound volumes.

The publisher of these BOOK NOTES wishes to buy a set of Harper's Pictorial History of the War of the Rebellion, two volumes, folio.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1881.

{ VOL. II. No. 20.
{ 2000 COPIES.

Mr. Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe.

The second volume of this admirable story is now published, and the work is complete. It proves by far the best history of the period which it covers. The scope of the work, together with its general characteristics, was given in a recent number of the BOOK NOTES. The value of works of history consists first, in their accuracy. A careful student of some of the men who were actors in these events has pointed out some slight errors which he detected in reading, for even into a work as delightful as *Montcalm and Wolfe*, by a scholar as careful as Parkman, inaccuracies will creep. In Vol. II, p. 402, the author mentions a small British force under Sir John Burgoyne, foiling the Spanish army in Portugal, and forcing it to retire. This John Burgoyne was not a Sir at all, never having been either a knight or a baronet. In 1762, the time referred to, he was the Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons, and gained some distinction in Portugal with the local rank of Brigadier-General. He is better known as the commander of the British troops in America, that surrendered in Saratoga, in 1777. He had a cousin who was Sir John Burgoyne, a Major in the army in 1762, afterwards a Major-General, who rendered creditable service in the East Indies, but who was not in Portugal at the time above referred to.

Mr. Parkman lacks precision, rather than accuracy, in referring to two brothers La Corne, without distinguishing which is meant. The La Corne family was noted in the annals of Canada for the number of its military members. Five of the brothers La Corne were promoted to the rank of Captain, and four of them were decorated with the cross of St. Louis. The two most distinguished of them were the Chevalier de la Corne, and La Corne St. Luc, as they were usually called, though sometimes merely La Corne, and the latter more frequently St. Luc. The other brothers were designated as La Corne de la Colombiere, or Briely de la Colombiere, La Corne du Breuil, or du Breuil, etc. French Canadian surnames are adopted on entirely dif-

ferent principles from English, and La Corne St. Luc's full name was Luc de Chapt de la Corne St. Luc, sometimes a *de* being put before the *St. Luc*. During Burgoyne's campaign in 1777, the latter was the leader of Burgoyne's Indians, and in addressing that British General in 1778 he signed himself La Corne St. Luc, and so Bancroft, the historian, always speaks of him. Governor William Tryon, of New York, sometimes so mentions him, and sometimes simply as St. Luc. General Burgoyne, in his state of the expedition, always terms him St. Luc, merely.

Mr. Parkman, though he sometimes speaks of him as Saint Luc de la Corne, Vol. I, p. 486, and Vol. II, p. 242, usually refers to him simply as La Corne, and as he calls St. Luc's brother, the Chevalier de la Corne, by precisely the same name, it is not easy to determine who is meant. We know that the Chevalier de la Corne must be intended in Vol. I, p. 116, and in Vol. II, p. 195, and that La Corne St. Luc is the person referred to in Vol. I, pp. 498, 507 and 509, and in Vol. II, pp. 121 and 355, but the other references to La Corne elude our powers of identification. Hadden's Journal and Orderly Books, edited by General Horatio Rogers, of this city, and for sale by the publisher of the BOOK NOTES, contains a long sketch of La Corne St. Luc, with some account of the family, and the notice of Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne therein, the officer Parkman erroneously refers to as Sir, likewise has some mention of the veritable Sir John Burgoyne.

A selection of the Lives of Ancient Worthies, written by Plutarch, and adapted to the reading of young men and women, is an excellent idea. These lives have been familiar reading with learned men from the earliest times. They are now issued in a single volume, with large type, and with maps and wood-cut illustrations. The virtues of men like Themistocles and Aristides are certainly worthy of imitation, and while we may not become men like them, we may yet practice the virtues which made them great, and so be ourselves better men. Give this excellent book to your boys and girls.

Mr. Hamerton's New Book Landscape:

This fine book, beyond all comparison the finest of the year, will be ready in time for Christmas. It will be a companion volume to his former book, *The Graphic Arts*. It consists of a series of Essays on landscape in nature, literature, and art, in which, although Painting is not unfrequently referred to, there is little of a technical character, and nothing likely to repel a general reader who takes some interest in landscape. Other subjects treated at length are the association of architecture with landscape, the choice of places of residence, and sites of houses, and the degree of injury or improvement resulting to natural landscape from human industry and habitation.

The sea is included amongst the subjects of study, especially in connection with shipping and coast scenery; and several chapters are given to lakes and rivers, of which the author has an intimate knowledge.

Mr. Hamerton, whilst considering the effects of human industry on landscape, has not neglected the presence of men and animals as adjuncts to landscape in nature and the graphic arts. In a work of this nature the illustrations are of great importance. Those which accompany this treatise have been selected both for the light they throw on the text and for their own value as works of art. Commissions have been given to eminent Etchers and Engravers, and the best processes of modern photographic engraving have also been employed in the reproduction of pictures and drawings. The work will contain forty illustrations on copper, of which one-half are etchings, some of them from pictures, others are engravings, and are entirely original. Besides these, a certain number of drawings have been reproduced as minor illustrations.

Helen W. Pierson, who was so successful in her word-of-one-syllable history of the United States, has attempted the same thing with Germany and with France. Those who have never attempted this style of composition have but little idea of the difficulty of accomplishing it. Here is a history of Germany covering the time since Julius Cæsar laid his bridge of boats across the Rhine, even to the day when Napoleon III. gave Alsace and Lorraine to Kaiser William, which is written down to the comprehension of children and in which no fact of great importance is omitted. With France it is the same thing, save that the period covered is not quite so extensive. It begins with Charlemagne, who made his *d'but* some eight hundred years after Cæsar laid the bridge referred to, and comes down to the present day. Both books are filled with pictures well fitted to catch the eye and fix the fact in the memory of the child.

The expiration of the copyrights of one or two early volumes of Longfellow's Poems have thrown them open to the use of any publisher. These volumes are the *Voices of the Night*, and the *Ballads*. They have been reprinted by New York parties and thrown upon the market through the dry goods stores under the name of Longfellow's Poems, and it is made to appear that they are being sold at a price far less than Longfellow's Poems have heretofore been sold by the regular trade. This is all a pure fabrication, to sell them under the name of Longfellow's Poems is a fraud, and is intended to deceive. Don't be deluded with the idea that when you pay sixty-five cents for them you are getting a book worth \$1.50. You are getting nothing of the sort. This book can be bought of the regular dealers for fifty-five cents. What is here said of Longfellow is true of Whittier, and this is true with nearly all the books advertised by these people. The prices given are all humbug. How men who assume some show of virtue can lend themselves to the fabrication and circulation of such lies for the purpose of deceiving and cheating their customers, it is difficult to conceive.

The new book by Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, *Our Great Benefactors*, is beyond any question one of the best books this season for the reading of young men and women. It is filled with illustrations which in themselves present an epitome of the lives of the individuals portrayed therein. Many of the sketches are eloquent. For instance, that of William Wilberforce and William Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln. Among the names of women are Mrs. Jameson and Grace Darling, as heroic as she was beautiful, and Elizabeth Fry, the personification of goodness in a human being. Here, too, happily, is Charles Lamb, whose portrait hangs in the South Kensington, between those of his friends Coleridge and Southey. How curiously things in this world turn; only just now we get in Carlyle's execrable volumes, which Mr. Froude should have burnt, his contempt for Lamb. While we are yet reading it, here comes a book of *Great Benefactors*, in which the name of Lamb is given with great favor, while the name of Carlyle is omitted entirely. This will be the judgment of those coming after us.

Mr. Caldecott's *Æsop's Fables with Modern Instances*, is very amusing. It is suitable only for grown people. Children could not appreciate the wit.

Picturesque Journeys in America, made by the Junior United Tourist Club, is filled with illustrations of scenery, principally in the distant west. Short descriptions accompany these pictures, which purport to be the discourses of the Juvenile Club.

There are few subjects more interesting to the American people than the cathedral churches of the old world. Views and descriptions of these fine remains of former ages have been so expensive that they were within the reach only of the wealthier class. It is, therefore, well that Cassell & Co. have published a fine volume illustrative of this subject, at a price which places the book within the reach of everybody. It is a quarto in form, and has about a hundred and fifty wood-cut illustrations and proper written descriptions concerning them. The editorial care of the volume was given to Prof. Bromley, St. John's College, Cambridge, but the writers of the sketches number many hands, not the least famous among them being the Very Reverend Howson, Dean of Chester, him who wrote of St. Paul. This compendious volume gives a view and a description of every cathedral church in England and Wales, from Canterbury and York to Landaff and St. German's, the latter of which stands to-day at the age of a thousand years, a ruin, on the rock by Peel, on the Isle of Man.

One of the finest novels ever published in this country is *Jane Eyre*, the Haworth edition, just published in Philadelphia by Mr. Lindsay. The paper on which the book is printed is of the finest texture. The type was made on purpose for this edition. Eight etchings, illustrating the principal places of interest described in the work, from authentic views sketched by Mr. E. M. Wimperis Stephen Parrish, G. D. Clements, Henry Farrar, E. L. Peirce, P. Moran, E. Matlack, J. Henry Hill and others, together with a newly etched portrait of Charlotte Brontë by B. Dillaye. In addition to all these there are thirty-eight ornamental initial letters, depicting scenes and characters in the work, designed for this edition by John S. Stevenson. Nothing at all comparable to this fine edition of this famous novel has ever been issued in England. It is worthy of a place in the best private libraries.

If he who corrects one blunder in the use of the English language deserves well, how much more does he deserve who corrects a thousand. That is just what Mr. Ballard, the worthy principal of the Lenox Academy, has done. His book is called a *Hand-book of Blunders*. (Lee & Shepard.) It is intended to correct those in common use in speaking and in writing. He designed it primarily for use among his pupils, but he wisely concluded that its wider dissemination would hurt nobody, so he published it. It is really amusing reading. How many of us are guilty of saying—had I have been—not hardly—differ with—at any rate—any way—kind of—and hundreds more of just such phrases, yet they are either incorrect or inelegant.

The many friends of the Rev. William C. Richards, in Providence, will learn with pleasure of the publication of a little collection of his Poems, by Lee & Shepard. It is entitled *Science in Song*. In the Song of the Amber Sprite is given the story of Amber. In the Song of the Prism, are described the beauties of this wonderful glass. So with the Song of the Magnet with Hydrogen, and Oxygen, the story of each is told in numbers. The kinship of Carbon and the Diamond, is set forth in song. The wonders of the heavens are told in the poems on the Sun, the Stars, and the Comet. One of these poems, The Hymn to the Stars, closes with this fine invocation:

"O stars! we know not aught of your high beauty
Save as revealed by Him;
Teach us, ye flaming torches, one true duty—
That when ye pale, our light may not be dim."

A couple of elegant books for children comes to us from Mr. Worthington. Their names are, *Seven Little Maids* and *Jack in the Pulpit*. The first is illustrative of the old Scotch verse in which the child's character is prophesied from the week-day on which he was born, thus:

Monday's bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace.

These beautiful children were painted by Mary Lathbury, and are here reproduced by chromolithography. The second is the poem which has so long been attributed to Mr. Whittier, and which he acknowledges to have half-written. It has been beautifully illustrated with colored wild flowers.

His *News Afoot*, or Europe seen with knapsack and staff, was beyond question the best book of the many written by Bayard Taylor. It made very clever reading, and was admirably fitted for illustrations. But curiously enough until now no illustrated edition was ever published. Just now, in time for Christmas, the Putnam's have published such an edition. It is a small quarto, well printed, and neatly bound, and makes a very sensible book for the use of a new generation of readers.

The *Voyage of the Vixen* is interesting reading for anybody, yet it was written by Mr. Knox with special reference to its use to young people. It is, in fact, a summary of Arctic voyage of discovery, told by way of an imaginary voyage. It has this advantage over a real voyage: it takes us in the mind's eye, from Herald island direct to the north pole, and thence to the scratch which the Greeley party made on the 83d parallel; and that is what no real sailor has ever yet been able to do.

Mr. George Chaney has just ready a new book (Roberts Brothers) called *Every Day Life and Every Day Morals*. It consists of eight papers read on Sunday evenings in the church over which Mr. Chaney presided at Atlanta, Georgia. They originated from a local agitation about some publicly exposed pictures which some people thought were more injurious to morals than helpful to taste. Hence the consideration of the connection of morals and art, with juvenile literature, with literature, with industry, with business, with the stage, with the press, with the pulpit naturally followed. With most of these things the BOOK NOTES sees no difficulty, the connection may be more or less defined, nevertheless it exists, but with business the case is different; the connection between morals and business is simply poetical, no such connection exists. It is like free trade, beautiful in theory but not practicable. Preachers may, with studied phrase, preach about it, but it is only giving to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name. We all go home after it's over, and reflect, and we know better. Moreover, the BOOK NOTES does not believe that after all Mr. Chaney has touched the real sore. It's a dangerous thing to attempt—the telling of the truth.

The current *Spectator* notices White's *Herodotus for Boys and Girls*, of which it says that many of the selections are neither interesting nor intelligible, such for instance as that a certain lake was so many feet long, and so many *orguies* deep—and closes by saying that the book weighs a little more than three pounds, which it thinks is too much. The BOOK NOTES adds a further illustration or two, thus: These brought every third year two choicives, p. 168. A solid tower one stade in length, p. 66. The Ionian ambassadors dispatched men in a penteconter, p. 55. The Priests tell a yarn, p. 111. The length of Egypt along the sea coast is sixty schoeni, p. 84. Of this last the distance is also given as 450 miles. But of what use are children to get from the use of such words. An infant Person might have understood them, but nobody else would.

The BOOK NOTES has repeatedly called the attention of its young readers to certain subjects connected with the early history of Rhode Island, as being suitable for their use in writing compositions for the schools. Prominent among these subjects the BOOK NOTES has always placed the Indian History. Mr. Drake's new book, *Indian History for Young Folks*, placed another excellent source within reach of these scholars, which rightly used will prove very beneficial. Here may be found the story of King Philip, the Tiverton fight, the Narragansett fort, and many other such incidents, with portraits of the chief actors and views of the localities thus rendered historic.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife is the new biography by Julian Hawthorne. It is in two volumes and contains several portraits.

Among the rights which the Americans possess should be the right to *buy goods in the cheapest markets and to sell their productions where they would bring the most money*. Just at present this right is denied to them. That is protection.

The surrender of fifty acres of public land in the heart of a city for the uses of private individuals, or to corporations for their private gain, is a thing unprecedented in the history of cities. The case of Providence is unique. It stands alone.

Mr. George Mason's *Reminiscences of Newport* is an excellent Christmas book for Rhode Islanders.

Mrs. Brassey's new book of travel: *In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties*. In some respect this splendid volume exceeds all other similar volumes. The great wealth of Mrs. Brassey has enabled her to expend vast sums on suitable illustrations, and she has done so. Excellent artists accompanied her, and their work has been reproduced by the finest wood engravers. In her former book, the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, Mrs. Brassey gave us a taste of her quality. The multitude who read with delight this former book will await impatiently the new pleasure before them. *In the Trades and the Tropics* will be published early in the coming week.

New England Bygones, a finely illustrated book, published by Lippincott, is a most suitable book for Christmas. It tells of the orchard on the hill, the district school, the country store, the old trees, the farm and the farm house, the springtime and the haying, after the summer and the winter pleasures, and a hundred other things, the mere enumeration of which will awaken memories which in all of us have long slumbered, but upon which we all delight to linger. Similar in its nature is Mr. Drake's *New England Legends*, (Roberts Brothers) in which we learn about Agnes, the Maid of the Inn, the strange adventures of Philip Ashton and the Shrieking Woman, and the Bell Tavern mystery, and the Witchcraft Tragedy, the Salem Legends, and the Nahant Legends, and the Sea Serpent, and Moll Pitcher, and other such things. It is a delightful book for winter nights. A fitting companion to these books is Mr. Mason's *Reminiscences of Newport*, the charming city by the sea.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1884.

{ VOL. II. NO. 21.
2000 COPIES. }

Farnell's Folly:

It is many years since Mr. Trowbridge has written a novel. Just now he comes with a new one. It is *Farnell's Folly*, (Lee & Shepard). This was the name given to a fine house which Mr. Farnell had built, and which took so much of his money as to ruin him financially. He had some girls who were, however, equal to the emergency. They supported the family, Mr. Farnell leading thereafter a life of *gentlemanly* leisure, while the girls did the bread-winning. There lived in the same village a worthy maker of pitchforks, one Miles Fenway. He also had a daughter who was lovely to look upon. There was William Rayburn, who was a young fellow in Farnell's shop when the latter failed. He subsequently went with Miles Fenway. Now Will Rayburn fell in love with Marian Fenway, but he could never get her to say yes to his suit. He also loved Julia Farnell, but he looked upon her as so far above him in social position that he never dared to go further than to take a good look at her, now and then, from a safe distance. Then there was old Carolus, an ex-run-seller, who had become a money-lender, and sundry other people. Now Julia Farnell was one of the most desirable additions which any young man could make to an establishment; so generally was this understood, that her hand in marriage had been solicited by nearly every young man within calling distance. Her duty to her father and her sisters had, however, kept her from acceding to their wishes, and she remained single. Finally she was invited to visit a friend, a few miles away, who had been bereft of the partner of his joys and sorrows. She accepted the invitation. This friend seriously besought her to accept the position held but recently by the dear departed. She was upon the very point of being obliged to plead to this request, when William Rayburn entered the room with the news of her father's death. It was a miraculous escape for Julia. Well, she rides home with Will. The horse travels slowly. A talk ensues. The twain find in a few moments that each was made for the other, a fact so plain that it was wonderful they had never discovered it before. The BOOK NOTES need go no further; it will leave the end for the imagination of the readers.

Sports for Boys:

Two Old Cat, Duck and Drake, and Cross Tag, were the out-door stock games of our childhood. In those days, who ever heard of a book in which the games of the children of all nations were printed. Nobody, of course, there were none. We derived our knowledge of Two Old Cat from our father, and he from his father, and so on back, just as a Hottentot obtains his knowledge of the success of the maritime enterprise of Noah. Now, all that, has been changed; a boy has his encyclopædia of games, just as his father has his encyclopædia of science. A new book of this sort, called *Sports and Pastimes for American Boys*, has just found its way to the editor of the BOOK NOTES, too late, he fears, to be of any personal use to him practically, so he recommends his boy friends all to buy it, and enlarge the boundaries of their legitimate and healthful fun. Routledge & Sons, so well known to the boys, almost as their own publishers, make it.

Bohemia is the place where fairy stories grow wild. If you doubt it, buy M. Laboulaye's *Fairy Tales*, and learn what came from a Frenchman's visit to Prague. It was here in Prague that M. Laboulaye learned the story of the King of Ethiopia. Now there is one thing in this story of the old King of Ethiopia which the BOOK NOTES thinks not unworthy of imitation by the most-prosperous-people-in-the-world the United States; and that is that he reduced the taxes each year. In this delightful land, the watchword is progress, therefore we annually increase them. It is easy to see that one can draw a moral from even a fairy tale. The BOOK NOTES finds in this book another moral, which some day it will use. It is published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, an English house, who manufacture the book in New Jersey. We are never too mature to take delight in these charming stories. But the child who is deprived of the reading of them, is deprived of one of the chief pleasures of life. They are to us like the spring which Prince De Leon sought, near Florida. We dive into them and they renew our youth.

The quaint drawings of Kate Greenaway were never more beautiful than they are this year. The little almanack which last Christmas was so difficult to be found, and yet was so much sought, is here again for 1885.

To wish you all
A coming—Happy Year.

Miss Greenaway follows this pretty little almanack with her *Language of Flowers*, one of the most beautiful things from her deft pencil. It is the loveliness of flowers, intermingled with the charms of children, upon every page. Were we not familiar with these charming fancies of Kate Greenaway, we should think this the most beautiful book we had ever seen. Both of these pretty books were printed in colors by Evans, and are published by the English house of Routledge & Sons. From the same publisher comes a book by the same artist, of a decidedly more practical character. It is the *English Spelling-Book*, prepared by William Mayor and illustrated by Kate Greenaway, the illustrations being printed in burnt umber. The man is not living who has ever seen so beautiful a spelling-book. It closes beautifully with "Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech thee, these thy productions to our use, and us to thy service, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

It has been remarked of Gell and Gandy's *Pompeii*, that he who, in the privacy of his library, carefully reads the book would obtain thereby a more thorough knowledge of the ruins than he who visited the locality without having seen the book. But the great cost of the book, so great that even the Countess of Blessington bewailed the fact, placed it beyond the attainment of most readers. Now there is a re-issue of the book which places it within the reach of even the impecunious. Art is long, while life is short, for the beautiful paintings, the splendid statues, the grand architecture, which more than eighteen hundred years ago delighted the citizens of Pompeii is here pictured in a book for the delectation of the citizens of the world in the nineteenth century, while not a citizen of Pompeii remains. This fine volume is filled with beautiful steel plates, and is admirably adapted for Christmas uses.

Are you father or mother, aunt or uncle, grandfather or grandmother, or whatever may be the relations to which you stand to the baby, send him the beautiful book, the *Baby's Kingdom*, in which to keep the record of his baby life.

Sophie May's stories for young children are the *Prudie*, the *Dottie Dimple*, the *Pretty Fly-away*, and the latest, the *Florie Frizzle* stories. The last was completed only this Christmas.

Sketching Rambles in Holland, by Messrs. G. H. Boughton and Edwin A. Abbey, is written in a lively style, and illustrated with excellent taste and skill. Nothing finer in the way of a Christmas book need be desired. It is full of pictures of the scenery, the architecture, and the people of this picturesque country. Here is a little extract touching costume, which is pleasing:

"This lively road was still more enlivened on this day by the constant coming and going of the picturesque market people and their gayly painted and gilded carts. The costume, too, is full of color and quaintness of fashion. There is a good deal of gold plate about the head-gear of the women. Some of the very well-to-do wear the finest Brussels lace in their cap trimmings, and often the blade of gold that half hides the brow, is thickly studded with diamonds. Diamond ear-rings, too, often flash and career in the sunlight as they drive by. These, with gayly patterned shawls and ribbons, and the rich, fresh complexions of the buxom wearers, make much play of amusing form and color."

The object of Mr. Roe in his *Nature's Secret Story*, was to take his true love with him through a year's occupation in the garden, along the green lanes, by the hedges, in the broad fields over by the brook-side, and among the leafy wild woods, and study together the story of the natural objects which surrounded them, in the hope that a love of nature would be developed, which would give rest and pleasure to him who, having observed these things, cannot resist yielding to their delightful influence. Infinite are the changes in nature. Not only do the seasons change, but not one day is like another. The flower assumes a different tint more beautiful than that of yesterday, or another bird with a different song comes to welcome a new summer. Every morning everything is new. Such a story offers an inexhaustible field for the illustrator. In this charming volume the artists have used their pencils with skill, and without limit. They have made it as beautiful to the eye as it is pleasing to the mind. It is for Christmas-tide.

The *Famous Parks and Gardens of the World* form the subject of a very attractive volume for Christmas. It is full of fine woodcuts worked in the text, and illustrative of it. Beginning with the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, it comes down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, giving us Chatsworth and Blenheim and Kew and Richmond, in England; Versailles and St. Cloud and Fontainebleau and the Champs Elysee, in France; the Rose Gardens of Persia; the Turkish Gardens, and the beautiful grounds at Rio Janeiro, and in fact from every portion of the world.

A new novel by Amanda Douglas has just been published by Lee & Shepard. It is *Out of the Wreck*. A young and excellent woman married a man who was deficient in moral principle. He took advantage of pecuniary embarrassment to become a miserable, drunken, unmitigated nuisance to the woman he had vowed to protect and defend, and to the three little children to whom she had given birth. After years of horrors, such only as a woman so situated can describe, she left this brute, with her children, to earn an honest living. She earned it, and brought up her family virtuously and well. What the BOOK NOTES does not like is, that the people who gave Eleanor Marshall the cold shoulder, did not in some way meet with vengeance. Nor does it like to see by a turn of luck this brute acquire a fortune, while his poor wife wears off the ends of her fingers in supporting his children. Nor does it like to see this virtuous woman called at the last moment to the bedside of the dying brute to yield forgiveness for the life of misery which he had inflicted upon her. It was a blessed thing when he died. It would have been more blessed had he never lived. All this, however, has nothing to do with the story, which is excellent. What we ought to admire in fiction is the skill with which the story is wrought. Whether we would have the story written differently ought not to affect our judgment of its merits.

The word Anthology comes from two Greek words. So far most dictionaries agree. But from which two the dictionaries differ. These authorities further inform us that the word means either a discourse on flowers, or a gathering of flowers. At all events, one thing is certain, the word Anthology has now come to be given to collections of poetry. Some one culls from the writings of all the poets what he conceives to be the gems. This he denominates an Anthology. Such collections have been long favorites with people. In recent years there have been such collections with special reference to the uses of children. Such a one is the *Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People*, which Routledge & Sons have just sent to the BOOK NOTES. It contains nearly 300 poems, suited to the comprehension of children, selected from the writings of the best English and American poets. It is useful for the home, and useful for the school, and saves the purchase of many books.

Had you but the autograph memories of the guests of last summer, at the cottage by the sea, how happily it would add pleasure to the family, as it gathers around the Yule Log, on winter nights. Buy Miss Cox's *Guest Book*, and take it with you next summer.

In its enumeration of Mrs. Pierson's Words-in-one-Syllable Histories, the BOOK NOTES omitted mention of her *History of England*. The inside lining of the covers of all these books are maps of the countries described. On these maps are pictures of buildings, or other things famous in the land. Next to our own country, the history of the mother country, England, is the most necessary to young Yankees. This comprehensive little book begins with the days before those in which Caesar led Caractacus in chains to Rome, and ends with those in which Gen. Gordon in Khartoum sent word to El Mahdi: "I come not to fight but to help you, and God is with me," and the False Prophet sent back word: "If you are with God, then you are with us, for God is with us." But this was all taffy, as both men know, and they finally, after relying upon God for some months, took an appeal to gunpowder.

A dainty little collection of leaflets for Christmas has just been sent to the venerable editor of the BOOK NOTES, by the pleasant singer of Fairleigh cottage. Neatly printed upon small quarto leaves, and tied together with a pink or blue ribbon, with a butterfly or a carnation carefully drawn and painted by the poet herself on the outer leaf, and the little Christmas gift is before you. Miss Harriette P. Richardson is the name of the charming young writer of Fairleigh cottage, whose occasional verses have given such pleasure to Providence people. *Rural Rhymes from Fairleigh Cottage* is the name she gives to her little package of Christmas poetry, overflowing with that joy and happiness which is the possession of the devout follower of Him whose birthday she so beautifully celebrates. A wreath of immortelles for the cross:

"A song of joys welcome
To the Christ, our Saviour, King."

Mr. Richard Caldecott, as an illustrator of toy books for children, is in certain respects unequalled. Every Christmas he comes with one or two new ones. This year he comes with *Come Lasses and Lads*, and *Ride a cock horse to Banbury* +, and *A Farmer went trotting upon his Gray Mare*, the two last ballads being in one cover. All these books by Caldecott are printed by Evans, in colors. Not the regular vigorous red, yellow and green, but chaste and modest tints carefully and delicately blended, just as nature always does such things.

There has not been a more favorable winter for many years, for taking a voyage to the North Pole, than the present. The U.S. Steamer *Virian* will make the voyage for you, you meanwhile devoid of furs, by the lamethstene at home. Read the *Voyage of the Virian*.

Captain Kidd took the money belonging to other people without invoking the assistance of the law. It was a simple and direct way. There is no record that this distinguished commander ever alleged that he took the money belonging to other people for the sole purpose of improving the physical and pecuniary condition of the person to whom the money belonged. The difference between this distinguished gentleman and the modern "Protectionist" is that the latter gentlemen take your money, but they take it by means of forms of law, dividing the plunder with the law-makers. There is a little more circumlocution about it, but the result is the same. Again, unlike Kidd, these gentlemen, while relieving you of your purse, swear by all that is good, that they do it only for the purpose of preventing you from becoming a pauper, thus adding one more crime to the crime of Kidd. *Live la Protectioniste.*

Among the latest issues are Mr. Gabriel Harison's *Life of John Howard Payne*, Dramatist, Poet, Actor, but best known as the author of *Home, Sweet Home*. A volume of Reminiscences called *Episodes of My Second Life*, by Antonio Gallenga (L. Mariotti), who was a teacher of Modern Languages at Harvard many years ago. There are in it some very interesting memories of certain Boston families forty or fifty years ago. *Katherine*, a novel, by Susan S. Vance. *White Feathers*, a novel by G. J. Cervus, and last, but not least, a new translation from the German by Mrs. Wister, entitled *The Penniless Girl*. Like all Mrs. Wister's translations, it is excellent. All these publications are from the house of Lippincott, of Philadelphia. The Book Nones will give them further examination after the holidays.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, the inventors of the Golden Floral Fringed Books, have added this year two more to the series. These are the *Mountain Anthem*, by W. C. Richards. It is the Beatitudes in rhythmic verse. "Blessed are the pure in spirit." The other is Heber's Hymn, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*. If every person who loves this fine hymn would buy a copy of this, the most beautiful edition of it, its publishers would probably abandon the jobbing part of their business, and give their entire attention to the manufacture of it.

While buying your Christmas books, don't forget your *Country Cousins*. It is by Ernest Ingersoll, and consists of short studies in natural history of things all about us here in the United States. It is full of interest and illustrations.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Buy for Christmas, Harriet Miner's magnificent book of *Orchids*, filled with beautifully colored plates.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale has a new Christmas book, *A Narragansett Christmas*. He has for many years spent a portion of each year in the Narragansett country, with a well known Rhode Island family. The new book purports to be a gathering at this hospitable home, at Christmas, of the various characters in Mr. Hale's former stories, there to revel in the delights of story telling on winter nights.

There is no part of England more historically interesting, nor more naturally beautiful than the country around *Windsor Castle*, and the fine villages and villas on the water-way thither from London. Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams has written a good description of these places, which has been beautifully illustrated with about eighty-six plates after Pritchett, twelve of which are beautifully colored. It makes a fine quarto volume.

Etched Examples of Paintings, old and new, is a volume of twenty plates etched by the following celebrated artists: Meyer, Flaming, Jacquenart, Guerard, Bajon, and others. Among the fine portraits in the volume are Liszt, etched by Linning, and Wagner, etched by Meyer, both remarkable pictures. Several of the most celebrated pictures of Rembrandt are included.

The volumes, five in number, called the *Boy Travellers*, by Col. Thomas Knox, are deservedly favorite reading for young people. The countries described are Japan, China, Siam, Java, Cochin-China, Cambodia, Sumatra, Ceylon, India, Borneo, Burmah, Philippine Islands, Egypt, Palestine and Central Africa. More healthful reading for boys and girls cannot be found.

Among the best books for boys are those written by Mr. G. A. Henty. Two only have been as yet republished in this country. These are *Jack Archer*, the story of the Crimean War, and the *Boy Knight*, the story of the Crusaders. Besides these are the *Young Colonists*, an English book, the story of the wars in the Transvaal.

My Lady's Casket of Flowers for her Adorning, by Eleanor W. Talbot, is a charming book of refined and delicate sentiment. One must see it, only to admire it. It is good not for a day only, but for all time.

Mr. Hamerton's *Paris* is full of etchings of the old and the new city. It is a small folio in form, and just fills the eye of the discriminating buyer of Christmas books.

A finer book than Miss Jerome's *Book of a Year's Sketches* has not been made in this country. It is perfect.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885.

{ Vol. II, No. 22.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The Marquis de Chastellux in Rhode Island in 1780:

The Marquis de Chastellux served as a Major General in the French Army, under Comte de Rochambeau, in America in 1780-81-82. He landed at Newport, R. I., July 11, 1780, and remained in Rhode Island until November 11th of the same year. Having on that day finished placing the French Army in winter quarters, the Marquis left Newport for Providence, and thence traveled through various parts of the country. Of this journey he kept a journal, and on his return to Newport, he wrote a series of letters, which he caused to be printed at the Royal Marine Press, a small printing establishment on one of the French vessels, then lying at Newport. These letters were for private distribution only. There were but twenty-four copies printed, and these were mostly sent to friends in Europe. Copies of this edition are of course of excessive rarity; only within a year has a copy found its way back to Newport, and this is, we believe, the only copy ever seen here. The great interest in American affairs in Europe gave rise to the desire in many people to see the notes given by this educated Frenchman. Garbled copies having finally found their way into some of the continental periodicals, greatly to the chagrin of the author, at last caused him to consent that an English translation should be made and published. From this edition the *BOOK NOTES* has gathered a few extracts of interest here in Rhode Island. The first relates to the journey from Newport to Providence. The Marquis says: "I left Rhode Island that day with Mr. Lynch and M. de Montesquieu, who had each a servant. I had three, one of whom had a led horse, and another drove a small cart which I was advised to take to carry my portmanteaus, and to avoid hurting my horses in the journey. It was then a hard frost, the earth was covered with snow, and the northerly wind blew very sharp. In going from Bristol to the Ferry, I went out of my way to view the fortifications of Butts Hill [Butts Hill] and reached the ferry at half-past eleven. The ferries are over arms of the sea as well as rivers, and the boats have either sails or oars. The passage was long and difficult. We were obliged to

make three tacks, and two trips to pass over our horses and cart. At two o'clock I arrived at Warren, a small town in the state of Massachusetts. I alighted at a good inn, the master of which, called Bohr, is remarkable for his enormous size, as well as that of his wife, his son, and all his family. My intention was only to have baited my horses, but the cold continuing to increase, and the cart not arriving before three o'clock, I gave up all thoughts of going to sleep at Providence, and I determined to stay at Warren, where I was in very good quarters. [This was in the celebrated cold winter of 1780, which fact must be remembered in connection with several things in this narrative.] After dinner I went to the bank of the little river Barrington, which runs near this town, to see a sloop come in, which had arrived from Port-au-Prince. This sloop belonged to Mr. Porter, Brigadier-General of the militia, nephew to Mr. Bohr, and still more bulky than himself. Colonel Green, whom I met upon the quay, made me acquainted with Mr. Porter, and we drank tea with him in a simple but comfortable house on the inside, and the inhabitants of which furnished a specimen of American manners. The 12th I set out at half-past eight for Providence, where I arrived at noon. I alighted at the College, that is to say at the Hospital, which I examined, and dined with Mr. Blanchard, Commissary of War. At half-past four I went to Colonel Bowen's, where I had lodged in my first journey. I drank tea there with several ladies, one of whom, rather handsome, was called Mrs. Angel. I was then conducted to Mrs. Varnum's, where I again found company, and from thence to Governor Bowen's, who gave me a bed. The 13th I breakfasted with Colonel Peck. He is an amiable and polite young man, who passed the last summer with General Heath at Newport. He received me in a charming small house, where he lived with his wife, who is young also, and has a pleasing countenance, but without anything striking. The little establishment, where comfort and simplicity reign, gave an idea of that sweet and serene state of happiness which appears to have taken refuge in the New World after expatriating itself with pleasure, to which it has left the Old World.

The Novel "Katharine":

There appears to have been growing for some time past a belief that *another* punishment was rather disproportionate to the puerile peccadilloes perpetrated by us here every day. Hence the doubt. Therefore, whenever a ripe scandal meets with what the world considers his just deserts, before his departure, the world seems well content. In that the readers meet with their just deserts, under the reader's eye, consists the redeeming feature of the novel *Katharine*, of which one end consists in rectifying the wrongs done in the other end. Having written this last paragraph, the eye of the BOOK NOTES fell upon the label of another reviewer, in which are these words: "It is a story in which the wrongdoer is not punished, nor the sufferer rewarded." All the BOOK NOTES has to say is that one of us must be wrong. The plot of the story runs in this wise: Herbert Lyon was a distinguished actor. He was married to a deserving woman, whom he deserted. After her desertion this poor woman took refuge with a friend, one Hortense Brookenborough. Here she soon after gave birth to a daughter, and died, first bequeathing the child of an hour to this hospitable friend, who did herself soon after die, leaving the little waif, together with some property for the child, to the tender care of a brother-in-law of hers, one Rev. Richard Brookenborough, the consummate scoundrel of the story. After Herbert Lyon deserted his wife, he fell in with a charming young woman in another city, the only daughter of an excellent couple. This innocent girl he beguiled into a mock marriage, and then her too he deserted. This was poor Katharine, the heroine of the story, wrecked and ruined. For many years this poor creature haunted day by day and night by night the waking and the sleeping hours of her rich and wicked betrayer. Sylvia Lyon was the child born to Mrs. Lyon after her desertion. Sylvia grew to womanhood in the family of the Rev. Richard Brookenborough, all the time in a state of anti-godism to the head of the family, who in she detested, as ought every other right-minded person. Nearly their residence came to live, Herbert Lyon, in a state of blissful ignorance as to the fact of his possessing a daughter, and she so near at hand. Sylvia found out the fact, took advantage of a knock-down blow delivered by the Rev. Richard, left his house, took refuge with her father, and convinced him of the actual state of her relationship. Remorse had possessed him, he took naturally to the beautiful girl, but treated her as a father should. Henceforth her path was peace. Now, there was another clergyman, the friend of Sylvia, and who became subsequently her husband, who was called in

by Sylvia to assist in reclaiming Katharine, both, however, being ignorant at the time of the actual condition of the relation which had existed between Katharine and Mr. Lyon. They were successful; it was a fine piece of reasoning on the part of Mr. Lawrence which overcame the resistance of Katharine. Finally, Katharine turned out to be the sister of this same Mr. Lawrence; and Mr. Lyon married her in good earnest; in part, to remedy the great wrong he had done to her; then, like a decent man, bequeathed to her half his property and died at once. He had done all he could to repair the wrong he had done, and Katharine became the mother-in-law of her own brother. As to the Rev. Richard, he was one of those whose best hope of a happy hereafter consists in the falsity of that religion which they so loudly profess. He had shut himself up in his library ostensibly to study, but ready to plot a crime; fortunately, he had therein, besides his books, some bottles of fine wine. He drank, fell into a stupid slumber, somehow a fire caught and the wicked scoundrel was burned to death. Let us hope his character was a pure invention on the part of the author, and that in real life it had no prototype. But there is much in this book which the BOOK NOTES thinks it were better to have left unwritten. The BOOK NOTES simply tells you the tale which is told. J. P. Lincott & Co. publish it.

The issue of the *Journal* of December 15th contained a two-column review of *Euphron*, a series of essays on the Renaissance, and how medieval art was influenced by the remains of ancient Greek art. No end of time was consumed by the writer of this article to prepare himself. It was carefully written, discriminating, and in the main, just. The book credited in the ordinary way to the writer of these BOOK NOTES, as having been received from him, the inference being that it was to be held of him. It resulted in not a single inquiry for the book. On the 11th of October there appeared in these BOOK NOTES a characterization of this same *Euphron*. It comprised 34 lines. Within a week after its issue, five sets of this book were called for and sold. Under which king, Dezonian?

The price given by the Marquis of Blandford for the unique Valdarfer Beccario in the year 1813, was about 2,200 guineas (equal to \$11,000), was for many years the highest price given for a book. At the Lytton sale in London, in December last, a copy of the *Mazarin Bible* brought 27,500, or about \$140,000. This is now the largest price ever given for a single book.

The Moonbeam Fairy:

In one of Charles Lamb's letters there is a reference to Mrs. Barbauld, in which Lamb writes of this lady in no very complimentary terms. In truth he detested the lady, and the reason why was that she was always trying to point a moral to adorn her tale. There comes to the Book Notes a little book written for those queer folks, who need not morals tacked on to their jokes. It is the *Fairy of the Moonbeam*. It was written by Mrs. L. T. Corbett, a lady of New York. Now this clever little book would just fill the eye of the gentle Elia. The Fairy of the Moonbeam is personified in a little old woman, who, seeing the weariness wearing which his school books wrought upon the spirit of a boy, jumped from her moonbeam and touched the boy's books with the wand of humor. The book is filled with the queerest of green conceits. Who, besides this lady, who makes potatoes wink their eyes, and lettuce shake his head, would ever think of giving a boy an idea of fractions by means of a poem in which is related the experiences of an unsophisticated turkey setting a mouth on a broken (or fraction of a) tenap. The little book is full of just such humor.

There is another little book by this lady entitled *Dusti's Rhymes and Ballads*, in which appears the same spirit of humor. These ballads relate in the main to domestic felicity, or infelicity, with now and then reference to other matters, such, for instance, as to the pullet so ambitious that she laid herself away. Those who believe a Roman nose (knows) no danger will have an ideal shattered in one of these ballads. While these ballads deal mostly in affairs pertaining closely to mortals, they are nevertheless not destitute of the higher flights of the poetic fancy, for instance, the case of the young lady who became so used to saying no, to those who came a-courting, that her virgin fancy by the loss was captive led. Both of Mrs. Corbett's books are very clever.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Madam":

The syrenic incident in Mrs. Oliphant's new novel *Madam* is the clause in Mr. Trevanion's will whereby he bequeathed his money to his children, provided their mother be at once and entirely separated from them. The reason that will fail to stand before juries is, because, generally, they ought not to stand. In this case the old gentleman undertakes to make impossible conditions. Was not Mrs. Trevanion's rights to these children equal to Mr. Trevanion's? How could the old core interfere with her rights? Had not the children rights to their mother's love, the destruction of which their father had no right to make part of his will? Of course, they had, just give a jury one

whack at it, and see what would become of such a will. Ask it if it is the disinheriting of children if they attack a will. How can a father destroy the rights of his children? They have the right, or should have, to succession in their father's estate. He wills it otherwise, and disinherits them if they attack. They do attack, the will maker is declared incompetent mentally, does that leave valid the disinheriting clause. Ask a jury. There is another thought in this connection, though not necessarily connected with this novel. Men and women live together as man and wife, they accumulate property, he as an active, she as a passive partner. The sum total of their wealth is often due as much to her prudence as to his good luck. He wills her a mere pittance and dies. The question is, whose property is he willing away from her, and generally would it not be better to die before he makes his will. Trevanion's will was not contested. His provisions were carried out. The children were separated from their mother so that they could get the money. As soon as they were of lawful age and came into actual possession, they returned to their mother with their money. But it was a terrible trouble to all of them. Harpers publish the story in two forms.

The giant of the local dailies, the *Providence Journal*, of Monday last, has this edifying paragraph: "We notice that the organs of Free Trade are silent about the removal of Mr. R. W. Cooper and his operatives from Nottingham, England, to Rhode Island. It is a practical argument in favor of protection which they cannot meet with sophistry and theory." It is within the memory of the venerable editor of the Book Notes that James F. Simmons was the expounder and defender of the American System, now euphemistically styled Protection. His mills and his village were called after him, Shimonsville. Today his mansion house is occupied by an English superintendent. Every tenement in the village is filled with an English family. Not an American workman is employed in the works. Even the very name Shimonsville is stricken from the list of Rhode Island villages, a result which the aforesaid "Giant" glorifies as the direct consummation of "Protection." Will not the aforesaid "Giant" inquire if there is not something besides sophistry and theory in the argument. As a matter of fact is there not something decidedly practical in it. After the "Giant" has wrestled with this conundrum of its own proposing, will it not please instruct the Book Notes as to whether the importation of these hundred and twenty English free of duty was really a movement for the "protection" of American home labor. Does protection protect? And if so, whom?

"White Feathers," a Novel:

The novel *White Feathers* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) deals with incidents of a contemporaneous interest. A bank is robbed of stocks and money. Mr. John Gaston, a man of intelligence and wealth, was president of the bank. A nephew of Mr. Gaston, one William Gaston, was the cashier of the bank. The young man was engaged to be married to the only daughter of the president. This cashier was suspected of the robbery. He was arrested, charged, indicted, and stood his trial. He was defended in part by Cathcart Foster, another nephew of the president, and a cousin of the accused, and in love with this only daughter. The interest turns on the graphic description of the trial, the gradual unfolding of the accusing evidence, and the rebuttal of the same in defence. The story is full of very dramatic scenes, and is intensely interesting. Without entering into details the BOOK NOTES will simply say that William Gaston was innocent and proved the same. But his peril drove his poor widowed mother to her grave, and himself insane and to his grave, a fine instance of the reward of integrity. Flora Gaston became the wife of Cathcart Foster. The name *White Feathers* comes from an incident in the story. The jail was assailed for the purpose of lynching a prisoner, and Flora thought her lover, who was therein confined, manifested cowardice in defence of the assailed prisoner, whereat she tore the white feathers from her hat and gave them to her lover. In truth she understood him not.

In 1855 the late Nicholas Brown employed Lincoln to paint a portrait of Asa Messer, President of Brown University from 1802 to 1826, nearly a quarter of a century. For this purpose a small effigette then in possession of the family was used, assisted by the personal recollections of the artist. The portrait was a half length, life size. Soon after the return of the silhouette to the Messer family it was destroyed by fire. Thus Mr. Brown's picture became the only portrait in existence of Asa Messer. This picture is now at 17 Westminster street, with a view to obtaining it for the University. It is to be hoped that the many friends of Brown University will assist by contributions in this excellent effort.

The republication by the Harper's of *Stor-mouth's Dictionary* is rapidly approaching completion, twenty of the twenty-three parts having been published. It will be in many respects the best dictionary for many people. The author of it did not think it necessary to fill its columns with claptrap. There is really no padding in it.

Whether we believe that the *Book of Job* is a historical treatise, or a religious poem, or a composition based on a series of actual facts, or whether we believe it was written by a man named Job, or by some other, and now unknown person, is of little consequence. Such questions have been discussed by most learned scholars, since the days of Scholien, even to Renan, exhibiting all shades of belief and leaving us, so far as these questions are concerned, just where we started. But in two respects all are agreed. The *Book of Job* is a sublime poem, and it is the oldest written book now existing. It has now, it has always had, and will possess to the end of time the greatest interest to the wisest men. The Cambridge University has recently issued in their Bible for Schools the *Book of Job*, edited by A. B. Davidson, the whole series under the general editorship of J. J. S. Perowne. Both gentlemen are distinguished in modern Biblical criticism, and the little book will take a front rank among the smaller treatises.

The following clipping from a recent number of the *Journal* puts the case neatly. It says: "Speaker Carlisle spoke plainly on the subject of the tariff. He said: 'If we reduce the tariff at all, we must bring it down to a respectable standard. We want only what is necessary to meet the requirements of the government.' This means the virtual withdrawal of protection from the leading American manufactures." Thus, the *Journal* urges, first, the taxing of the people for the support of the government, and second, the taxing of the people in addition to supporting the government for the enrichment of the manufacturers. Once taxing the people does not satisfy a "protectionist;" they must be taxed *double*, and they, in actual fact, are *now* so taxed.

Having occasion to transact a little business in that paradise of protectionists, the Custom House, our venerable editor met therein, who whilom goes there, his friend, Edw. Burrows. Whereat the editor inquired of the hilarious Edward, what had become of the Mugwump? The hilarious Edw. answered him, not, but with lengthened visage, with his finger pointed downward. Can it be that the hilarious Edward meant that the Mugwumps were in possession of the Post Office?

The BOOK NOTES learns with pleasure that the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at the coming Commencement at Brown University will be delivered by Edward Everett Hale. The Poem will be by George Fox Tucker of the class of '73.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885.

{ Vol. II. No. 25.
{ 2500 COPIES.

Providence in 1780, as seen by the Marquis de Chastellux :

This article was the closing portion of that published in the last BOOK NOTES, but crowded out for want of space. Any one can see at a glance that it was intended to be read in connection with that article, the interest in which is much greater from a knowledge of the facts herein contained :

"The town of Providence is built on the bank of a river only six miles long, and which disembogues itself in the Gulf where in are Rhode Island, Connecticut, Providence, &c. It has only one street, which is very long. The suburb, which is considerable, is on the other side of the river. This town is handsome; the houses are not spacious, but well-built, and properly arranged within. It is pent in between two chains of mountains, one to the north, and the other to the southwest, which causes an insupportable heat in summer, but it is exposed to the northwest wind, which takes it from one end to the other, and renders it extremely cold in winter. It may contain 2,500 inhabitants. Its situation is very advantageous for commerce, which, accordingly, is very considerable in times of peace. Merchant ships may load and unload their cargoes in the town itself, and ships of war cannot approach the harbour. Their commerce is the same with that of Rhode Island and Boston. They export slaves and salt provisions, and bring back salt, and a great quantity of molasses, sugar, and other articles from the West Indies. They fit out vessels also for cod and whale fishery. The latter is carried on successfully between Cape Cod and Long Island. But they go often to Baffin's Straights and Falkland's Island. The inhabitants of Providence, like those of Newport, also carry on the Guinea trade. They buy slaves there and carry them to the West Indies, where they take bills of exchange on Old England, for which they receive woollens, stuffs, and other merchandize." The translator here adds the following note: "Here are several places of public worship, an University,

and other public buildings. A very brisk trade was carried on even at the worst period of the war for American commerce, viz., in 1782. Mr. Welcome Arnold, a great plumber, (sic) and delegate to Congress from this State, has changed his name by Act of Assembly since the defection of Benedict Arnold." From Providence the Marquis journeyed to Connecticut by way of Seitanate, where he stopped at the Argel's Tavern, which he pronounces a very indifferent inn. The roads from Providence to the inn, and thence to Connecticut, he pronounces execrable—"perpetually mounting and ascending, and always most rugged." Any one can readily see that this translation is very clumsy, and that the grammar is not in accordance with modern notions. There are other minor errors which will be readily noted. Warren was never in Massachusetts. *Duke* was Shabael Burr, a celebrated innkeeper in Warren. Mrs. Burr was a sister of Brig. Gen. Nathan Miller, who served Rhode Island in many ways during the Revolution; for a part of two years he was one of her delegates to the Continental Congress. So far as the good fame of this family was maintained by their great size, it was fully sustained by Gen. Miller, who was much the largest member of it. Brig. Gen. Porter was doubtless Thomas Porter, who held such a position. The Gulf with, of course, be recognized as Narragansett Bay, and the two chains of mountains as Prospect Hill at the north, and the Centaunknet Hill at the southwest. The statement about a change of name by Welcome Arnold is an error, as appears by his services to the State, by his proper name as it now appears, before the treason of Benedict Arnold.

The translation of Cicero *De Amicitia* (on Friendship), by Andrew Peabody, is generally conceded by those best able to judge, to be the best in the English language. Dr. Peabody undertakes to give us Cicero's book just as Cicero himself would have given it to us had he been an Englishman. Nothing can exceed the beautiful smoothness of this translation. Rich, Brown & Co. publish it.

Mr. Bishop's "Choy Susan":

From the name *Choy Susan* one would be at a loss to determine the gender of the wearer, or bearer, of it. Nevertheless it is the name which Mr. William H. Bishop, Jr., gives to a little collection of stories written by himself and gathered into a volume. *Choy Susan* was a woman, a young Chinese, discovered and brought out into the "broad sunlight of publicity" by Mr. Bishop. It is but the other day that this same Mr. Bishop gave us a book about Mexico as it was, as it is, and as it ought to be, which was excellent in its way. He seems possessed of the scent of a sleuth-hound in discovering those things in the history of men which best describe the country containing them. It must have been in one of his Mexican wanderings that Mr. Bishop discovered *Choy Susan*. Now this young Chinese woman was possessed of all that adroit shrewdness which made Ah Sin so famous. She was the friend of a young fellow, by name Easterby. This young fellow was so profoundly in love with a young girl, Marcella, that notwithstanding he was by education a surveyor, yet at times he could scarcely detect the cardinal points of the compass. And what complicated matters very much was that Marcella herself was afflicted by the same complaint; but, as is generally the case, Marcella had a father, and this father was an old Mormon, and he had determined that one Yank Baldwin (old enough to be Marcella's grandfather) should wed his daughter. There stand the case,—young Easterby, Marcella, and *Choy Susan* on one side, and the Mormon father and old Yank Baldwin on the other. They made a close fight, but it was no use, the old chaps were handicapped from the word go, as they ought to have been. There are few people in this world who are what may be called close observers; there are fewer still who can describe what they have seen. Mr. Bishop happily combines these qualities. He sees whatever there is, and without obscurity describes it. He knows how to lay bare the springs of human action. Take this character, *Choy Susan*; one is almost tempted to believe that she really existed, so very natural is her description, so near akin to nature, or what we believe is nature. Just here the BOOK NOTES would use the word "realistic," were it not so often used by people who lack ideas. There is one thing in this story wherein the BOOK NOTES is not in accord with Mr. Bishop. He casts a slur upon the "blood of the martyrs." The BOOK NOTES has great respect for the blood of the martyrs. The real benefactors of the race are the men who are ready to die for an idea. Moreover Mr. Bishop is somewhat of a philosopher. He makes the young lovers gaze upon the stars in the heavens scattered like breadths

of daisies in a pasture, and consider *their* individual importance where worlds are so plentiful, or of what consequence it is what they do, or think, or are. Does not the suggestion of such questions tend to sap the foundation of what the world calls virtue? And do we not at least believe that it does make a difference, or at all events to ourselves while here, as to our acts and opinions. As to what is to come hereafter, we can discourse more wisely after we have had more experience. For how can we have present knowledge whether our present acts may affect our future condition. All these stories, for there are seven of them, are exceedingly clever.

How to Get a Little Knowledge of the Starry Heavens:

It is not necessary to show that seventeen thousand copies of Mr. Richard Proctor's *Half Hours with the Stars* have been purchased, to prove the interest which men have in the Starry Heavens. This admirable atlas, for that in reality it is, is so cheap as to come within the reach of the poorest in the land; it is so simple that a child can understand it. It presupposes absolutely no knowledge of astronomy. It will point out unerringly every constellation to be seen, at a certain hour, in the evening, of certain days in each month. For instance, take the month of January. It will show you the constellations, and all other named stars of the first three magnitudes on the 1st, 5th, 8th, 12th, 16th, 20th, 23d, 27th, 31st days of the month, not for one year, but for every year; and so through the year for every month. Now this is a kind of knowledge which everybody likes to have. How often, as we walk of a quiet night, do we hear people saying to each other: This is the upper part of Cygnus, and this is Cassiopeia, and here just by the horizon is Vega, and then further to the left is the Flying Horse, while off here to the right is the head and shoulders of Boötes, just below the tip end of the Great Bear's Tail. Now all this is fun for them, but it gives me a poor opinion of myself, not to understand a work of all their talk. But read this little book, and I shall be as wise as they are.

The *Brief Thoughts and Meditations* on some passages in Holy Scripture by Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, just ready by Macmillan, is not only written in the most beautiful language, but it is most beautifully printed, and it will bring solace and comfort to the inquiet and tired spirit.

Mrs. Wister's latest translation from the German is the *Pemsel's Girl*. It is fully the equal of her previous translations.

Plant Lore, Legends and Lyrics :

Mr. Richard Folkard, Jr., is an English printer. He has written a book; he is, therefore, an author. He is a man of ideas. This can be seen in every way by an examination of his book. It is called *Plant Lore, Legends and Lyrics*, and is intended to cover the Myths, Traditions and Superstitions of the Plant Kingdom. It is divided into two parts. The second part is a Cyclopaedia (alphabetical, of course,) of all Plants, about which such matters pertain. The first part is a digested story of the information in the second part. Thus it is materials for history, and history itself, all in one book. If you are not satisfied with the history, you can write one to suit yourself. The basis of fact is all before you. That indicates the originality of Mr. Richard Folkard, Jr., the author. A few of the chapter headings indicate the very interesting character of this curious book: The World Trees of the Ancients—The Trees of Paradise, and the Tree of Adam—The Sacred Plants of the Ancients—Floral Ceremonies, Garlands and Wreaths—Plants of the Christian Church—Plants of the Fairies and the Naiades—Sylphs, Wood Nymphs and Tree Spirits—Plants of the Devil, (among which ought to be the Fish Geranium,) Plants of the Witches—Magical Plants, and Fabulous, Wondrous and Miraculous Plants, from the foundation of the world to the year 1885. It is now many years since, as a boy, the writer learned the title of a book thus: *Leaves from the Tree Igdrysyl*. This was to him then, a puzzle. In this book comes the distant legend. The name is here spelled Yggdrasil. It was the mythological Scandinavian Mundane Ash, the greatest and best of all trees. Its branches spread over the whole earth, pierced the skies and reached to heaven, while its roots penetrated the infernal regions. Beneath it the gods assemble in council. It was the Tree of Life. This and an immense amount more of just such knowledge is in this book.

The very learned work by Richard S. Storrs on the *Divine Origin of Christianity*, indicated by its historical effects, has just been published by A. D. E. Randolph & Co. It consists of the lectures delivered before the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and the Lowell Institute of Boston. The learned author undertakes to set forth the new conception of God and of Man which Christianity introduced, the Duty of Man towards God, and toward his Fellow-Man, the Duties of Nations toward each other, the Effects of Christianity on Moral Culture, as well as on the Moral Life of Mankind. The work is one of ripe scholarship, and of immense research.

The Catholic Dictionary:

A second edition of this work by Messrs. William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold has been called for. In the preface of this edition, appears a correction of the article, "Inspiration." In this article the opinions of certain Roman Catholic writers are given concerning the work of the Holy Ghost, which was merely to protect the authors of the Bible from stating errors in faith and morals. This statement is now somewhat qualified. This Dictionary is of great use, in that it presents for the first time in the English language, under the sanction of Cardinal Manning, trustworthy information concerning the Doctrines, Rites and Discipline of this great Church. This information, as Cardinal Newman says, has heretofore been at the mercy of Protestant manuals, sources which, without regard to their ability or fairness, are not such as a Catholic can approve. This book is of the greatest interest and value, not alone to Roman Catholics, but to all Protestant scholars.

The BOOK NOTES learns with pleasure that the *Life and Times of Ezekiah Smith*, by Mr. Reuben A. Guild, is soon to be published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Mr. Smith was a Baptist clergyman, who labored with Manning in the establishment of Rhode Island College; and Mr. Guild, in a former work, *Manning and Brown University*, has given a short memoir of him, with extracts from his diary, and his letters to his wife while acting as chaplain in the army of the Revolution. He was in the campaigns against Burgoyne, and in other services. Doubtless the publication of the *Journal of Chaplain Rogers* in the series of Rhode Island Historical Tracts recalled to the memory of Mr. Guild these old Diaries of Chaplain Smith, and suggested the present memoir. That Mr. Guild has labored long and intelligently, no one who knows him will for a moment doubt, and that he has produced a careful and exhaustive memoir of Dr. Smith may safely be predicted. As a denominational book, its character is at once established by the fact of its publication by the Publication Society of that denomination.

The *Lost City*, or the Boy Explorers in Central Asia, is another of those pretty story-books for young children, of which the Harpers have published so many. It is bristled with adventures of just that kind that boys like to read. It is a sort of little Campaigning on the Oxus, which the lamented McGahan made so entertaining.

Lord Tennyson's latest poem, *Bachel*, is just published by Macmillan & Co.

The Chatterbox Box Case:

The extraordinary decision granting injunctions against certain publishers in favor of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, attracted great attention among publishers. The decision was followed with great vigor by this firm against all other Chatterbox publishers. With every success they issued a warning. Three such documents were issued. At last they attacked Mr. Worthington. A suit for an injunction followed, which was decided on the 5th inst. against them. An injunction was refused, but the sale of Mr. Worthington's books during the recent holidays was killed. The judge informed the complainants that in courts of equity complainants were required to come with clean hands, and told them that before they required any interest in the rights of Johnstone, the English publisher, they had refused to recognize those rights which they were now attempting to maintain. The BOOK NOTES thinks they were themselves the first to reprint upon the English publisher. The BOOK NOTES does not believe that Estes & Lauriat can succeed against Mr. Worthington. But the original case ought to be taken to the Supreme Court at Washington for a final decision. Noah Webster was the first person in the United States to apply the word Dictionary to a book giving a list of words, with their orthographies and definitions attached. Did he by that process obtain the use of the word Dictionary, as his Trade-Mark, and cannot any other man use that term for a list of words with their orthographies and definitions. Yet that is similar to the Chatterbox case.

Whitaker's English Almanack for 1855 is filled as usual with information respecting the Government, Finances, Population, Commerce, and General Statistics of the British Empire. There is a perfect mine of information here relating to the family of George the Third, the Queen's Household, Tables of Precedency, the Privy Council, the Orders of Knighthood, with the innumerable prefixes and suffixes to the names of men whom nobody ever heard of, while the name William E. Gladstone is printed without an ornament at either end. There is no end of useful and interesting material in this excellent almanac.

Messrs. Frederick Miller & Co., of Amsterdam, have sent to the BOOK NOTES two Catalogues of Books, for sale by them. They are classified Catalogues. One presents a list of Books of Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, and Chemistry. The other presents a list of French, English, German, Italian and Spanish Books, and at the close a list of books on the Fine Arts. Prices are affixed. The publisher of the BOOK NOTES will transmit orders.

Protection for Home Manufacturers in certain countries, is a device designed by those countries to throw the general trade of the world into English hands. The proof lies here: England is for Free Trade, all other countries are for Protection. England's Foreign Trade was in 1840, before she adopted the Corn Law Reform, 173 millions pounds sterling. In 1850, with the experience of 34 years, her foreign trade had reached 700 millions pounds sterling. Her internal trade, judged by her inland tonnage, had meanwhile proportionately increased. For after six hundred years of Protection it reached three millions tons, Protection was repealed, and in ten years her inland tonnage was eight millions. Were it not that Free Trade was a mere sophism, beautiful in theory but not practicable, the BOOK NOTES would think such results were National Benefits.

The *Ornithologist and Oologist*, a monthly periodical devoted to Birds, and their Nests and Eggs, published at Pawtucket by Frank B. Webster, has been bound in neat cloth covers, and makes a very pretty volume. It comprises papers from all over this country on these subjects, which must, of course, possess great value. But the BOOK NOTES wishes there were more close and careful observations on our local birds and squirrels. That is what we lack in this country. The time has come to imitate Gilbert White. This is the new field for Mr. Webster's adventure.

The first edition of the *February Century* will comprise 150,000 copies. The publisher of the BOOK NOTES is willing to take subscribers up to that number for immediate delivery. It is Gen. Grant's first article on his campaigns that does it.

The new book by John Ferguson McLennan, entitled the *Patriarchal Theory* will attract the attention of the learned, as did his former book, *Primitive Marriage*, for which, when it went out of print, fabulous sums were given.

Among the later issues in the Macmillan series of novels is *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, by Pen Oliver, and *Jill*, by E. A. Bellamy. Both have been favorably received at the hands of English reviewers.

Mr. W. S. Gottsberger's latest novel is a translation from the Italian of the *Wane of an Aged*, by the Marquise Colombi. The scene is laid in Piedmont.

The name of John Keats is added by Mr. Macmillan to his list of English Poets in the exquisite series called by him the Golden Treasury.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.)
Price 50 cts. per annum.)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885.

} VOL. II. NO. 24
 } 2000 COPIES.

Warren a Rhode Island Town.

A valued friend of the BOOK NOTES cautions the editor thereof to be more careful in historic statements, and illustrates the necessity for more caution by the citation of a statement made in the last number, that the town of Warren was never in Massachusetts. The editor accepts the caution. He will be more careful. But in the present instance it is not just the time to begin. He reiterates the statement that the town aforesaid was never in Massachusetts, and adduces the proof. The charter of Charles II., 1663, gave this territory to the colony of Rhode Island, in the following words: "and extending towards the east, or eastwardly, three English miles to the east and northeast of the most eastern and northeastern parts of the aforesaid Narragansett Bay." There could not be in terms a more explicit bound. Nevertheless Massachusetts set up a claim. Massachusetts and Connecticut were the *Me* and *Jack* of the time—they claimed everything. But it is one thing to claim and quite another thing to get the claim allowed. Rhode Island always contested the claim, and Massachusetts never had it allowed. After many years it was left to a commission. This commission gave the territory to Rhode Island. Massachusetts refused to yield her pretensions. An appeal was taken to the King of England, who by a decree, in 1746, awarded the territory to Rhode Island, in accordance with the terms of the charter. Thereupon the General Assembly of Rhode Island incorporated certain towns, to wit, Bristol, Tiverton, Little Compton, and Warren. Of these towns the first three had before had an existence under the same names. This fact appears in the Rhode Island law. But the fourth, Warren, was a new creation. It had never before been known by any name. It was formed out of a piece of land adjoining the lands claimed by the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, but which was never theirs. That the early records of transfers of land now rest at Taunton, proves nothing. The records of the early transfers of Washington county, now rest at Hartford. But who, for this reason, would

concede that Westerly was once a part of Connecticut. The statements in the Rhode Island Manual, which were cited against the correctness of the BOOK NOTES, are not themselves correct. Warren was never admitted to the State at all. The State had no existence before 1776. Before that time the body politic was a colony. But Warren was never admitted into the colony of Rhode Island. It had never been out of the colony. An adverse claim for possession had in 1746 received its quietus, and then a town was incorporated by the colony of Rhode Island.

The Palatine Light.

A correspondent of the BOOK NOTES from Block Island takes exception to a random remark in a recent number, concerning the "Palatine" ship, wherein the event is mentioned as happening *centuries ago*, whereas the correspondent says it happened about a hundred and thirty-five years ago. When the BOOK NOTES used the term *centuries ago*, it did not mean to be held to a definite period of time. It simply meant to convey an idea of antiquity. This whole story of the Palatine ship and Palatine Light is purely legendary. It rests only upon the most shadowy forms of tradition. Before the BOOK NOTES allows itself to be held to a definite period of time, it will ask first that evidence be submitted that there was ever a ship Palatine; second, evidence that such a ship was ever wrecked, or burned, on the island; third, evidence connecting such ship, and such wreck, with the alleged phosphorescent appearance, called *by courtesy* the Palatine Light. By evidence, the BOOK NOTES does not mean the stories told by nonagenarians of what their grandparents told them, of Dutch Katern, a negro fortune teller, and an alleged witch, concerning the wreck of this ship on which she was alleged to have been a passenger. Such stuff is not evidence.

Mr. Harris's book about the *Henry Bee* is as interesting to the lover of tales of the Marvellous, as it is useful to the cultivator of Bees. It is filled with wood cuts.

The Patriarchal Theory of the Formation of Nations.

The Patriarchal Theory was in former years the generally accepted theory of the formation of nations. There was the First Father, who became in after years, the patriarch. He died. His sons became in their time heads of families, or patriarchs, and their sons in turn succeeding. Thus were formed families, tribes, gentes, clans, and nations. Sir Henry Maine, in his *Ancient Law*, has described the characteristics of the Patriarchal Theory. Now comes Mr. John Ferguson McLennan, the very learned and lamented (for now dead) author of the book, *Primitive Marriage*, with a new book entitled the *Patriarchal Theory*, in which he controverts Mr. Maine's positions, by undertaking to show that such systems as Mr. Maine describes, could not have belonged to the earliest history of man. But that they belonged to the Romans and to the nations held in subjection to the Romans. They were the Patria Potestas, or powers given to the Father, to adopt, or buy, or sell, or kill his kindred; combined with the Agnatic descent, or descent by the male line, which for centuries prevailed. Thus when a daughter married, she became a stranger to her former blood relations. Her children were excluded from relationship, or from rights of succession to her father's property. A daughter's first child became the property of the mother's own father, hence the mother became the sister of her own son, and this son, if sold by his actual grandfather, ceased to be a blood relative to either. All this, Mr. McLennan conceives not to have been a part of the elementary condition of society, but to have been an after growth and to possess a history yet unwritten. It was clearly enough to be found among the Romans. Mr. Maine claims to have found it among the Hebrews, Hindoos, Slavonians, and Irish. All nations having little, or no connection with the Romans. Mr. McLennan examines the evidence on which Mr. Maine rests his claims, and reaches conclusions adverse to those reached by Mr. Maine. For the examination of such questions as these, the most laborious research is required, and to it must be added the most acute powers of analysis, united to judicial wisdom, in measuring the force and preponderance of evidence. Macmillan & Co. publish Mr. McLennan's book.

Professor Edwards A. Park takes occasion to restate some of the foundations of the Andoverian Theology, in a series of fourteen *Discourses on Some Theological Doctrines*. Coming from such high authority they will be at once accepted as authoritative. They are claimed to possess great power and richness. They can be obtained of the writer.

The Sufferings of Samuel Patterson:

There is a scarce little Rhode Island publication bearing the above title, which merits a book note:

Samuel Patterson was born in North Providence, R. I., August 16, 1785. He took to the seas for a living. He went before the mast in many ships in all parts of the world. He was in the *Juno* with Capt. John De Wolf when he made his famous Northwest voyage. He was in a brig belonging to Brown & Ives, which was sent on a voyage to Fecjee, mainly for sandal wood. Capt. E. B. Corey commanded the vessel, which was wrecked on the islands. The money on board, some \$34,000, was saved. After a long time they were taken from the island by another ship and carried to Canton, together with the money they had saved, and both men and money placed in charge of the American Consul, the late Edward Carrington. After a time the *Ann and Hope*, another brig belonging to Brown & Ives, came to Canton, where she lay six weeks waiting for the return voyage to Providence. Patterson tried to obtain passage home in her, but Capt. Daniel Olney would not take him, being fully manned. It seems that Mr. Carrington, the consul, doubted his story, and it appears to the Book Notes that if Patterson's story of shipwreck was true, and that he and his companions, three in number, actually saved \$34,000 belonging to Brown & Ives, and keeping it safely for many months, carried it to Canton and delivered it to Mr. Carrington, no other identification would have been necessary to insure them safe passage home in a vessel belonging to the same firm. Yet that is his story. Finally, not long after, the *Baltic*, another Providence vessel, belonging to Samuel Butler & Sons, and in command of Capt. Jonathan Aborn, came to Canton. Mr. Carrington sent Patterson to the captain, by whom he was presently recognized and brought to Providence. He kept in Providence a little shop in 1821. Two editions of his "sufferings" were published. The first in Palmer, (Mass.) 1817, has 114 pages. The second in Providence, 1825, has 154 pages. Both are 18mo. in size. The latter has an introduction of curious interest, and at the end is a long list of prominent Rhode Island people, in the various towns, who became subscribers to Mr. Patterson's book. There are many curious things told by Mr. Patterson of his long and strange wanderings and adventures.

Ramona, the new novel by H. H., has found its level in the highest plane of American fiction. Edition after edition has been called for, and still they come.

Mr. Stockwell's Almanac for 1885.

The indefatigable Mr. Stockwell, lineal descendant of Isaac Bickerstaff, comes again with his Rhode Island Almanac. It is for 1885. Like all good things, it was a long time in coming. Let us be content. It came at last. The feature this year is the feature of Roger Williams on the cover. Where Mr. Stockwell unearthed this evidently genuine Phenex, which for a couple of centuries has lain *perdu*, must ever remain a mystery. The four other portraits are not so mysterious. They are Massachusetts, Cannonicus, Miantonomi, and What Cheer. These are fine specimens of the spiritual-photographic art. The State Calendar is an ingenious invention; quite new, at any rate, to the BOOK NOTES. Some of these figures are engaged in occupations which the BOOK NOTES understands; to wit, the boy about the First of April, the fishman who points to March 17, the military fellow, the school boy, the shootist, etc. But the BOOK NOTES is still studying. The chronological record, and the State and the city statistics, which were so much commended last year, re-appear this year. The weather predictions for each day in the month seem to have been made with unusual care. Hitherto these manuals have usually carried us back into Rhode Island history, to about the year 1636. As Mr. Stockwell has so far excelled all his predecessors in the matter of the Williams portrait, so also has he excelled them in these matters of ancient history. For he is the first to mention an earthquake in Rhode Island A. D. 8-1. The BOOK NOTES can only repeat what it said last year, that Mr. Stockwell's Almanac was the best ever published in Rhode Island.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers come with the first of their issues for the new year. First is the concise little memoir of *Harriet Martineau*, by Mrs. Miller. Second, is *Torontilla*, a romance by Mathilde Blind, doubtless a blind for the real name of its author. Third, is *Fleeland*, by the author of *A Square*. Fourth, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecote*, by Mrs. Ewing, the same who wrote *Jack-a-Napes* and *Jan of the Windmill*. These books come too late for a more discriminating mention in this BOOK NOTES.

The attempt to use big words almost always results in the ridiculous. It is only a day or two ago that an individual came to the writer to buy a dictionary. The larger of the two shown being the cheaper of the two, the individual inquired whether the smaller and more expensive one, was not more *profuse* than the other. Worcester's Pocket Dictionary is the best of its kind in the English language.

The Providence *Journal* loudly proclaims the English Shannonsville adventure to be "a practical experiment in favor of Protection which cannot be met with sophistry and theory." Let us in our simplicity examine it. It is an importation of English capital and *workmen* to enter into direct competition with those in this country now engaged in the same kind of manufacture. This capital has come here in the expectation that by taking advantage of our "protective tariff" it will pay better than it did in England, where capital is so abundant. These people bring no more consumers for their productions than the American manufacturers before had. The natural result of such movements must in the end be a reduction of price to the consumer. Will that help the American manufacturer? And is it really an argument in favor of protection? On the contrary, is it not the inevitable result of protection, that *ignis fatuus* which in the end destroys the manufacturer. This country has hitherto been blessed with an immense influx of laboring men, is it to be again blessed with an immense influx of English manufacturing capital, to enter into every department of American manufacture. The laboring men entered into direct competition with the laboring men already here, thus bearing down their own wages. Now, English capitalists are coming to enter into direct competition with American manufacturers, will this movement especially benefit the latter? If in this view the *Journal* can find comfort, surely a free trader cannot complain of it. The outlook is certainly encouraging. For should the movement continue, the questions of Protection or Free Trade will soon have passed the domain of argument. The question will be one, of the survival of the fittest.

Since the above article was written, an event has transpired of singular interest. Scarcely had the British Hosiery Company been in operation two weeks when the entire working force struck. The cause of the strike was, that a young woman, the wife of the English engineer, whom the company employed, who had on her own request been given work in the mill, looked like American woman. If anything further were needed to show that this movement was for the *Protection of American Home Labor*, the BOOK NOTES cannot conceive what it can be. Here is a young English woman, only three months in America, having recently caused the stopping of a mill, simply because she had the misfortune to *look like* one of the American people, out of whom these English people have come here to make money. That is good. *Vive la Protection!*

The number of paupers of all grades in England and Wales decreased during the Free Trade years 1849-1880 inclusive, upwards of 135,000. That is, there were in 1849, 964,419, and in 1880, 799,296. Meanwhile the population had increased from seventeen and a half millions to twenty-six millions. There should, therefore, on the theory that Free Trade reduces well-paid people to paupers, have been 1,401,617 paupers in 1880. Now comes the *Spectator* and informs us that the working classes in these countries were never in all their history so well provided with the means of living as they now are. Even her paupers are more luxuriously supported, for where they received, per capita, £6, 14s. in 1849, they now receive £10, 7s., 6d. Only a *doctrinaire* could be hoodwinked by such an argument as that is. Nothing is clearer than that Free Trade is a mere sophism fit only for lunatics.

There came in last Sunday's issue of the *Providence Sunday Mercury* the following paragraph from its Olneyville correspondent:

"The emigration business is reported as being very brisk at present. A large number of the mill operatives here are going to return to England, being dissatisfied at the late reduction in wages, and have learned from their friends in the old country that they can make more wages over there at the present time than they can in this place."

The BOOK NOTES learns that sixteen operatives left one mill to return to Bradford, England. They must have been *doctrinaires*. The fear of pauperism evidently had not been properly presented to them.

The *Life of George Eliot* will be published next Tuesday, February 31, by Harper & Brothers. It is believed to possess great value and interest. It consists very largely of her letters and journals, which have been arranged and edited by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross. It will be uniform with the editions of George Eliot's works now published by the same publishers.

Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable, Admiral Porter's novel, just completed, is a very remarkable production. Allan Dare, one of the chief characters, is a compound of such material as the Admirable Crichton, Mousieurs Vilbois and Le Coque and the Count of Monte Christo. In Louise Morton can be seen traces of Lady Macbeth, with here and there just a suggestion of the Taming of the Shrew. Notwithstanding the great length of the story, its interest is maintained at the highest pitch throughout. The Appletons are its publishers, in two superb volumes in paper covers.

No sooner is a petition for a limited exemption from attachment for debt of a working man's wages sent to the General Assembly, than two hundred and fifteen of the two hundred and sixteen young lawyers rush to the Assembly to discover to the lawmakers the horrible nature of the proposition. Thus this outrageously unfair law is continued upon the Statute Books. The wrongs daily committed under it are probably known to everybody. Either make the law so that it shall work to the advantage of the creditor, and not to the lawyer, or abolish it. As it now is, it works wholly to the advantage of the lawyer. He goes about asking for small claims, which he proposes to collect without expense to the creditor. Everybody owes somebody. He gets the claims. Some poor fellow earning barely enough to eke out a living for his family finds on pay day his wages attached. He cannot get a cent for the very necessities of life for his wife and children. There was twelve dollars due him. He owed somebody five. His twelve dollars passes into the hands of the lawyer, less the costs of the prosecution, and from this secure depository, it never departs, or if any of it goes to reduce the debt, the sum is so small that the main portion of the debt remains, to be a new and perennial source of income to the enterprising lawyer. Now is it not about time to fix things? It really seems that things in this world were arranged about as unfairly for the honest man who is willing to work, as they can well be. Everything favors the fellow who never labors.

The question in controversy between Chief Justice Durfee, of the Supreme Court, and ex-Chief Justice Bradley, of the same court, is whether the constitution of a state can be constitutionally amended in an unconstitutional way. The present Chief Justice thinks it cannot be, in a pamphlet of 57 pages. The ex-Chief Justice thinks it can be, in a pamphlet of 164 pages. That was a wise question, by the way, which the General Assembly asked of the Supreme Court, to wit, whether it (the G. A.) possessed the power to call a convention to frame a new constitution. In other words, whether these wise men had the power to set up a machine to blow off their own heads. Dwarfs will have to be consulted as to the rights of the *crown* under such a catastrophe.

The latest books from Messrs. Lippincott & Co. include a *Dictionary of Distinguished Living Women*. An account by Mr. George Dyer, of his *Rowling Tours* with Mr. Dickens; and the first authentic account of the way the continents were formed. This last by Mr. Holmes. There likewise comes from Boston a new life of Poe. The BOOK NOTES proposes that they cease writing lives of this gentleman.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

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Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

{ VOL. II. NO. 25.
{ 2000 COPIES.

The Life and Letters of George Eliot:

The name George Eliot in literature is, as everybody knows, a pseudonym, or as the French people, and some of our own, say a *nomme de plume*. The real name of this person was Mary Ann Evans. This name she sometimes wrote Marian. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Evans, who was the land agent of Sir Francis Newdigate. On one of this gentleman's farms, this girl was born on Nov. 22, 1819. In July, 1851, she formed a *liaison* with Mr. George Henry Lewes (pronounced Lewiss), which was maintained happily by both until the death of Mr. Lewes, Nov. 28, 1878. The first thing that everybody thinks about in connection with George Eliot is this "Life" with Mr. Lewes. Hence the BOOK NOTES confines its note to that question. It is said that of the nature of this connection these books say nothing. Let us see. On page 234, vol. I, there is a letter by George Eliot herself to Mrs. Bray, in which she speaks of those persons who, "acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relations with Mr. Lewes immoral." "From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation," p. 236. "We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except, indeed, that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy." A little further on, p. 299, vol. I, we find this memorandum by George Eliot herself: "One morning, as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was, 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.' I was soon wide awake again, and told G. He said, 'Oh, what a capital title,' etc., etc. If these things do not sufficiently set forth the relation which existed between this man and this woman, my readers will be obliged to draw upon their imaginations for the remainder. George Eliot was 35 years old when she entered into this way of living with Mr. Lewes. She had not then written a book. She had made some translations, and written some articles for the

Reviews. Her first book, *Scenes from Clerical Life*, appeared first in Blackwood in 1857, and was afterwards gathered into a volume. Then came *Adam Bede*, etc., etc. Mr. Lewes had already attained literary distinction, previously to the connection. He had written a Biographical History of Philosophy. A treatise on Comte and his Philosophy of the Sciences. A Life of Robespierre, and a Life of Goethe. Three of these books had made for their author a mark in the literary world. The BOOK NOTES discovers nothing in the Memoir relating to the domestic relations of Mr. Lewes previously to his connection with Miss Evans other than such things as this: p. 224, vol. I: "Mr. Lewes' previous family life was irretrievably spoiled, his home had been wholly broken up for nearly two years;" p. 277, vol. I: "Both she and Mr. Lewes were now (1855) working very hard for what would bring immediate profit, as they had to support not only themselves, but his children, and their mother." August 1, 1855, (p. 276) "Mr. Lewes went down to Ransgate for a change, taking his boys with him;" p. 281, "We are going to send, or take the boys, (Mr. Lewes' sons) to school in Germany," etc., etc. Miss Evans knew well the difficulty which stood in the way of a legal marriage with Mr. Lewes. To ask a woman to enter into such an alliance in defiance of the conventionalities of life, is to ask of her, isolation, friendships, and all that most women hold most dear. Yet that was the question asked of Miss Evans, and to which she answered yes. Now, whatever of dignity or of character there was in the act, was lost by the marriage with Mr. Cross, a young fellow but half her age, in accordance with the laws of the church, and of the kingdom, after the death of Mr. Lewes. It is not necessary to describe farther the character of the life led by these people. This book must be read for that purpose. In regard to its structure, it is positively unique among books. Nothing else like it has ever before been done. Mr. Cross has done the work in an admirable way. And the BOOK NOTES predicts for it a place among the great biographies of the world. Harper & Brothers publish it in two forms.

Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions by A. Square, is one of those books which the BOOK NOTES finds a little difficult of comprehension. First it was read through from the beginning to the end without understanding it. Then back again from end to beginning, with no better result. Then we began exactly in the middle, with this paragraph, reading both ways: "The ascent of the posterity of the circles in the social scale is not restricted, as it is among the lower regular classes, by the Law of Nature, which limits the increase of sides to one in each generation. If it were so, the number of sides in a circle would be a mere question of pedigree, and arithmetic, and the four hundred and ninety seventh descendant of an Equatorial Triangle would necessarily be a Polygon with five hundred sides." That is about as clear as one of Sprague's Speeches in the Senate on Finance used to be. This book is small, (its Chief merit,) but if he who buys it waits to comprehend it, before buying another, his library will not be cumbersome. Roberts Brothers publish it.

The Publisher of the BOOK NOTES has recently purchased a small medical library from the estate of a physician recently deceased. Among the books are *Erichsen's Surgery*, *Gray's Anatomy*, *Virchow's Cellular Pathology*, *Wilson's Cutaneous Diseases*, *Hollen's Anatomy*, *Flint's Physiology*, 5 vols., *Flint's Practice of Medicine*, *Dalton's Physiology*, *Cazeau's Midwifery*, *Page's Surgical Pathology*, *Thomas's Diseases of Women*, *Flint's Diseases of the Heart*, *Rokytanski's Pathological Anatomy*, *Headland on the Action of Medicine*, *Biddle's Materia Medica*, *Niemeyer's Practice of Medicine*, *Hamilton on Fractures*, *Chelius's Surgery*, 3 vols., and some others. These books are all recent, fully up to the present state of medical knowledge, and are upon those subjects most useful to physicians. It is a good time to buy.

Mr. Archibald Geikie, one of the most learned of the Scotch Geologists, has gathered into a handsome volume, fourteen Sketches of Geological Tours made by himself. Among other subjects treated are the Volcanoes of Central France, the Old Glaciers of Norway and Scotland, the Geysers of the Yellowstone in Wyoming Territory, the Lava Fields of Northwestern Europe. These concise and scientific accounts of actual investigations are the true sources of knowledge. This book, which was but recently sold at \$2.50, is now being sold at 17 Westminster street at 6 cents per copy, while they last. The blood of the book-seller nourishes business.

An excellent second-hand set of the latest edition of *Appleton's Cyclopaedia* is for sale at 17 Westminster street.

Phillips's New History of English Literature:

A new Manual of English Literature has just been published by Harper & Brothers. It is of a popular character. It was prepared by Maude G. Phillips, of Springfield, Mass. The author had a threefold purpose in its preparation. She intended it to be useful as a School Manual, and as a guide to general readers, and lastly, as a book of reference. The structure of the book is peculiar. The entire history is divided into ten periods, thus: the age of Chaucer, A. D. 1350-1400; the Dark Age, A. D. 1400-1558; the Elizabethan Age, 1558-1649, etc. These sections are preceded by charts printed in colors, on which appear the names of persons eminent as civilians, authors, scientists, philosophers, painters and sculptors, in the countries of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Thus, one can study the literature of a period forward and backward, and by such a process obtain a more comprehensive knowledge than otherwise, and at the same time obtain a more logical understanding of it as a unit. The BOOK NOTES, for the reason that the Elizabethan age is most familiarly known, selects that period as illustrative of the method employed by the author in her work. First, setting forth the great intellectual splendor of this epoch, she speaks of the introduction of the school of Petrarch by Surrey, how Euphemism became a folly and a fashion under John Lyly, and then of the arrival of the Faerie Queene, in company with one Edmund Spenser; then what she calls the outburst of Patriotic Poetry, as indicated in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, planned by Sackville, but executed by many hands; and then of the origin of Poetical Satire, with special reference to Donne and Wither, the greatest satirists of the time, and how Theological writing became developed under the hand of Richard Hooker. Then of the rise of Dramatic writing, and its culmination in the folios of Shakespeare. Then of the birth of Philosophy, whereof Francis Bacon was the paternal ancestor; then of the decline of Poetry. All this she follows with a sketch of the characteristics of the contemporary literatures of France, Germany, Italy and Spain covering the same period. Then she takes up the great writers of the epoch under consideration, and carefully describes them personally, how the best judges have spoken of them, where they lived, who were their friends, and what they wrote, closing with careful studies of particular works. By this imperfect sketch the BOOK NOTES wishes to describe this excellent treatise. Hundreds of families in Providence would introduce a source of happiness would they but buy this book and read it.

British and American Oratory :

In three neat little volumes Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a collection of the most celebrated British Orations. Small as these volumes are, consider for a moment the value of their contents. Here is Sir John Eliot on the Condition of England under the Duke of Buckingham, followed by John Pym on the Grievances in the Reign of Charles First, Lords Clatham and Mansfield on the Right of England to Tax America, and Parke on the Resolutions of Conciliation with America; William Pitt on his Refusal to Negotiate with Napoleon, followed by Mr. Fox on the Rejection of Napoleon's Overtures; Sir James Mackintosh in Behalf of Free Speech, followed by Lord Erskine on the Limitations of Free Speech, delivered at the trial of the publisher of Paine's *Age of Reason*, and many others just as interesting. These same publishers, the Putnams, have followed with three uniform volumes comprising the most celebrated American Orations. Beginning with Patrick Henry, we quickly come to Hamilton on the Expediency of Adopting the Federal Constitution, and in the same volume is the famous Sermon on the Death of Hamilton, by Eliphalet Nott. Here, also, are the Orations of Hayne and Webster on Foote's Resolution; Specimen Speeches of Lincoln and Douglas in the Senatorial contest, Breckenridge on the Dred Scott Decision, and Seward on the Irrepressible Conflict. In fact, there is no great American question upon which some light is not thrown. Chase, Sumner, Calhoun, Toombs, Beecher, Davis, Brooks, Burlingame, Clingman, all speak from their points of view. Notes, biographical and historical, accompany each Orator, and his Oration, so that the reader can refresh his memory as he reads, and nothing will escape him. This species of reading is for men. Men alone seem to enjoy and to profit by it. Never before has there been so comprehensive a range, for so small a cost, as the Messrs. Putnam have in these six small volumes offered you.

Mr. James N. Arnold, editor, deserves success. He is the publisher of the *Narragansett Historical Register*, now nearly at the close of its third volume. This is one of those publications which deserves support, because it is of use. It gathers and preserves a large amount of genealogical history and places it where it is accessible. You may not indeed find in every number something about yourself, or your family, but you must remember that there are several other families than yours to be recorded. Have patience with Mr. Arnold. Take his magazine and pay him for it, so that the work may go on.

Mrs. Miller's Life of Harriet Martineau:

If the reviewers fall upon Mrs. T. Fenwick Miller with half the severity with which she falls upon Mrs. Chapman, the same who wrote, by Miss Martineau's request, the account of the last twenty years of Miss Martineau's Life,—if they do, then we say the Lord have mercy upon her. Harriet Martineau's Autobiography gave, what that lady considered to be, an account of her life and work down to 1855. She confided to Mrs. Chapman the task of continuing the story, until her death, which took place in 1876—upward of twenty years. Now Mrs. Miller has in her book 304 pages, of which 250 are taken up with the period covered by the Autobiography, to which she says she has found much that is new to relate. But what ever it was, Harriet Martineau knew it, and desired it to be left in obscurity. Even allowing Mrs. Miller has found such things, ought she to have published them? So far as the last twenty years are concerned, she claims that her narrative is altogether fresh; that there was positively nothing in Mrs. Chapman's story, and that her (Mrs. Miller's) story has been derived almost entirely from other sources. Now all this the BOOK NOTES believed was mere bluff, and so it compared closely this portion of her book with the express intention of giving Mrs. Miller its opinion of her. But to its great surprise the BOOK NOTES finds that Mrs. Miller does really tell vastly more of Harriet Martineau, her acts and character, in these seventy-five little pages of hers than Mrs. Chapman has told in all the four hundred and sixty-six great pages of her Memorial, which covers, of course, the same period. It is a first-rate illustration of how much more some people can tell on a sheet of paper than others can tell by using a ream. Messrs. Roberts Brothers are the American publishers of Mrs. Miller's book.

The name in literature, *Henry Greville*, is a pseudonym. The real name of this person is Alice Marie Celeste Durand. She is a daughter of Professor Fleury, a professor of languages at the University of St. Peter-burg. This lady began the writing of romances in 1876, since which time she has written upwards of twenty volumes, an average of more than two each year. Nearly all of these have been translated into English and published in this country. Just now the Messrs. Peterson, of Philadelphia, have ready a new one, *Mme. Eugénie*. The characters are Russian, drawn, like so many of this writer's characters, from the life she led, with her father, in that country. But the story, like all Henry Greville's stories, is of Love. It is a French love story, by a French woman.

The Latest Science from Mr. J. S. Grimes:

Mr. J. Stanley Grimes is a writer hitherto not unknown, at all events to bibliographers. Almost a generation ago he wrote treatises on Magnetism, and Magic Eloquence, and Spiritualism. Recently he seems to have directed his investigations to other subjects. There comes to the BOOK NOTES from Lippincott & Co. a little book, written by Mr. Grimes, about the *Creation of Continents by Ocean Currents*. He calls it *Geonomy*, a word coined by him for the occasion from two Greek words: *ge*, the earth; and *nomos*, a law. He has conceived the fanciful theory that there were in the ocean, at the time of their creation, or before, certain elliptical currents. These currents deposited a great amount of debris at the bottom of the sea. Thus a very great weight was finally accumulated, which ultimately crushed down the earth beneath the sea, causing a proportionate rising of earth in other places, hence the continents were formed. The early education of the editor of the BOOK NOTES was neglected. He was not properly developed as a scientist. But he entertains not a doubt that Mr. Grimes is quite right. No one has ventured to contradict him; and, indeed, it does not seem possible for any one now safely to do so, for most of those on the earth, if there was an earth at the time these currents began operations, have passed away.

Not many months ago the writer of these BOOK NOTES sent to the *Evening Press* a paragraph or two concerning the cowardly, even ridiculous positions taken by the Kentish Guards, in the trial of their officers, in 1893, for refusing to obey orders to provide by draft a contingent of men to serve the United States, under a call from the President, on the ground that their charter from Rhode Island exempted the company from service beyond the borders of the State. In other words, claiming that Rhode Island could by law exempt her citizens from military service to the General Government. To the writer's intense surprise there soon came, in the same paper, from one of its regular contributors, (*A Child's Army* Ye), a gentle reminder that the former writer's (my own) attention had better be confined to those things about which he (I) knew something, if such things there were, instead of making "reckless assertions based on such superficial views." In these days we look back upon the action of these men with wonder. They betray positively stolid ignorance of the government which had so recently been established. And it was not until a decree of the United States Supreme Court, in the case, *Martin v. Mott*, 12 Wheaton 19, that an idea could be beaten into them. This man Mott had done what these Kentish

guardsmen had done, refused to serve, but his case was followed up, their case was dropped. He was fined and confined, just as our guardsmen would have been, had their cases been followed. Yet we find even now men as stolidly ignorant as were these poor guardsmen, laboring to defend their defenseless action. This decision still remains and must always remain a part of the fundamental law of the United States. While it set forth with inexorable logic the absurdity of such pleas as were set up by these valiant guardsmen, it at the same time wiped clean and white many pages of the Rhode Island Statutes. The BOOK NOTES will confine its attention to accurate history.

If anything were needed to show that Mrs. T. Fenwick Miller, the author of the new *Memoir of Harriet Martineau* was behind the age, it can be seen in this remark of hers in the preface to her new book about Miss Martineau. She says: "All honorable people hold private conversations sacred confidence, not to be published without leave." That shews how little she knows about it. Why, three days before the last BOOK NOTES, its editor held a conversation with P., concerning something which the editor aforesaid proposed to print in the coming number, and promptly the following morning, P. printed the conversation in the *Morning Journal*, with what he conceived would be a complete answer. Yet we are all honorable men. P. probably acted on the wise precaution, that it is wisest to draw the teeth of wild animals in advance of the bite.

A few days since the BOOK NOTES noted the sale in England of a copy of the Mazarin Bible for £3,900 sterling, or about \$19,500 dollars, as being the largest price ever given for a single book. Later, from the same Syson sale, comes the report of the price given for the *Psalterium Codex*, also printed by Fust & Schoeffer. It was printed in 1459, four years after the Mazarin Bible, and is a much rarer book. It "fetched," as an Englishman would say, £4,950 sterling, or \$24,750. It is surprising how the Bibliomania flourishes in a Free Trade country. Theoretically, of course, it ought not to flourish there. The writer has a book for sale published by this same Schoeffer.

The novelist whose books are read by the largest number of readers in the United States is Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro., her publishers, have recently, in obedience to the spirit of the times, reduced the selling prices of her books, and they are now re-publishing them, in paper covers at the low price of 75 cents; formerly they were in cloth, \$1.75. The most recent thus issued is the *Changed Brides*.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. {
Price 50 cts. per annum. }

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

{ VOL. II. No. 26.
2000 COPIES. }

Dolby and Dickens in Providence:

Mr. George Dolby has written a book called *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him*. Mr. George Dolby was the manager of Mr. Dickens in his reading tours, both in England and in the United States. In this book Mr. Dolby has written the story of these tours. Some reference to local or personal details will doubtless interest the readers of the BOOK NOTES more than any attempt at a synopsis. It was on the evenings of February 20th and 21st, 1867, that Mr. Dickens read to our Providence people in City Hall. The first evening he read the Christmas Carol, and the Trial, from Pickwick. The second evening he read Dr. Marigold, and Bob Sawyer's Party. Such an occasion called out the most cultivated people of Providence, to the number of about seven hundred. Mr. Dolby gives an account of this visit, which is interesting. He says on our arrival at the "depôt," for such they call a railway station, we found a crowd of thousands of people awaiting our arrival, just to get a peep at Mr. Dickens. It was Mr. Dickens's habit to walk from the stations to his hotel, so on this occasion he and Mr. Dolby started together. The whole crowd followed them through the streets, some of the component parts occasionally darting in front to get a good look at Mr. Dickens or to get a shake of his hand. Two policemen standing in the street saw that Mr. Dickens was being inconvenienced by this, and at once took charge of them, one walking by the side of Mr. Dickens, and the other by Mr. Dolby, until they reached their hotel. Then the crowd filed on each side of the steps, up which they marched, Dickens saying to Dolby, that it was very like going into the police van in Bow street. Mr. Dolby says Mr. Dickens was very much amused by this reception, for the crowd were very well behaved. The preliminary result of these two evenings was an agreeable surprise to both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby, for they remarked that "Providence was an isolated sort of a place," and Mr. Dickens was so delighted with his audience as he was with the net profits, which were \$2,100. Some

interesting particulars concerning the general result of this tour appear. The BOOK NOTES selects a few. The total receipts for the 76 readings were \$228,600. This money was in "greenbacks," which, Mr. Dickens, having no faith in American money, daily converted into gold. The average rate of premiums paid was 39½ per cent. The party comprised five persons. The hotel expenses for them averaged per day, per man, \$12.00. Mr. Dickens, after paying 5 per cent. to Ticknor & Fields, premiums on gold, bankers' commissions, and expenses of all other kind, carried home £10,000 sterling. Lippincott & Co. publish the book.

The Tendency of the Book Notes to Lengthen Life:

One of the wisest and best of the friends of the BOOK NOTES writes thus: "As for those truly precious BOOK NOTES, they are the solace of my declining years and my constant wonder. If they had only come earlier, I might not have declined so fast." Every one should take them.

Mrs. Helen (Hunt) Jackson's *Namona* is described by one writer as being one of the most artistic creations in American literature. Another speaks of the exquisite finish of style. Another, as being one of the most charming creations of modern fiction. Another of it as being irresistibly fascinating. And still another, Mr. Higginson, could not find sufficient words in the English language in which to describe it. After all this, the BOOK NOTES tells you that the book is a cleverly written, well-sustained story, of sufficient power to get you into a state of thorough madness (by which word we mean anger) before you get half through it.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* maintains the high standard of excellence which it has attained. The current number has five articles, one on Shakespeare's Country, and one on Nauvorth Castle, both beautifully illustrated and both interesting to American readers.

Our Bodies; How We Live:

Dr. Albert F. Blaisdell, one of our townsmen, has written, and Lee & Shepard have published, a small book on Physiology. It is designed as a Text Book for schools, and especially for quite young pupils. Whatever medical knowledge the editor of the BOOK NOTES may be possessed of is confined to the realm of the Intellect; it is in no sense physical. The BOOK NOTES, therefore, will not undertake to tell you of the excellent qualities of Dr. Blaisdell's book, but it will tell you how this book differs from others of a similar nature, and how in use. It is written with special reference to the effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system, not in the general way heretofore done, but with special reference to the organs of the body. For instance, on stomach-digestion, on the liver, on the circulation of blood, and on the blood itself, on the heart, and on the lungs, and so on through our entire system. No other book with which we are familiar treats these subjects so thoroughly, and yet so simply. Then comes a chapter on simple matters of everyday health, such, for instance, as what to do with a frost-bite, with fainting people, with suffocating people, with convulsions in children, and half-drowned people, with sunstrokes, and burns and scalds, how to get a button from a child's throat, how to make a poultice, and a hundred other just such practically useful things. Then follows a most curious chapter of *experiments* to be performed in the school room. These experiments are for the purpose of illustrating more fully, by ocular demonstration, the bones, the muscles, food, drink, digestion, the action of the heart, and the circulation of the blood, and all such matters. It is in these things that this book differs from all others. Then it is written in a simple, untechnical way which everybody can understand, and last but not least, it is at a very low price. The BOOK NOTES congratulates its townsman on the success which it believes he has achieved.

The patient waiters will by-and-by get the "Century" for November and December last. The publishers inform us that it will be March 2 for the former, and March 12 for the latter. New plates have been made, or are in process of manufacture, and the printing of such plates is very slow, comparatively, with ordinary press work.

The Remarks on the Life and Character of Senator Anthony, by his colleague, Senator Aldrich, delivered in the U. S. Senate, Jan. 19, 1886, have been published in a neat pamphlet.

How to Cure Sick Vegetables:

Mr. Worthington G. Smith, member of the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, has prepared a little book on the *Diseases of Field and Garden Crops*, which is believed to be of high scientific and practical value. The whole study is for the consideration of the best means of preventing the attacks of plant diseases. Diseases caused by members of the animal kingdom are not within the scope of the book, but only such diseases as are caused by parasitic fungi, such as mildew, moulds, smuts, blights, and rusts. Since the main object of the book is to prevent, or palliate, or cure these plant diseases, it must be addressed, of course, to those engaged in the growing of such plants, that is to practical agriculturists, and as those men are not supposed to be versed in scientific technical terms, the author has confined himself to plain English. The book is filled with illustrations. Among the diseases described are clover mildew, smut of potatoes, and the new disease of the same vegetable called *Pectia postuma*. The mildew and mould and smut of onions, straw blight, the putrefactive mildew of turnips and cabbages, white-rust of the cabbage, club-root in turnips, beets, and other allied plants, corn mildew, bunt of wheat, taraxacum or vetches and pea mould, and a good many more of a similar kind. In a conclusion, Mr. Smith sums up the case with practical hints, which it is apparent must be in the highest degree valuable. The book is small and inexpensive. It is published by Macmillan & Co.

Here is how it looks to outsiders. The following clipping from a New York paper falls naturally into the columns of the BOOK NOTES: "In the town of Charleston, R. I., is a monument to the memory of Ninereet, King of the Narragansetts. The names of the commissioners who had charge of the erection of the monument are in bold letters that can be easily read; but the rest of the inscription is so small as to be read with difficulty by one standing outside the railing that surrounds the structure. This gives the passing stranger an idea that the commissioners are buried there, and he is surprised when told that it is only erected to their glory."

From the latest Proceedings of the N. H. Historic Genealogical Society, of Boston, the BOOK NOTES learns that the chair of Governor John Brown Francis has been given by his loving daughters, Elizabeth and Sally Francis, to that society. There is a description of it, and of other Governors' chairs belonging to the Society, in the Proceedings.

The Farming Weakness of City People:

It is generally about this time of the year that nineteen out of twenty city people form little plans for setting up establishments in the country; in other words, farming. For the convenience of such people there are two or three small books to which the BOOK NOTES wishes to call attention. The first is a book of *House-Plans for Everybody*, or nearly everybody, for the cost of these houses range from \$250 to \$8,000 with every detail plainly provided. This is accompanied with another book entitled *Farm Conveniences*. This has 212 illustrations, with as many descriptions, and hints for farmers. Everything can be found here from a plowing gear for a kicking mule to a movable nest for hens. In still another companion book, *Rural Plans*, are 217 illustrations of outbuildings of every kind. Here are corn houses, ice houses, spring houses for milk, smoke houses, dog houses, poultry houses, and every kind of house devised by the whims or necessities of men. Besides these, there is another small book called *Household Conveniences*. This might be useful to the same city people, in case their little farming plans miscarry. The usefulness of some of these devices is so apparent that when you see them you will wonder why you never thought of them before. There is not a housekeeper in Providence whose home would not be made better by the application of some of these little suggestions.

Women of the Time:

A Biographical Dictionary of distinguished living Women is a new idea. We have had men served up in this way for many years. In fact, *Men of the Time* is now in its eleventh edition, while M. Vapereau's *Dictionnaire*, while never having been revised, has nevertheless had several appendices made for it. But no one has before considered women of sufficient consequence to gather even the names of the more distinguished into a book. Now here they are. Mrs. Francis Hays has done it. Her book is called *Women of To-Day*. How well these short biographies are done, the BOOK NOTES is not in possession of sufficient knowledge to have an opinion. But of one thing it is sure. There is too much detail in giving the names of the books written by some of them. Take, for instance, Miss Charlotte Yonge. All these are in the Bibliographies, where they can readily be found. While here no one can read them—they only encumber. All these things will, however, be corrected in the next issue. For now that the idea has taken a fixed form, it will be carried on.

Something on Gardening:

Whether a horse, if he were obliged to get down upon his knees, with the summer sun blistering his back, to weed and thin out Carrots, would wish to indulge his appetite in that popular vegetable, is a question. In regard to Onions and their enemies, the weeds, it is generally conceded that a bright, sharp hoe actively circulated around the tender bulbs is a specific antidote. But, then, how to get rid of the scallion, ay, that's the question. And, lastly, to overcome the ridiculous prejudices of people against this excellent succulent vegetable. It is a curious fact that while Cucumbers seek warm soils, they are themselves chiefly sought because of their coolness. The Pumpkin vine is among Vegetables like the Cuckoo among Birds. It lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. The Pumpkin is the stolon crop among the Corn. To call a Radish the *Long Scarlet Short Top Radish*, is as absurd as to call it the *Broad Long Scarlet Narrow Short Top*. There is too much dimension in the name. While on this matter of nomenclature, the BOOK NOTES suggests that if you insist on spelling it Spinach, you pronounce it Spinnack, but since you all say Spingee, why not abandon the old way of spelling since all the dictionaries allow it. These BOOK NOTES on Gardening are suggested by a new and excellent little treatise by Harris.

Harper's New Editions of Greek Authors:

Few people are aware of the extent to which Harper & Brothers are carrying their lists of books for the prosecution of classical studies. They have just perfected a new series of Greek and Latin studies. It is prepared by various hands, but all are under the editorial supervision of Prof. Drisler. The series so far as decided upon will comprise: The *Protagoras* of Plato, with notes by Prof. Sihler, of Johns Hopkins, already issued; the sixth and seventh books of *Herodotus*, with notes by Prof. Merriam, of Columbia. This is just ready. The *Olympic and Pythian Odes* of Pindar, with notes by Prof. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins. The *Offices* of Cicero, with notes by Prof. Stickney, and the *Sicilian Expedition* of Thucydides, books 6th and 7th, with notes by Prof. Lamberton, of Lehigh. These are all, as far as yet selected. The last three are in press. These books are based on the best texts, and the notes, both original and selected, are up to the most advanced knowledge. The present volume, *Herodotus*, begins with a *concise memoir* of the ancient traveller, followed by an epitome of his books.

The New Novel, Tarantella :

Among the most recent fiction is the novel *Tarantella*, by Mathilde Blind, from the press of Roberts Brothers. This lady is the author of the Life of George Eliot in the Famous Women series. The story is of Germans in Germany. It is weird and mystic in the highest degree. It is of the childhood, growth and development into womanhood of Mina von Lichtenfeld, with whom fell in love one Professor Emanuel, a musical professor, who played first violin. After many vicissitudes, Mina stole unawares, one winter morning in December, upon her lover. He was playing a composition of his own, the Tarantella, on his violin, albeit unawares was he that she was near. It was snowing, and very cold. It was to be the morning of the marriage. Out in the cold, encompassed by the snow, the poor Mina was frozen to death, while she was entranced by the heavenly music,—a sad, sad ending of a charming story. The main point of the story turns on the belief that the bite of the Tarantula can be cured by constant movement. In Italy a peasant girl had been bitten. Professor Emanuel, who was near, began improvising on his violin with such effect that the girl could not keep still, but was kept in constant motion. This improvisation became famous throughout Europe, and was the music which charmed Mina von Lichtenfeld into Heaven.

Miss Rosa Carey, the same who writes such beautiful stories of love-making and all that, has just ready a new one, called *Robert Ord's Atone ment*. What Robert was to make atonement for, the BOOK NOTES has not yet discovered. But it has found out the following points in the story: Robert had two brothers, and they all had an old aunt. The old aunt was feeble in health, but peculiarly strong. The nephews disliked her, and she disliked them. They were, of course, poor. She sickened, and died, in a remote country inn, (the scene is England). Robert went down to the country to find out what the old aunt did with her money. He found that she had a young woman as a companion, one Rorha Maturin, to whom she had by will given her entire wealth. Robert's first impulse was to attack the sanity of his old aunt, and so try to break the will. But a consultation with the lawyers deterred him from this attempt, so he resolved to make love to the young woman, kill two birds with one stone, get the girl and the money together. And the book tells how he did it. Those who have read with so much pleasure *Nellie's Memoirs*, and the *Queen's Whim*, and *Not Like Other Girls*, have a fresh treat in store at a cost of only 25 cents.

Daddy Darwin's Dovecote :

Mrs. Julia Horatia Ewing is a daughter of Mrs. Alfred Gatty, who became famous by a small book which she wrote, entitled *Parables from Nature*. Thus Mrs. Ewing comes by her literary talent legitimately. It is singular how slowly the world sometimes comes to recognize this talent. A little book which Mrs. Ewing published in 1873, *A Flitton for a Farthing*, came to a success only this year through a reprint by Roberts Brothers. Just now this same firm have republished *Daddy Darwin's Dovecote*, by this same lady. It is neatly printed in brown ink, and illustrated by Randolph Cablecott. The Yorkshire dialect, in which it is written, is exceedingly curious. These English are about the last people who should find fault with the Americans for their faulty use of the English language. What kind of a fellow is he, who, living in Birmingham, calls it Braumagem, and who, living less than a hundred miles from York, has to call the assistance of an interpreter to assist in understanding what a Yorkshireman (another Englishman) means by his talk. Who calls his grandfather, gaffer, and his grandmother, gammer?

The bibliography of the Constitutional Question in Rhode Island is increasing. Prof. J. B. Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, in a pamphlet, gives to the Rhode Island people his opinion of the value of their Supreme Court's opinion, when it is constitutionally asked and given. The practical question to us here in Rhode Island is that the opinions of the latter may possibly become formulated into decrees. Of this there is no danger in the case of Mr. Thayer's opinion. It is purchased, or given, and cannot become a decree. When the people of Rhode Island made it obligatory on the Supreme Court to make written answers to questions of law, put by the Governor or by either House of the Assembly, it is not likely that they ever intended that the Governor, nor either House, should ever pay any attention to these opinions. Of course not. It was probably a scheme devised by the people to give the Court practice when it had nothing special to do. Nevertheless it was very kind in Mr. Thayer (himself, as he calls himself, to ex-Chief Justice Bradley) to inform us what the people of Rhode Island intended to do, and just what the opinion of the Rhode Island Supreme Court is worth. In our simplicity we had never suspected that there were people in Rhode Island who knew not the difference between an *opinion* and a *decision*. But we suppose there must be, otherwise this pamphlet would not be.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885.

{ Vol. II. No. 27.
2000 COPIES.

The Book Notes on Senator Chace's Tariff Speech:

The BOOK NOTES must not be guilty of passing unnoticed the speeches of Senator Chace on the tariff. He undertakes to defend a system which large numbers of people believe is the true business policy of this country, to wit, the "protective" principle, so called. The writer of these BOOK NOTES holds a contrary view. He believes that the protective principle is class legislation of the most vicious kind; that it is immoral in principle, impolitic in practice, and unconstitutional in law; that while it enriches its beneficiaries at the first, it impoverishes them at the last; that the nation has been weakened by it, rather than strengthened; and that the sooner it is abandoned, as he believes it surely will be, the better will be the condition of the whole people.

Mr. Chace begins by advocating "such methods of *taxation* as shall ensure to the greatest benefit of the country," (which means, of course, the whole country,) and continues, "the greatest benefit to the greatest number of people." Thus he concedes that "protection" is taxation, and he asserts that taxation is a benefit, and then concludes that it is better to help the greater number than to help the whole. Does he not see that these are two distinct, and very different statements? He treats them as synonymous. There are several points in the latest speech wherein the BOOK NOTES is on all fours with the learned Senator. Especially wherein he says "it is a very taking doctrine to assert that a man ought to have the right to buy where he can buy cheapest, and sell where he can sell for the most money." It is indeed a taking doctrine, and happily he has advanced nothing to disturb the soundness of it. Again he says, "It is a very taking doctrine to assert that nobody can be benefited by taxing him." Well, does he suppose anybody ever doubted the truth of that proposition? Where does he show how a man is benefited by taxing him? Again he disturbs not the soundness of our "sophisms." It is indeed fitting in beginning an oration in favor of discriminating duties to say, "It is the duty of every individual

to care for him-self, and his own interests. Self-interest, an enlightened and just selfishness is right," and then he quotes St. Paul in support of this extraordinary position. *Just selfishness* is a contradiction in terms. The word *selfishness* means seeking one's own interest regardless of the interests of others; *exclusive* regard for one's own interest; *supreme* self-love, or preference for one's private gain; *inordinate* regard to one's own interest; *undue* pursuit of private gain. These definitions are authoritative. They are irreconcilable with justice; there can be no such thing as a *just selfishness*. In what school did the Senator learn such ethics?

With the purpose of frightening the wage earner, much space was taken in both speeches in setting forth the horrible condition of the London paupers as depicted in the "Bitter Cry," and charging their misery to the free trade legislation of England, pointing to it as to a frightful chasm into which our laboring men would surely be thrown were this country to adopt the same pernicious system. Now if the learned Senator would just connect this cause with this effect, he would astonish us. His reasoning in support of his sophistry, to be correct, must show, first, that there were no paupers in England before the beginning of free-trade in 1846; or second, that their numbers have increased since that date. He does nothing of the kind. It cannot be shown; the truth being, that between the years 1849-1883, the actual number of paupers in England and Wales shrank 135,000, while the population increased eight and a half millions. It was in the same proportion throughout the whole kingdom. Hence the whole of this portion of the speech is destroyed. Then with the purpose of showing the wise and beneficent working of the protective principle he exhibits the condition of the cutlery manufacture, and in so doing attacks the logic of Dr. Wayland. In undertaking to overthrow this sturdy reasoner he fails to state fairly Wayland's position. He uses language which Wayland did not use. Wayland in 1847 used something similar, but not precisely similar, but in 1845, the year of the edition cited, his book contains no such language. Mr.

Chace has not touched, much less shattered, Wayland's argument. Here it is verbatim:

First. "We pay a very heavy duty on cutlery in this country while not a thousandth part of the cutlery used is made here. It would be vastly cheaper to pay a bounty sufficient to raise all the cutlery made in this country to its present prices, and it would be, for aught I see, just as good for the cutler. The whole effect of this mode of encouragement is, to pay one man as much more as the bounty amounts to for producing an article than we should pay another man, that is one man will do it for five dollars, and we engage another to do it for five dollars, and give him five dollars besides for the sake of economy."—*Pol. Econ.*, 1815, p. 119.

Second. "The labor of man produces an annual capital. If he have been industrious and frugal there will have arisen an annual surplus which must of necessity be transformed into fixed capital."—*Pol. Econ.*, 1815, p. 115.

Third. "The time when any manufacture can be profitably established, in a country which possesses natural advantages for it, is decided by the amount of capital of that country; the amount of annual investment which it is able to make in fixed capital, and on the rate of interest."—*Pol. Econ.*, 1815, p. 116.

Fourth. "That system of discriminating duty without which a man who could obtain a coat with five days' labor, and by which he is forced to give fifteen days' labor, deprives that man of saving and investing a portion of his annual savings in fixed capital, and hence postpones the time when the country could profitably engage in such manufacture, a result the reverse of that claimed by the advocates of protection for infant industries."—*Pol. Econ.*, 1815, p. 116.

Now, where has Wayland's argument been shattered? Certainly the Senator has not shown that the bounty plan would not have been cheaper than the protective tariff. Nor has he overthrown the second position. He cannot. It is a self-evident fact. So likewise with the third position. For, possessing the natural advantages, the time when a country can compete with another country, must be the time when it has the necessary capital with which to engage in the manufacture. Mr. Chace says concerning cutlery, that the time has now arrived when "we are able to obtain, in many instances, cutlery nearly as cheaply, and, in a few instances, quite as cheaply as it could be obtained abroad." But this does not disturb Wayland's position. Mr. Chace must show that this condition would not have happened long before under the bounty plan, and would not have been vastly cheaper to the people. He has not done so. Moreover Mr. Chace is inconsistent, for while opposing Wayland's bounty plan in the case of cutlery, he favors it

in cases of steamships and railroads. Moreover he is illogical, for he says, cutlery (in spite of the enormous protection, which must increase the cost of production,) can be produced and sold in this country, and indeed is so, nearly or quite as cheaply as in foreign countries. Again he says, "We cannot reduce duties and compete with foreign manufactures. Pray in what school is such reasoning taught? Its absurdity is so apparent that it is unnecessary to exhibit it. Yet I will. Mr. Chace says we can nearly, or quite compete, with the English with our tariff as it now is. He says, if you lower the tariff, you lower wages. Hence production will be cheaper. How by reducing our tariff is the Englishman to reduce his prices? He has touched bottom. With us a lower cost would enter into every part of the production. Transportation is in our favor, England is 3,000 miles away. It, therefore, does not follow that in a case where we can quite compete, with a tariff, we could not compete without such an obstruction. Mr. Chace is on the wrong side of the question, provided it has two sides.

Mr. Chace having begun his speech with his axiom that a *just selfishness* is the correct thing, and that it is "the duty of every individual to take care of himself," finally reaches the conclusion that "our whole government is based on the principle of individual surrender for the benefit of the whole;" and then he exhibits a series of comparisons of values in the different States between their agricultural and manufactured products. By what details these totals are reached he does not inform us. As he looks at them they become a triumphant vindication of the policy he advocates. But does he look rightly at them? Has not the cost of manufactured products been continually increased in every way by this tariff? Suppose Mr. Chace were to draw from these values the amount directly inflated into them by law, how much would remain? While this immense inflation has been going on with manufactured products, the prices of the fruits of the earth have been borne down by competition with all the world. Look at his agricultural figures. An industry absolutely unprotected, open to every sort of competition, and taxed at every discoverable source. Farm mortgages are no longer the result of waste nor extravagance, but of this infamous tariff. If anything were needed to make its horrible results more apparent, it is this exhibition of the result of discrimination between these two sections of American industry, the one tied to death for the benefit of the other, and then its cruciated form held up to glorify the vampire which has fed upon it.

Mr. Chace is especially severe upon school-men, men of education, professors in colleges, and upon Brown University in particular, towards which institution, pointing the finger,

scorn, he exclaims, What has it done for me? Well, possibly it has not done much for Mr. Chace. It has done what it could, however. It gave him the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts, for which he should not cast a slur upon it. Concerning these slurs upon men of education, there is a paragraph most fitting in an ancient writer, one Aristophanes by name. It runs thus: "The state has very often appeared to us to be placed in the same position towards its good and noble citizens, as it is with regard to old currency and the new gold. For we make no use at all, either at home or abroad, of those which are not adulterated, but the most beautiful of all money, as it would seem, which are alone well coined and ring properly, but of this base copper (silver), struck only yesterday, and recently, of a most villainous stamp, and such of the citizens as we know to be well-born, and prudent, and honorable gentlemen, and educated in the palaestra, and chorus, and liberal knowledge, we insult. But the impudent, and foreigners, and the base-born, and the rascals, and the sons of rascals, and those most recently come, we employ."

Bacteria, Bacillus & Co. :

There is a little book of investigations into the causes of disease, by one Dr. Klein, of London, entitled *Micro-Organism on Disease*. In it one finds the studies made by certain men, to wit: Koch, Pasteur, Kiebs, Leyden, Eberth, Buhl, Hüter, Oertel, and many more such men, in the discovery, cultivation, and powers of micro-organisms in disease in the human body. These organisms are known as Micrococci, Bacteria, and Bacillus. One of these men, Pasteur, has recently been making investigation into the cause of hydrophobia, which he has traced to Bacteria. These discoveries have attracted the attention of scientific people everywhere. Apropos, one reads with pleasure the offer of a reward to a gentleman, by the legislature of New York, for the discovery and publication of the following recipe for this same disease, and that, too, within the memory of men now living, for it was about 65 years ago:

1. Take one ounce of the jawbone of a dog, burned and pulverized.
2. Take the false tongue of a newly-fouled colt, also dried and pulverized.
3. Take one scruple of the verdigrise which is raised on the surface of old copper, by laying in moist earth—the coppers of George I or II are the purest and best.

Mix the ingredients, and take a teaspoonful every day.

In religious matters it is said that the heterodoxy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow. Is it thus also in science? Is that which we call science to-day to be forever the nonsense of to-morrow?

Mr. John Fiske's New Book :

The name of it is *American Political History*, viewed from the standpoint of universal history. By this Mr. Fiske means the tracing of the Federal principle, which is the essence of the American problem back through all time to the beginning of things. The book consists of three lectures which Mr. Fiske has delivered both in this country and in England. Their headings are the *Taken Meeting*, without which he thinks the Federal Union would be converted into a centralizing imperial government. Second, the *Federal Union*, which he regards as one of the most important contributions that the English speaking race has yet given to the work of civilization. The Federal Principle he describes as the idea that "the people of a State shall have full and entire control of their own domestic affairs, such as concern themselves only, and which they could naturally manage with more intelligence and with more zeal than any distant governing body could; but in regard to matters of common concern between a group of States, decisions are to be reached in every case by the systematic legislation of a central government which represents both States and people, and whose decisions can be enforced by the combined physical force of all the States." Third, *Man's Best Destiny*. Here the BOOK NOTES is happy to say that Mr. Fiske fairly lets loose his fancy and becomes eloquent, as befits a citizen of the greatest country in the world. No synopsis of which the BOOK NOTES is capable can do justice to this magnificent chapter, the conclusion reached being that in a time not far distant the English tongue will be the dominant language throughout the entire world; that all nations will become one Federal government, as ours now is; and in a word, the millennium which we were taught to believe had something of the religious element in it, is in reality altogether a political affair; everybody will love everybody and be happy, want will cease, civilization will have been perfected, and thus we shall drift on through time and eternity being gradually transformed into angels, and the earth into Heaven. The Harpers publish it.

The Revised Version of the Holy Bible, which has been long in preparation is finished, and is to be published in May next by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Editions will be offered in this country by Messrs. F. Nelson & Sons of New York, and by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. Editions have been printed in various types and sizes. An edition has been printed in parallel columns giving the King James Version beside the new Version. The prices of this edition are from \$8.00 to \$18.00. The prices of the other editions range from \$1.50 to \$7.00 per copy.

A New Dictionary of English History:

For the first time we now have English history in the dictionary form. Messrs. Cassell & Co. have recently published a fine octavo volume containing nearly 1,200 pages, entitled the *Dictionary of English History*, written by Sidney J. Low, of Kings College, London, and F. S. Pulling, of Yorkshire College, Leeds. A book of the class, declared by the *London Athenaeum* to be "admirable," and by the *British Quarterly* to be so desirable that the wonder is it was not done before. It is either a key to unlock a whole history of English history, or it is a book calculated to supply the place of such a library to many people. Suppose in reading you fell upon some reference to the Arrest of the Five Members, and were either ignorant of, or had forgotten the circumstances. This book in a few lines tells you the story, and then it tells you precisely where to seek further knowledge. Few of my readers have the leisure even were they filled with the desire to read Mr. Freeman's elaborate History of the Conquest of England, by William the Conqueror, an event now generally called the Norman Conquest, yet probably every one of my readers would like to get quickly a knowledge of the main facts. Now here is just the book, for in twenty-five minutes by the clock, any one of you can gain the outline of this history, and then were you desirous for further knowledge, you are directed where to look for it. These gentlemen are the pioneers who have opened up a sort of royal road to knowledge. The book is positively excellent. This book having, as the Book Notes believe, come to stay, it is incumbent upon us to note errors or improvements for subsequent editions. Thus the Book Notes does not regard Paton's History of the United States as an authority for the English side of the question, but we are referred to it for that use; and the Book Notes thinks Lubow's History should be omitted, and Greene's Life of Greene added. So with the accounts of Paul Allen and Mercy Warren, which are omitted, while David Ramsay is included. The truth is that the references to the title "American Revolution" are carelessly done. They need revision, and in doing so President Rees should be spoiled President Reed.

In the history of Pierce's Fight with the Indians, and the subsequent events at Nine Men's Misery, the locality is given as the "gore," or the "Atleborough Gore." This piece of land was decreed by the King of England to the colony of Rhode Island, in 1745, against the claims of Massachusetts, and was by Rhode Island incorporated as the town of Cumberland.

The Great English Biographical Dictionary:

The initial volume of the great *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen, is ready. It is to be a Dictionary of Anglo-Saxons. It will include England and all her Colonies. Thus, America comes in down to the period of the Revolution. It is further proposed to give two volumes of the series exclusively to Americans distinguished since the separation from the mother country. This volume covers A-Ann. It includes among its contributors the following among others not less distinguished: Sheldon Amos, Professor Blakie, Professor Creighton, Fustleton Dyer, A. G. Ewald, Canon Fremantle, Edward A. Freeman, James Gardner, A. B. Grosart, Van Lann, Sir Theodore Martin. The name and a hundred others are the contributors. They are among the very first in contemporary literature. The purpose has been to give a sufficiently full biography, into which shall have been incorporated the latest results of historical research, based in many cases on a re-examination of original documents. The work is to be issued, one volume each three months, until completed. The Book Notes need not remind its readers that it is a work of the very first importance. Macmillan & Co. are its publishers.

Between the Black and the Caspian seas there lies a range of very high mountains. North of this range the land is Russia; south of it the land is Asia, but it is known specially as the Caucasus. This land is peopled by many wandering tribes; among them are the Tartars. The danger of travelling among these ungoverned barbarians deters most travellers from visiting them. Recently an Englishman ventured among them, and, on returning home, wrote his experiences in a book, *Notes on the Caucasus*. There is much curious information concerning these wild people preserved in this book. There is also very much of personal description of the Russian officers employed in the country, some of whom are, like the Tartars, the embodiment of all that is bad. The book is a beautifully printed octavo, and is now being sold at 17 Westminster street for 50 cents. It was published at \$1.00. If the statements of the writer are true, the Caucasians have one superlative virtue—they never get drunk. They, in fact, have no intoxicating liquors in the country. And this, too, without a Maine Law.

There are people who look upon Animal Magnetism as a delusion. The Book Notes trusts the reason for this incredulity is not because Deleuze was the discoverer of the principles of the supposed science. Should this paragraph shock the nerves, go at once to C. Hartshorn.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1885.

(Vol. II. No. 28.)
(2000 COPIES.)

Literary Disguises:

A few days ago there came the news that all events news to most of us, that Charles Egbert Cradock, the author of some of the best stories and novels of the day, was a woman, a Miss Murteess. This secret has been well kept for several years. It was a literary disguise. Unbeknown to each other two men were engaged in the same undertaking, the making of a dictionary of these literary disguises. These gentlemen, the Rev. W. Cushing and Mr. Albert R. Frey, upon the discovery of the fact, concluded to pool the issue and bring out their work jointly under one hand. This was a very wise conclusion. This book is to be published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., of New York, in an octavo volume, at a price of \$5. Some copies will be interleaved for such as desire them. The BOOK NOTES suggests the following names: *Admonish Crime*. It was the anagram of the Rev. James Cook Richmond, author of *Midsummer's Day Dream*. *Shepherd Tom*, Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, author of the *Johnny-Cake Letters*. *C. Anton*, Mr. Augustus Hopkin, author of *Recollections of Anton House*. *Nilla*, Miss Abby Allin, author of *Home Ballads*. *A Hebrewian*, Rowland G. Hazard, author of *Language*, 1836, and other works. *A Looker-On Here in Vienna*, Mrs. Mary E. Andersen, author of the *Merchant's Wife*.

The magnificent volume by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, entitled *Landscape*, which was promised in December, but which promise it was impossible to keep, is just ready. It is indeed a royal volume. It is the compilation in form of the *Graphic Arts* and the *Etchers and Engraving*, by the same author. Mr. Hamerton says his dominant idea herein is to show the influence of natural landscape upon the mind of man. With this end in view he has made heavy drafts upon modern art in its every form. There is a picture by Turner for the first time engraved in line; magnificent etchings of pictures by Corot, by David Cox, by Peter Graham, and a great many distinguished artists. Among the most beautiful things in the book are *Thou*, an exquisite little engraving in line by Brandard, and the *Silver Strand* on Loch Kaurine, etched by McCulloch. A section, where all are so beautiful, is invaluable. Copies, both on large paper (proofs) and on small paper, can be had at 17 Westminster street.

Prof. Gildersleve's Odes of Pindar:

The third volume in the series of Classical Studies, now in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, is now ready. It is the *Olympic and Pythian Odes of Pindar*, edited by Prof. Gildersleve, of Johns Hopkins. In an introductory essay he gives an account of Pindar, who was next to Homer the most ancient of the Greek poets. His biography is shadowy. He is said to have been born B. C. 522. He was contemporary with Thucydides. Aristophanes was born two years before his death. The battle of Marathon was fought while he was in his prime. In this essay is a discussion of the style of Pindar, his dialect, his syntax, his metres and his rhythm. Then follows the Greek text of the selections from his works, which are in turn followed by voluminous notes, original in part, but mainly selected from the editions of Pindar, edited by good German and English scholars. Thus this compact volume is the cream of learning upon the subject.

Whenever by the laws of a state the cost of manufactured goods is raised to such a point as to prevent their exportation, the manufacturers of other states are protected in their markets. Thus the English are today protected in the West Indies and in all their markets by an American tariff. And yet a "Protectionist Patriot" will ask you to believe that the Golden Club fellows are sending over here fabulous sums of British gold to influence our elections in favor of free trade. Less than a month ago Mr. Lowell, Minister to England, told a London audience that if ever America did lower her tariff so that her wares could be got out of the country, England would find about the fiercest competitor she had ever encountered. Protective tariffs are relics of feudalism. They can be kept alive by buying legislation for a time, but this in the end will become unprofitable, and they must go. Besides, now and then the people awake to action. They once did so in this country. It was in a case concerning the alleged ownership of men by other men.

Mr. Tucker's Book on the Monroe Doctrine:

The recent negotiation of a treaty with Nicaragua whereby the United States obtained the right to construct a ship canal across the territory of Nicaragua from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific ocean, has awakened much interest in the discussion of questions, ripe a lifetime ago, but long lain dormant. A new generation of men has grown up to whom these questions are new. Nevertheless these new men must act upon some of these questions. It comes, therefore, opportune that the idea of gathering together just the information required should have occurred to Mr. George F. Tucker, a member of the Boston Bar. He calls his book the *Monroe Doctrine*, and he gives, first, the causes which led to its declaration; second, what it was; and last, the occasions when the doctrine has been applied. The doctrine was patent to no man, yet now like pretty much every thing in the early formation of this government, it is claimed for John Quincy Adams. It was the crystallization of a thought common to all men. In a concrete form it found expression in a message sent by President Monroe to Congress December 2, 1823. It was practically in these words: "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies of any European power we have not interfered, nor shall we interfere. But with such governments as have gained and maintained their independence, which independence has been acknowledged by us, we should regard European interference in the light of a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." In simple form it was a declaration not to meddle with European politics, and to allow no European power to meddle with American politics. Mr. Tucker then gives accounts of the occasions of the application of the doctrine. Some of the principal ones are the Panama Congress, the results of which were laid before Congress March 3, 1829. The Yucatan Discussion of 1845, which came near being an intervention of force. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Great Britain in regard to the construction of a canal. This treaty was negotiated April 19, 1850; and finally the French Intervention in Mexico during the Rebellion. So far as the latter occasion is concerned, as soon as it was demonstrated that the republic had not collapsed, and was not going to collapse the Emperor withdrew, leaving Maximilian to come later. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty seems now to be a stumbling block. It was practically an agree-

ment with England not to build a canal, excepting on the condition that that power should be a joint occupant, and an equal participant in its benefits. It can easily be seen what an immense difficulty this treaty now is. Mr. Tucker has very simply and clearly told the story, which has been beautifully published by Mr. George B. Reed, of Boston. My excellent friend, Mr. Payne, in his paper on this subject, speaks of Mr. Tucker as being "a pupil of Dr. Wayland, and that this book exhibits much of the clear analysis which was a leading feature in the instructions of this eminent teacher." This is very complimentary, but not quite correct. Mr. Tucker was of the class of 1823. Wayland resigned the Presidency in 1855. Among Mr. Tucker's classmates were E. D. Bassett, Edward Corrington, Ormand Fitzgerald, W. E. Foster, W. W. Dannel, and other well known Providence men.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of the *Light of Asia*, has just ready a new volume of poems from the press of Roberts Brothers. The title of it is the *Secret of Death*. This poem is from the Sanskrit. It is the *Upanishad*, which Emerson gave us in his poem *Brabhu*, which has this famous passage:

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not, etc.

Besides this selection, for it is not all of the *Katha Upanishad*, there are translations from Lorenzo de Medici, from Victor Hugo, and others, and a considerable number of Mr. Arnold's recent fugitive pieces. Mr. Arnold opens his book with a pleasant tribute to America:

"Thou new Great Britain! famous, free and bright!

West of thy west sleepeth my ancient East;
Our sunsets make thy noons; daytime and night
Meet in sweet morning promise on thy breast.

"Fulfill the promise, Queen of boundless lands!
Where as thine own, an English singer ranks,
I, who found favor at thy sovereign hands,
Kiss them; and at thy feet lay these, for thanks."

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers continue the re-issue of their cheap editions of Mrs. Southworth's novels by the publication of the *Bride's Fate*. This favorite old novel is a sequel to the *Changed Brides* referred to in the last issue of the BOOK NOTES. The type is the same used in the \$1.75 editions, which were, however, bound, while the present issue is in paper covers. The price is 75 cents. The latest volume of the series is *The Braving Belle*.

Mr. Augustus Hare's New Sketches of Travel:

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have just sent the Book NOTES Mr. Hare's *Sketches of Travel in Holland and Scandinavia*. There are really four short tours in the book. These are, one in Holland, one in Denmark, one in Sweden, and one in Norway. Those who are familiar with Mr. Hare's former books of a similar character will understand what is meant when we say that the present volume is filled with sketches. These sketches possess the property of impressing upon you the idea that they faithfully represent the objects which they pretend to represent. They are decidedly free-hand drawings, worked into the text, and as you read along and fall upon them they strike the eye pleasantly. Some years ago in describing the characteristics of Mr. Hare in such books as this one is, the *Westminster* said he was a sympathetic and well-informed friend, who has himself been at the places which he describes, and has appreciated them both from a historic and from an artistic point of view. There are a great many interesting things in this book which might be extracted for the delectation of the readers of the Book NOTES. In Sweden and Norway the pine clad hills are the admiration of the traveller, but let him cross the narrow Skagger-Rak, or Kattegat, into Denmark, and not a pine tree grows. In Denmark he tells us about the Castle of Frederiksborg, which is built upon three islands in the middle of a great lake, a scene as beautiful as enchantment itself, a dream of architectural beauty. After leaving this home of the picturesque, we go to Elsinore (Helsingor, as it is now written). Here on the platform in front of the palace, Shakespeare lays the scene where Hamlet and Horatio waited the coming of the ghost. Yet Mr. Hare tells us that Hamlet had really no connection with Elsinore, but that he was actually the son of a Jutland pirate, and not a Prince; and that he lived upon the insignificant little island of Mori, so insignificant that modern map-makers have almost overlooked it. Now what is the use of all this? We know better. Hamlet was a Prince. Here he *did* see his father's ghost, so did Horatio, so did Marcellus. Did not the Spirit tell Hamlet that it was the Spirit of Hamlet's father, and did not William Shakespeare in sober earnest write it in his book; and now is this Hare-brained Englishman to dispel it all! Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us. Let us stay the hand of the iconoclast, and keep Mr. Hare to the description of the things he sees. So all through this descriptive journey. It is with the mind's eye, as well as with natural eye itself, that we see.

Notes on the Caucasus, a 88 book, just now being sold at 50 cents, at 17 Westminster Street.

Mind-Reading and Beyond:

There has been recently established in London a Society of Psychical Research. In the roll of its members may be found the names of men now standing in the very front rank of scientific investigators. Its object is the scientific investigation of remarkable phenomena, or occurrences, which appear inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis. Among these phenomena may be mentioned hypnotism, or somnambulism, the mesmeric trance, with its alleged insensibility to pain, clairvoyance, apparitions at the moment of death, houses haunted, or reputed to be haunted by spirits, in fact, ghosts of every species, the various physical phenomena called spiritualism. There is a certain sort of incredulity or disbelief or discredit concerning these alleged occurrences which has deterred really competent scientific men from investigating them. Possibly this Society may be able to overcome the difficulty. It has always been in fashion to ridicule that which one could not comprehend. Thus the *London Times* scouted the idea that the telephone could ever be anything more than an ingenious toy. In a new book just published by Lee & Shepard under the title, *Mind-Reading and Beyond*, Mr. W. A. Hovey has gathered such facts relating to the precise section indicated by the title, as this Society has investigated. These, of course, cover all such operations as those of Mr. Irving Bishop, Mr. Stuart Cumberland, and by one Mr. Corey, who did similar things long before either of these gentlemen. Concerning these things we here have the opinions after long, careful study of certain very learned men. Among them are Prof. W. B. Carpenter, Dr. H. Maudsley, Mr. F. Galton, Mr. G. Romanes, Prof. Croom Robertson, and many other equally well known men. Whatever may be the present condition of these questions, it cannot be doubted that in the end much knowledge will be gained, possibly general laws will be discovered. For where occurrences take place, inexplicable as yet under any known law, yet which cannot be doubted, they must take place under a natural law, and not in a super-natural way, if indeed there are such ways. For how can we seek causes outside of our own consciousness, or existence, or natural life, or whatever else you may call it. Of course we cannot, at all events until after we die. Possibly not then. This book is full of curious interest.

The author of the *Little Pilgrim* comes with a new companion volume entitled *The Open Door, The Portrait*. These are two distinct stories. They are really very charming, and when you have finished them you really are not quite sure whether you have been dealing with mortals or immortals. Roberts Brothers publish it.

The What-To-Do Club:

This is a book written by Helen Campbell, and published by Roberts Brothers. Its object is to suggest occupation for girls and women. The suggestions have mainly to do with outdoor life in the country, like the cultivation and preservation of small fruits, with a view to earning a living. Art work is happily omitted. In the present state of the struggle for an existence we need small fruits, more than we need art work. The novel, for it is a novel, is the story of Sybil Waite. This young girl's father was a lawyer of excellent ability. He went surety for a rascally brother and lost by treachery all he had. But worse than the money, his mind was wrecked, and he took to doing carpenter's work, which trade he had learned, and by which the family eked out a living. Sybil secretly helped him at this work, and acquired some skill in it. Finally, Mr. Waite became absolutely helpless, and Sybil gave notice that she would carry on the carpentering business by herself. The book tells of her success. This was in one way quite remarkable. She had not been working at her occupation more than a couple of days, when she was assaulted by a scoundrel, in a bye place, as she was going to her home. She was rescued by the fortunate arrival of a young man friend, who knocked down her assailant, induced Sybil to sit down on the end of a log, and at once proposed marriage. That certainly was an auspicious beginning of the carpentering business, but Sybil rejected the proposition to the intense disgust of the applicant. She, however, did not wait long for another offer, which she liked better, and which she accepted. Now this result, so different from that generally supposed to come by steady application to this business, will doubtless induce a rush of our lady friends for the nearest carpenter's shop. The business of pillow shams, and other shams, will languish, and much good will result. While this episode is of course ridiculous, you must not let it blind you to the many excellent ideas with which this book abounds.

When an English manufacturer grows rich, it is by selling his productions to outside nations and taking their productions in return. When an American manufacturer grows rich, it is by selling his productions to his friends, his neighbors and his countrymen, at "protective tariff" prices, and getting their hard earnings in payment therefor.

The immense increase in the sale of the *Century* is a marvel. The Book Notes has increased its order from 140 to 200 copies. This increase is also felt in the case of *Harper's Magazine*, but not to the same extent.

Fishing with the Fly:

This delightful book is a series of sketches of adventures by many lovers of art in diverse places, the whole brought into order by Mr. Charles F. Orvis. To this Mr. Nelson Cheney has contributed a hundred and twenty-five specimens of Artificial Flies, beautifully printed in colors. Here are a few of the subject headings: Hatching on a Salmon Stream, by *Hall*; Fly-Casting for Salmon, by *Dawson*; The Salmon and Trout of Alaska, by *Beardslee*; Sea Trout, by *Fitch*; Rangeley Brook Trout, by *W. H. Johnson*; How to Cast a Fly, by *S. H. Green*; Fly-Fishing on the Nipigon, by *Fall*; Why Peter went a-Fishing, by *Prime*, and twenty more just such themes.

A beautifully engraved map has just been published by the Hydrographic Office, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. of the Polar Regions from Badin's Bay to Lincoln Sea, this latter name having been given to the most northern waters. The map was made under the directions of Commander John B. Bartlett. It comprises the discoveries made by the *Polaris* Expedition under Capt. Hall, 1872; the *British* Expedition under Capt. Nares, 1876, and the *Lady Franklin* Bay Expedition under Lieut. Greely in 1881-4. It was in this expedition that latitude 83 deg. 21 min. was reached, being the highest yet reached by man. Capt. Nares reached 83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec. Previously to these records came Capt. Parry, in 1827, by way of Spitzbergen, 82 deg. 45 min. Reduced to miles, the Greely party exceeded Capt. Nares, on reaching the North Pole, about four miles, and Capt. Parry about forty-four miles. That is getting distances down to a pretty fine point. These maps are for sale at 17 Westminster street, for 25 cents each.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. issue this week Mr. John M. Comstock's excellent book on the *Civil Service in the United States*. This timely book contains a list of all the non-elective positions under the government, with the compensation of each, and a full statement of the amount of education required of an applicant. It is one of those books which does not appear to possess present interest to stalwart Republicans, but Democrats, and possibly Mugwumps, might like to look it through, and see the sinecures, yes, even here in Rhode Island.

Macmillan's English *Illustrated Magazine* for March has a delightful series of Extracts from the Diary of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales, kept by these two princes on their voyage in H. M. S. *Beaumont*, to the ends of the earth. The illustrations are equal to our own American periodicals. That is praise enough.

BOOK NOTES

For the week.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

SIDNEY S. RIDER,

NO. 17 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Providence, R. I. Post Office.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.
Price 50 cts. per annum.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885.

Vol. II. No. 23.

The BOOK NOTES has been much edified of late by a few small editorials which have appeared in the columns of the *Journal* concerning the German Bread Tax. The BOOK NOTES cannot enliven its own columns better than by some of these extracts of consummate wisdom. The first of them appeared March 1, wherein one reads, "Germany has recently imposed a high duty on imported breadstuffs, thus enhancing the price of bread for the millions who are engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries." "This new tariff is really for the benefit of the large landholders," who were jealous at "being outstripped in wealth by the manufacturers under the fostering shield of protection." So then tariffs are devices for obtaining money out of the whole people for the particular advantage of a certain class of the people. How does that legislation which enriches manufacturers and impoverishes farmers, protect home labor? Or is it one of those instances of a just selfishness which Senator Chace informs us Salm Paul so highly commends? Having spent fifty of the best years of its life in reiterating that protection meant protection for the workingmen of a country, that is, the whole of them, this mendacious journal now goes back on us in this way, and quietly informs us that a tariff which encouraged industry was not intended to include agricultural industry. The BOOK NOTES had a slight suspicion that such was the case, a suspicion quickened no doubt by the inspiring comparisons between the manufactures and the agricultural products of the country, which Senator Chace so beautifully showed to us. Concerning this subject one is again refreshed by a small editorial of the 20th of March, wherein he is informed that this Bread Tax follows a "strong protective tariff for industry," excepting, of course, agricultural industry, and every other industry, save only "mechanical or manufacturing industries." Now, says the *Journal*, "it remains to be seen whether the industrial population (that is, those who employ them) will pay these increased prices for the food they consume." And, continues our *Abate Leader*, "if their (the workmen's) food rises in price they will reasonably expect to have higher

wages," and "with higher wages Germany will be less able to undersell Americans in their own markets." Thus we find our counsellor and friend opposing the imposition of a tariff in Germany because it will raise the wages of workmen, and in America opposing the reduction of a tariff because it claims it will lower the wages of the same. Our fair minded contemporary quickly sees the folly of the German in shutting out by law the markets of the world for their manufactures, but in the United States it is blind to the same process. But why a "protective principle patriot" in America should object to the German government's assistance in keeping German cloths and other manufactures out of the way of competition with our own protected industry is not quite so clear. It must be wise, however, else our *Abate Leader* would not do it. Moreover, is it not injudicious in this law and order organ to insidiously counsel resistance of obedience to the law, especially when it shows this law is to be so very advantageous to the United States. The whole business is simply infamous. If the Emperor and Bismarck choose to mix their bread with the blood of German laborers, they can find no fault if some fine day these same German laborers try the experiment for themselves, and mix their bread with the blood of the Emperor and his Minister. It will be simply a Roland for an Oliver.

Law Factories:

Mr. Simon Sterne, of the New York Bar, has written a small tract, published by the Putnams, in their series of Questions of the Day, on the subject of Defective and Corrupt Legislation, the cause and the remedy. The subject is a very grave one. Here in Rhode Island, a very primitive Commonwealth, the General Assembly consumes one-third of each year in making and unmaking laws. When we look back over the work of this body for a period of time, it makes us blush for very shame. So, says Mr. Sterne, it is in every state. The evils of the Roman Laws of the sixth century are being repeated in the nineteenth century. Let us hope that some modern Justinian, with such a Minister as Tribonian, will come.

Mr. James Martineau's New Philosophical Study:

James Martineau is now in his 81st year. He has just published, through the Clarendon Press, Oxford, Macmillan & Co., a very elaborate and very learned study on the *Types of Ethical Theory*. He prefaces it with a delightful account of the development and growth of his own thought, or mind. He then divides his subject into two parts. First, Unpsychological Theories, and, second, Psychological Ethics. These heads he again divides, the first into the Metaphysical and the Physical. Then taking the Metaphysical he sub-divides it into the Transcendental and the Immanent, illustrating the first by a very elaborate study of Plato, and the last by equally elaborate studies of Descartes, Malebranche and Spinoza. He then takes the sub-division, the Physical, which he illustrates by a study of Comte. This closes the first volume. The chapter on Spinoza, Mr. Martineau says, is not a reproduction of his monograph on that philosopher, published two years ago, but a fresh treatment of material common to both, but marked by no changes of interpretation or judgment on important points. The second volume treats of Psychological Ethics, which subject he divides into two parts, the Bio-Psychological, and the Hetero-Psychological. In illustration of the first part he has chapters on the Object and Mode of Moral Judgment; the Theory of Prudence; Merit and Demerit; the Nature of Moral Authority; and a Classification of the Springs of Action. In the discussion of these subjects, Mr. Martineau discourses upon the philosophical theories of Bentham, Paley, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Leslie Stephen. He then takes up the last section of his book, the Hetero-Psychological, which section he sub-divides into the Hedonist Ethics, and the Diamoetic Ethics. In illustrating the first, or Hedonist Ethics, he makes expositions of the philosophy of Hobbes, Helvetius, Bentham, and others; and in illustration of the second and last section, the Diamoetic, he discusses Cadworth, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Richard Price. Thus ends his book, one of the most elaborate and most learned of the philosophical studies of our time.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has placed a new novel in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for immediate publication. It is entitled *Zoroaster, the Prophet*, and the scene is laid in ancient Persia.

Among the most recent fiction, is the *Witch's Head*, by H. R. Haggard, a most fitting author's name for such a title; and the *Adventures of Fancius Terrystone*, by Mr. Oliver B. Bruce, him who wrote *Bechelor Boff*. D. Appleton & Co. publish them.

Custer's "Boots and Saddles."

On Sunday, June 20, 1876, there happened on the banks of the Yellowstone, on the very frontier of our western civilization, a bloody Indian battle. A regiment of cavalry, under the command of Brig. Gen. G. A. Custer, was completely exterminated. Not a man escaped. Twenty-six women were that day made widows. One of these widows, the wife of the General commanding, Mrs. Custer, has written a book called *Boots and Saddles*. She gives no account of this last bloody battle, for she was not present, but she does give an account of a domestic life, if it may be called domestic, such as no woman has before written. Gen. Custer graduated from West Point just in time to take part in the battle of Bull Run. After fighting in many battles, he was wounded, and went to recuperate with a sister in Michigan. Here he fell in love with the girl whom he, in February, 1864, married, and from that day she was his constant companion in the camp and on the field. They were never separated; wherever the Seventh Cavalry went, she went; sometime in Texas, sometime in Kansas, and finally in Dakota, where their happy married life came to an end, as related above. The whole soul of this woman was enraptured with love for her husband. She was ready to face anything were he but with her. She grew brave on the very excess of his own courage. Her story is so fresh, so very lifelike, so completely unartificial, that it is positively charming. It tells so much of the wild life on the borders, which is so different from anything known to us, by any experience, that it is most instructive. Harper and Brothers are its publishers.

The Work of Louis Pasteur:

The name of Louis Pasteur is doubtless more widely known among scientific medical men, than that of any other living scientist. His wonderful success in tracing the origins of certain diseases to microbes is without a parallel in the history of medical discovery. A short account of his life and labors has recently been issued in France, translated into English, and published by D. Appleton & Co. M. Pasteur began his studies in the processes of fermentation of wines, and beers, and vinegar; he continued them with fowl cholera, the silkworm disease, splenic fever in sheep, glanders in horses, hydrophobia, which afflicts both animals and men, and, lastly, puerperal fevers. But there are many other diseases than those mentioned on which he experimented. He undertook to overcome these diseases by the process of vaccination. This book tells of his experiments, his laboratories, the Ecole Normale, and is, to anybody interested in such matters, a book of the deepest interest. Some of his operations with mad dogs almost make one hold his breath with fear.

The Religious Value of the Unknowable:

A controversy has for some time been in progress between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederick Harrison, on the Nature and Reality of Religion. It was in the form of articles contributed by these writers to various periodicals. These articles have now been gathered into a small book, to which has been added an essay on the Religious Value of the Unknowable, by Count D'Arviella, which is in the nature of a review of the former writers. Mr. Spencer maintains the positive existence of ultimate reality behind all appearances, which is the supreme object of religious feeling. This mysterious reality, Spencer calls the *Unknownable*. Mr. Harrison maintains that Mr. Spencer has made a deadly assault upon everything known as religion, and applauds him therefor. He argues the futility of finding a common truthful element in religious systems; that theological errors cleared away, nothing remains; that the doctrine of the unknowable is a vain attempt to deify an all-nothingness; that the unknowable is a barren abstraction with nothing religious about it. These papers are exceedingly acute and well deserving the attention of thinking people. The Appletons are its publishers.

Insect Catching Plants:

Mary Treat, in the preface to her new book, *Home Studies in Nature*, tells her readers that if they get a tinge of the pleasure in reading the story of her studies in natural history that she did in their prosecution, her happiness will be complete. Her book is divided into four sections. The first is confined to observations on Birds. The second, to the Habits of Insects. The third, to Plants that consume insects, and the fourth, to Flowering Plants. The third section being most unfamiliar, the Book Notes selects it for illustration. The varieties of Carnivorous Plants described are five in number, the *Utricularia*, of which there are nineteen or more species growing in the United States. It is found in every muddy pond. The *Pinguicula*, or Butterwort, which grows on the land and entraps insects within its broad leaves. The *Drosera*, commonly called Sundew. The *Dionaea*, sometimes called Venus's Fly Trap, and the *Sarracenia* sometimes called the *Pitcher Plant*. All these plants capture and devour insects, or pieces of fresh meat. A single leaf of the *Dionaea* will capture and devour, or absorb, three large flies one after another; but a fourth or fifth victim will kill the leaf. There cannot be written chapters of more curious interest in Natural History than these chapters on Carnivorous Plants. Harper and Brothers publish the book.

Fly Rods and Fly Tackle:

The time when trout will rise to a fly is fast approaching. It is, therefore, seasonable that old fishermen should overhaul their fishing tackle for the coming season, and that young fishermen should acquire some knowledge of the best materials with which to begin. Mr. Henry P. Wells has just ready a book, published by the Harpers, entitled *Fly Rods and Fly Tackle*, in which, with much detail, he gives the results of his experience, for he is an old fisherman, as to the best forms of hooks, both in regard to the principles which govern their efficiency and how they are made; and so on with lines, leaders, reels and rods. On this latter subject he goes to great length in describing the various materials used for rods, how they differ, and in fact into every question of quality. A most suggestive chapter is that on repairs. It is, beyond a doubt, the most useful portion of this excellent book. As a matter of fact it is surprising how few people know how to wind a string on a stick. Then comes the art of throwing a fly, and indeed it is an art, or as Mr. Wells calls it, a fine art. There is no doubt that you can get a trout more quickly, and at far less cost, at a market, using the shining silver bait which Mr. Bland provided, meanwhile congratulating yourself that if the angler's fly is artificial, this coin, too, is artificial. Merely to obtain fish is not the end of the angler's pastime. He goes forth into the open air, he breathes the odor of the wild woods, the wild bird's song gladdens his ear; the wild rose was not born to blush unseen, for the fisherman loves to linger around it; he listens to the laughter of the running waters, and peace and contentment fills his heart, as he wanders and watches the ever-changing beauties of nature. This is indeed angling. Buy this book and become a disciple of the gentle Isaac Walton, and you will become a wiser and a better man.

A compact little volume, really a Digest of Decisions in the Courts of the several states defining the power and authority of school officers and teachers in the management and government of public schools, and over the pupils out of school, has been published by the Harpers. It is divided into subjects, such for instance as Tardiness; Absence; Studies; Suspension; Expulsion; Corporal Punishment, etc., etc. Each subject is illustrated by cases which have been tried and decided. Take the subject, Studies. It comprises cases tried by the Courts of Maine, Vermont, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, and New Hampshire, and so on with every other subject. With each case, is given in full the opinion of the court. A good index opens the whole subject-matter of the book to the eye of the seeker, who is thus put instantly in possession of the law of the case.

Mr. Mark Pattison's Memoirs:

Macmillan & Co. have recently published the *Memoirs of Mark Pattison*. This clergyman was born 1815, died in July, 1881. He became a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1849, and Rector in 1861. These Memoirs, which were of his own writing, cover the period between 1832, when he went as a student at Christ College, Oxford, to 1881, when he became Rector as above written. Mr. Pattison wrote many things on Academic Management and Education, things germane to his occupation. He wrote a Life of Milton, and edited portions of Milton's Poems, as he did likewise the Poems of Mr. Pope. His Memoir of Casanovæ attracted much attention among scholars. But the thing of his, which attracted beyond comparison the most attention, was a paper contributed to the *Essays and Reviews* (1860), on the Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1789. Struck by the fact that Deism, which had been the prevailing thought of educated people during the first half of the 18th century had disappeared about 1760, and in its place there had developed a revived Puritanism, which had taken the form of Methodism and Evangelicalism, struck by this fact, and disbelieving the usual explanation given, that Deism had been triumphantly refuted in argument, Mr. Pattison attempted an original inquiry. It was the essay in the *Essays and Reviews*. These Memoirs are of the highest interest, bringing us, as they do, into close connection with the most acute, active, advanced thinkers of this most wonderful age.

The author of the extraordinary book recently published by Lee & Shepard, entitled *Mind Reading and Beyond*, Mr. W. A. Hovey, was recently editor of the Boston Transcript, and he is now editor of the Electrical Review, and Secretary of the U. S. Electrical Association.

A clever little novel is the *Knight of the Black Forest*, just published by the Messrs. Putnam's. Two young American girls, Miss Lois and Miss Betty, are spending a season in the Black Forest, chaperoned by their Aunt Sarah. A young friend, one Ned Prentiss, from the same town whence came the girls, turns up in the Black Forest. He makes love to Lois. But Lois loves him not. At all events she told him so. While Betty allows herself to be toyed with by an impetuous hunting Count, one Lindenfeld by name. She escapes, however, making, as the Count departs, a supernatural effort. These love scenes chase each other through the book as cloud shadows do across the wheat fields of the valley, giving light and shade to the pretty story.

The latest volume in the International Science series is by Mr. G. J. Romanes, on *July Fish, Star Fish and Sea Urchins*.

Harper and Brothers announce the publication in May, of the revised version of the Old Testament, in four volumes, 8vo. cloth, uniform with their 8vo. edition of the New Testament.

In a novel entitled the *Great Treason*, which is just now being sold for 35 cents, at 17 Westminster street, but of which the usual price is one dollar, there is one of the most graphic accounts of the treachery of General Benedict Arnold in surrendering West Point to the British, and the capture and execution of Major André, that has ever been written. But few copies remain.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announce as ready a new novel, *One of the Dunces*. The author, Mrs. Alice King Hamilton, being perfectly familiar with the social customs of military life, has written a delightful story, varied by the adventures incident to the camp, and interwoven with many bits of description of Florida scenery, where the plot is mainly located.

The second volume of the great English Dictionary of National Biography is ready. It comprises Ann—Bai. The list of contributors for this volume is somewhat larger than for the preceding volume. It contains the names of the most distinguished living English writers. The name of Bacon has received the most elaborate treatment, and at the hands of S. R. Garduer, the most recent historian of England.

The most interesting article in Macmillan's English Illustrated Magazine for April, is an account of an interview sought by the Emperor of Russia with Archibald Forbes, as the latter was galloping from the Schipka Pass to Bucharest, to telegraph the Daily News that the Russians had captured the Pass, and could not be dislodged; an opinion which neither the Emperor, nor any body else, at the time, among the Russians, believed was sound.

Among the most recent publications are *Letter's Secret*, by Mary Cecil Hay, a very clever novel for 20 cents.—A little manual on the *Care of Infants*. It is for mothers and nurses. It is written by Sophia Jex-Blake, M. D., a very distinguished English medical woman.—*The Adventures of Jimmy Brown*, a book for little readers.—*The Autobiography of Henry Fisher*, the author of the famous dramatic poem, *Philip Van Artevelde*.—A volume of *Sermons*, by Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal church. These are all published by the Harpers, and will be again referred to.

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